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TRUTH WEARS NO MASK, BOWS AT NO HUMAN SHRINE, SEEKS NEITHER PLACE NOR APPLAUSE: SHE ONLY ASKS A HEARING.

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TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

The death has been announced of the father of Leon Gambetta, at the age of eighty years, at his home near Nice. His occupation was that of raising and selling oranges and lemons.

Dr. William Barrows read a paper recently in Boston before a body of ministers, in which he endeavored to show that one-quarter of the houses of Evangelical worship in that city could be spared without depriving any of hearing the gospel preached if they wished to attend church.

The goods manufactured in Radcliff's woolen mills at Birmingham, Conn., are protected by a duty of from 45 to 50 per cent. by the McKinley bill. Now the employés, chiefly women, are on a strike against a 15 per cent. reduction of their wages which the proprietors want to add to their own profits. Are they not most too eager to get rich at once. The laborers do not understand where the protection of their labor comes in.

The Pelican Club of London, an organization made up of aristocratic sports who patronize prize fighters has been declared a nuisance. This means that there shall be no more slugging matches within the club. The Pelicans tried hard to have their own way, but depended too much upon the hope that their aristocratic standing would save them. An English court justice can forget sometimes that aristocracy is not to be specially favored.

In his lecture on "The Full Story of the Rear Guard," Mr. Stanley contributes nothing new to what was hinted at in his book, and has since been published in all its details. It is evident that Mr. Stanley did what he could to throw the mantle of charity over a part of the Emin expedition for which the great explorer was certainly unfortunate in his choice of associates. The publication of Major Bartlelot's memoirs compelled Mr. Stanley to tell all that was known in his own defense. He is sufficiently vindicated, and now the unprofitable controversy ought to stop. Enough is enough.

A movement has been started in Boston for the building of a hospital in which patients will be treated according to Dr. Koch's method. Medical men have gone from this country to Berlin, hoping to be able to provide themselves with quantities of the lymph, and druggists all over the country are sending orders for it. Patients have sailed from New York to be treated by the great German physician and others are booked to go thither at an early date. Indeed, Dr. Koch's cure has become something of a craze, and it is hardly probable that all the expectations will be realized; yet a valuable discovery has possibly been made.

William F. Poole states that seventeen years ago there was not a library or reading room of any description in Chicago to which the public had access. To-day its public library has a larger use and circulation of books than any other institution in the country; and private munificence has provided larger endowments than were ever before furnished by indi-

vidual donors for establishing and maintaining two public reference libraries for the especial use of scholars—one in the north and the other in the south division of the city. Each of these foundations, largely invested in city property, and rapidly increasing in value, amounts at the present time to about \$3,000,000.

The protest of the civilized world against the indignities and cruelties heaped upon female exiles in Siberia seems to have had a good effect in causing the Czar to issue a decree forbidding corporeal punishment of women. In this age of the printing press and of steam and electricity, no ruler can long disregard the enlightened sentiment of mankind, which sooner or later must reach him and compel him to institute measures of reform. The Czar's atrocious treatment of the Jews now calls for indignant protests from the outside world that will make him change his infamous policy toward a wronged and long-suffering people whom he would now practically reduce to a condition of slavery.

B. C. Faurot, president of the Columbus, Lima and Northwestern railroad, announces the consummation of a deal with John W. Young, the eldest son of Brigham Young, whereby they are to share possession of 3,000,000 acres of land in the northern part of Mexico, granted by Mexican government on a stipulation of the construction of a railway from Deming, New Mexico, to the Cashilabompa Bayou on the Pacific coast. The Mexican government in connection with this grant offered \$200 to every family and \$50 to every single man who locates permanently on the land. Young, who is an extensive railroad contractor, is said to have made arrangements by which 10,000 Mormons who now reside in Utah will colonize on the land granted by the Mexican government to Mr. Faurot.

The question whether or not New Haven shall furnish free text books to the pupils of the Catholic parochial schools was decided December 16th, at a special town meeting, by an emphatic no. But to reach that decision over 600 citizens who attended the meeting were worked up to a high pitch of excitement, and at one time it was feared that a general fight would follow the moderator's rulings and the confusion attendant upon a division of the house. The clouds grew so thick that a squad of police was sent for and took positions to maintain order. The motion was finally put and declared. The adjournment was in the midst of much excitement. Prominent Catholic priests had advised their parishioners to vote against any appropriation for text books unless the parochial schools were included.

Hon. Theodore Roosevelt in a recent address before the New York Nineteenth Century club on "Un-American Americans" excoriated Ward McAllister's "Four Hundred," criticised those who prefer living abroad to living in their own country and praised genuine Americanism in native and foreign-born citizens. A New York journal commenting upon the lecture remarks that so many young men who have been exposed to the same educational and social atmosphere as Mr. Roosevelt breathed in his late teens and his

early twenties have fallen into the detestable habit of appearing to be ashamed of their country, that his defence of Americanism, and his freedom from pessimism which settles like an intellectual and moral malaria upon so many college-bred youths, are refreshing. The paper says that he "is as hearty and healthy a blade as any of the cowpunchers among whom he has lived in the West."

Home Rule was a winning cause so long as Englishmen were compelled to admit that public opinion in France, America, Canada and Australia was hostile to coercion as a species of antiquated political procedure, incompatible with the genius of the English-speaking race, says the *New York Tribune*. Let this foreign opinion be alienated by the exhibition of Mr. Parnell's supreme selfishness and of the rancorous faction welfare of rival Irish parties, and England will be encouraged to persevere in the old-time folly of according force a remedy. It is one of the inevitable effects of such campaigning as Mr. Parnell in his frenzy of desperation has wrought about that the sympathy of the English-speaking world is running, but temporarily, we believe, against Ireland. Mr. Parnell as the leader of the Home Rule cause and united people was a power in the world. Mr. Parnell deliberately sacrificing his principles and the interests of his country in order to promote the selfish political adventure is not an impressive figure.

Until a few months ago Siberia had been a barrier against the chief products of Western industry, could only filter into the country along the Moscow highway or through the Afghan passes at prohibitive cost. But during the last summer chandis has been delivered straight from London with only one transhipment on the way to an emporium in the very center of Siberia. cargoes that left London early in August were warehoused at Yeniseisk, a city in the interior, some fifteen hundred miles from the Yenisei river, in October, and the little laden with Siberian produce, late in reached the Thames on its return journey. The Russians are doing their utmost to encourage the Chinese who are swarming along the upper Yenisei river, they are disposed to British enterprise in Siberia, there being Ural range none of that animosity between the English and the English which is so strong in the European portion of the Czar's empire. Engineers are devising a system of irrigation to make Siberia a great cotton-growing country. The English capital is to construct the Trans-Siberian railway. It is possible that when the English have sufficiently developed Siberian industry will enable them to dispense with an assistance, that the Russians will bar out British by means of a protective tariff. But at present the Russian unite with the English press in over the commercial relations between London and Yeniseisk. Siberia until lately has been regarded as a desolate waste. Baron Nordenskiöld, high authority on the subject, says that in its cultivable soil it surpasses North America. The forests are the largest in the world, the mineral resources immense.

ALL OPPRESSION OF THE JEWS IN RUSSIA.

An account of the treatment of the Jews in Russia to-day reads like a chapter in the history of the Dark Ages or in the history of Spain during the reign of Isabella. A St. Petersburg correspondent of the New *Tribune* reviews briefly the legislation, if arbitrary decrees be legislation, aimed specifically at the

Not to speak of the extra legal persecutions, which include every imaginable outrage and infamy that can be heaped upon a race, the legal and officially authorized oppression is bad enough to make this age notable in the history of persecution. The correspondent writes:

"To begin with taxes. All Russians are heavily taxed. But in addition to the taxation which they share with the rest of the people, the Jews suffer several special taxes. One of these is the box tax, which is levied upon every pound of meat butchered according to Jewish rites, which means, of course, all the meat eaten by Jews. This increases the cost of meat to Jews about twenty-five per cent. above the cost of meat to Christians. But this tax goes further than meat. It is levied on the rents of all buildings owned by Jews, on the profits of all business conducted by Jews, upon all property bequeathed by Jews to their heirs, upon all clothing worn by Jews, and on various other Jewish interests. For example, every Jew has to pay \$3.50 a year for the privilege of wearing a skull-cap at family prayers, according to the universal custom of his people. Nor is this the only

on his religious rites, for there is another so-called candle tax, which is levied upon all candles used by Jews in religious observances. Now, it is a custom for every Jewish housewife to light at least two candles on every Sabbath and on every festival day. The aggregate of this candle tax is an enormous sum. There is, also, a printing tax, levied on all printing presses operated by Jews, ranging

\$14 to \$140, according to the size of the press. It is safely reckoned then that these various special taxes make the average taxation of Jews more than as heavy as that of Christians. Nor are there any compensating advantages. On the contrary, in their relations to the State the Jew is at a great disadvantage. Take military affairs as an example. They are subject to conscription as Christians are, but are not permitted, as are Christians, to hire substitutes. If a Christian evades military duty he is fined a small amount, and if he can not pay it there is no alternative. But in the case of a Jew a fine is imposed, not on him, but on his family, and if he cannot pay it or go to prison, the whole of them. Moreover, a much larger proportion of Jews than of Christians are drafted into service. Yet it is only as soldiers that they can serve. No Jew can be a commissioned officer nor enter a school of training of officers. All the more desirable military service are denied to Jews utterly, except every privilege accorded to their compatriots to them.

Life the discrimination against them is, if still more severe. No Jew may enter the bar or practice law or medicine. No Jew may hold any local or municipal office or take part in politics for the same. No Jew may be a member of a board, or be a police magistrate, nor be a member of a jury, nor be master or vice-master of a

is the oppression of the Jews in their publics, what degree of liberty do they enjoy in their life? There the picture is, if possible, less still. With a few exceptions Jews are forbidden to reside only in certain places. Once they are forbidden to move. No Jew may own any farm or for any purpose, nor may he buy any land which he may hire. Indeed, he is not to hire agricultural land at all. He may buy land if he likes, but he can not foreclose or mortgage. Nor may he act as manager or as a farmer. Thus, while it is complained of that they monopolize trade in the towns, they drive them into the towns and forbids them

And then once herded in the towns, what to do? They must stay right

there. They can not even remove from one town to another. Nay, a Jew is not even permitted to walk a mile outside the town limits unless he first secures a passport, for which, of course, he must pay a round sum. And in the town he is compelled by law to be a member of some guild or trade association, but the master and vice-master of the guild must be Christians, and those officers have absolute authority over the members to fine or expel them at will. The result is that in all industrial pursuits the Jews suffer just as odious a discrimination as in public life.

"To go further still into the private life of the Jews, it is to be observed that in no school are there allowed to be more than ten per cent. of Jewish pupils. In many towns the Jews form fifty per cent. or more of the population, and so the majority of their children are denied school privileges. No relief can be obtained by sending the children to school in other places, where the number of resident Jews does not come up to the ten per cent. limit, because the law expressly declares that children of Jewish parents are allowed to attend school only in the place where their parents live. In brief, this is compulsory non-attendance at school. Moreover, the higher seminaries, music and art schools, etc., are found only in three or four of the chief cities, and of course are open only to Jewish children actually living in those cities. Such a thing as sending a Jewish child from the provinces to study music or art at St. Petersburg is absolutely prohibited. In domestic affairs, if a wife or a husband is converted to Christianity, she or he is, by that fact, divorced from the other who remains a Jew; and the convert may marry again, but the Jew must remain single. If one parent be converted all young children of the same sex must also be baptized as Christians. Moreover, a reward of from \$10 to \$20 is offered to every one who will renounce Judaism for Christianity; and many family dissensions naturally follow. As to religious worship, it is absolutely forbidden in private houses, except by special permission. That is, every Jew must secure a license to hold family prayers, or even to pray in private in his own bed-chamber. Public worship in a synagogue is only permitted in places having eighty or more Jewish houses. So, in places with less than eighty Jewish houses, religious worship by Jews is totally forbidden.

"But are these laws actually enforced? Certainly, to the very letter, and more. It is an everyday occurrence for Jews to be arrested, fined and imprisoned for praying without licenses. Children of wayward habits are bribed to profess Christianity and then to betray their parents in their religious observances. Moreover, the farming out of taxgathering works great hardships. For instance, a 'box tax' of \$10,000 is levied on the Jews in a given town by the provincial governor. The local taxgatherer thereupon increases it to \$15,000, in order to put \$5,000 in his own pocket. The subordinate collectors in the various wards of the town follow his example, in order to fill their own pockets. The result is that the original levy is about doubled. It is now rumored that more stringent laws still are to be promulgated; and the only question seems to be, how far will it be possible for unbridled and brutal tyranny to go?"

WAGES IN DIFFERENT LOCALITIES.

That there are many conditions which determine the rate of wages beside the amount of customs taxes that a government exacts upon imported material is sufficiently shown by the compilation of the Wisconsin Labor Bureau, which has undertaken the work of collecting and tabulating the wages paid in different American cities in the various building trades. An interesting fact is the great diversity that exists in the United States in the scale of pay received by men engaged in similar occupations. Carpenters in Providence, Rhode Island, for example, are paid at the rate of twenty-five cents an hour, while in New York they receive thirty-nine cents an hour; yet the expense of going from Providence to New York, at the cheapest rates, is only about \$2. In Atlanta, Georgia, a common laborer receives one and one-half cents an hour; in Galveston, Texas, the same laborer is paid twenty cents an hour. Master builders in New York pay

higher wages than those in Brooklyn to painters, carpenters and plumbers, which seems strange considering that the two cities are separated only by a river spanned by a bridge the fare across which is only three cents. On the other hand the Brooklyn master builders pay higher wages than do the master builders of New York to masons, roofers and common laborers.

These facts suffice to show that a mere comparison of wages is of small value in solving any question of labor. The relative cost of living, including rent, in any given place, as well as the cost of production as determined by wages, is a most important factor in the wage problem. Steadiness of work is another consideration. A rather novel proposition has been tentatively presented by Mr. Edward Atkinson in one of his recent essays, viz.: that the rate of wages depends in a very considerable measure upon the abundance of the food supply rather than the reverse, viz., that the food supply may be derived from the rate of wages. The subject is now being made a matter of study not only by individual economists, but by the European governments, several of the countries on the continent being confronted with the problem of producing a food supply, since foreign food is excluded by high tariffs, sufficient to meet the demands of industry and the demands of the army.

REV. DR. BACON ON THE THEATRE.

The opening of a new and splendidly equipped theatre in the old town of Norwich, Conn., was the occasion of a discourse by Rev. Dr. Leonard W. Bacon of that city, the burden of which was that dramatic representations are not necessarily bad, but are often pure and wholesome, and that even actors themselves may be men and women of high moral character. This is all true, but it is the veriest commonplace and its spirit is that of a patronizing toleration more irritating to those engaged in the dramatic profession, perhaps, than the old-time indiscriminating denunciation of the play-house and the players. Dr. Bacon went on to say:

"There was a time, not so very long ago, when the name of actress was a synonym for infamy. To-day the man who should make such a presumption as that against the character of a lady devoted to this trying and perilous profession would be guilty of a wicked calumny. In view of these changes in the theatre, for the church to maintain its old attitude of condemning all indiscriminately would be, not consistent, but bigoted inconsistency."

Here Dr. Bacon misrepresents the truth. The subject is one of which he seems to know nothing. His statement that "not so very long ago the name actress was a synonym for infamy" is utterly false. There never was in this country any such state of things as that to which he refers. The percentage of actresses of good character was as great twenty-five to fifty years ago as it is to-day, and there were fewer plays then than now required immodest demeanor on the stage than there are at the present time.

The change that has taken place, and that has made possible the construction of a costly temple for the dramatic art in the ancient Puritan town of Connecticut and the utterance of a favorable word for the theatre from the pulpit, is a change that has been wrought in the people, the clergy slowly following. But a few years ago comparatively, theatrical entertainments were altogether prohibited throughout the length and breadth of the State of Connecticut. But a few years ago the Norwich Congregationalists regarded the theatre with pious horror, as indeed, to use the language of the pulpit, "the very entrance to hell." No church member could frequent the theatre without becoming subject to church discipline. Unless he confessed his sin, showed repentance and "mended his ways" he was cut off from the congregation as unfit to associate with Christian people. The excessive use of rum and the vice of drunkenness could be tolerated but not attendance at a theatre. The actors were regarded of course without exception as immoral, dissolute, wicked men and women.

Now all is changed. Church members, even the deacons and the ministers, enjoy theatrical entertainments and know that they are "not necessarily bad."

Dr. Bacon in speaking favorably of the mimic art but reflects public sentiment which sees nothing im-

proper now in yielding to the attractions of an hour with the actors. He shows a liberal spirit, but he should acquaint himself with the history of dramatic art and of the theatrical profession before indulging in language such as is quoted above, language which is indeed slanderous of worthy representatives of the actor's art who have passed from the stage.

"A NEW VIEW OF HYPNOTISM."

On another page we print an article under the above title which serves as a good illustration both of the general interest felt in supernormal phenomena, and of the somewhat fantastic explanations sometimes offered by persons who have not made themselves sufficiently well acquainted with the scientific work which has been performed in the psychical realm within the last ten years. The writer discusses "the thrill along the wire," and suggests that manifestations of this kind are due to hypnotism, or electrical hypnotic influence. When will the ordinary man cease to appeal to electricity—because everything is not known about it—as the explanation of marvels generally? It is worse than appealing to "spirits" as the explanation of everything strange. There is nothing that shows that electricity has anything to do with hypnotism, the keynote of which is suggestion, given under ordinary circumstances by word of mouth, and in rare cases apparently by telepathy or thought transference. The writer quotes cases of a type common enough in hypnotic experiments viz., the production of the hypnotic trance in a subject previously hypnotized by conveying to the patient the idea that her hypnotizer wished her to go to sleep. But cases of this kind have nothing whatever to do with "the thrill along the wire." There is nothing electrical about a patient's fulfillment of a command given to her by her hypnotizer. If instances such as those detailed by Mr. Seabrook can be well substantiated, and shown clearly to be more than the result of chance coincidence, we doubt if they furnish exemplifications of anything beyond telepathy. Perhaps, however, they may indicate something further, some affinity between one human being and another which works from sources too deep for the ordinary sense-organs to fathom, and which may indeed have some subtle physical analogue. Whether this is the case or not it is darkening counsel by words without knowledge to call this unknown element electricity. It can not be shown to do what electricity does, and electricity can not be shown to do what it does. In one statement the writer of the article exhibits his unfamiliarity with psychology, just as his remarks about electricity exhibit his unfamiliarity with physics. He says that "psychologists of the latest school say that the spiritual is but a function of the corporeal, that mind is but an aspect of matter." So far is this from being true, that the converse of it is rather true, i. e., that the corporeal is a function of the spiritual, and that matter is but an aspect of mind. Modern psychologists are unquestionably idealistic rather than materialistic, and it is as impossible for psychology to return to materialism as it is for astronomy to maintain that the earth is flat and the center of the universe.

By unanimous vote of Plymouth Church in Brooklyn recently, the name of Albert H. Smith, who had begun his term of seventeen years for forgery in Sing Sing state prison, was permitted to remain upon the roll of the members of the church. Dr. Abbott, the pastor, said that he had seen the prisoner, who he believed had sincerely repented. The church adopted a resolution saying that it retained the name of Smith upon the rolls "in the faith that no man more needs the watch and care of the Christian church than one who has fallen into sin, but sincerely repented of his sin and desired to return to the way of righteousness and life." In his letter to his pastor Smith wrote: "My daily prayer is for God's forgiveness and for grace to bear my deserved punishment and humiliation. I feel that He has brought my heart back to Himself. He saw me slipping away from my love and thought of Him and my professions to the world of a desire to lead a Christian life, and has taken this

means of saving me." If Smith means to say that God caused him to commit forgery that he might be imprisoned and disgraced and thereby be led to a Christian life, he can hardly regard his punishment as "deserved," but perhaps he means only that God has made his detection, conviction and imprisonment the means of his religious awakening. Plymouth Church in its attitude toward the offending brother follows the teachings of Jesus; but the world will always be doubtful of the sincerity or of the moral stability of men who write in the style of Smith after they have been discovered to be criminal, not by impulse but by deliberation and the exercise of their wits. Although such men can not be trusted or believed implicitly, everything possible should be done to make possible and to encourage their reform.

Rev. L. W. Frink, at the annual convention of the New England Christian Association, in an address on "The Grange and the Country Churches," said that the grange was doubtless started for a laudable purpose, but that it rejects the fundamental principles of the Bible and proposes to accomplish its object by purely ethical methods. He had no objection to its literary exercises, but decided objections to its ritual with its too wide scope, allowing even avowed infidels to become members. Christians had no right to belong to it. Mr. Frink added, "I know of no person who is a member of the grange or any other secret organization who is a good church member." Another preacher, Rev. E. M. Darst, said: "Men who belong to the lodge are robbing God pecuniarily, giving to the lodge what belongs to God and to their fellow men.... If you are a Christian you can't afford to go into lodges; if not, you can't afford it, for you should spend every moment in trying to become one." Rev. Mr. Hyatt submitted resolutions which were unanimously adopted, introduced with the following whereases: Whereas, Freemasonry transforms amusement into sin, politics into treason, benevolence into selfishness, brotherly love into conspiracy, and worship into formalism; and Whereas, the so-called minor secret orders, of whatever name, partake more or less of the same nature, and are used as feeders to the higher orders; therefore, etc. The resolutions were in keeping with the whereases. Certainly some of the preachers are very small-brained and narrow-minded men.

In a case at the Drogheda Sessions, mentioned by the March *Jurist*, the defendant, being sued for rent, "pledged the house was haunted, and his wife had been greatly frightened by a ghost appearing at her bed and throwing something upon her at night; they had to leave the house, and witness would prove it was haunted." The court ruled, correctly as it would seem, says the *Harvard Law Review*, that these facts did not constitute a defense; but if the lease were of a furnished house the question might perhaps be more doubtful. According to the doctrine of Smith vs. Marrable (11 M. and W. 5) there is an implied covenant in such a case that the house is reasonably fit for habitation, and the fact that the house is infested with bed bugs is a breach of this covenant. If the presence of the ghost should be thought equally objectionable, he might thus become a material issue; but it may be doubted whether the court would think there was substance enough in a ghost for judicial investigation.

The estate of the late Mr. Fayerweather, the leather merchant, is now estimated at \$6,000,000. As the charitable and other bequests and the trusts of his will call for about \$3,000,000 only, there remains a residue of \$3,000,000, which he left to his three executors, with a letter of instruction as to its distribution. It is not surprising therefore that Mrs. Fayerweather has sought and obtained permission to withdraw her consent to the probate of the will, and that a contest will take place. In her petition to the Surrogate she declared that she signed the consent "through misapprehension of fact and without proper understanding of her rights." That means, probably, that while at first she was disposed to make no opposition to the particular bequests of her husband to

schools and colleges, she was of a different mind as to the distribution of the residue of the estate among the executors when she was informed as to the estimate of the value of the property. The provision for her under the will is \$10,000 in cash, the residence and stable of the family, and an income of \$15,000 a year. She says the will and codicile were not the testamentary acts of the deceased; that they were not freely or voluntarily executed by him, and that they were procured through wrongful and undue influence. At the time of the execution, she says, if the same were ever executed, the deceased was not of sound and disposing mind and memory, but was greatly enfeebled, both in body and mind, and was not competent to make a will.

A new use for the "penny in the slot" machine, has been devised by Brooklyn druggists who think they should be reimbursed by the public for the outlay involved by keeping a city directory for its use. A writer in the *Christian Register* says, "Stepping into a drug store, and asking for the directory, I was pointed to one end of the counter. There I found the directory held very tightly in certain iron clasps or fingers. A notice informed the would-be user that a cent dropped into the slot would enable him to open and use the book. After consulting the imprisoned book, I felt that I had had my money's worth."

From an official statement recently made, it appears that the total sales of Mr. Herbert Spencer's works in Great Britain up to April 18, 1890, amounted to 104,000 copies, exclusive of the "Descriptive Sociology." This number includes 33,750 copies of the various volumes of "The Synthetic Philosophy," 39,500 copies of "Education," and 20,000 copies of "Man versus the State." The total sales of the authorized American editions of Mr. Spencer's works to date amount to 164,000 copies. To these must be added the cheap editions.

Under the head of "Laboring a Jury" the *New York World* administers a blistering rebuke to the Kansas judge and his co-worker, the preacher who invaded a jury room at 3 a. m. in order to compel the jury to find a verdict, as recounted on the first page of THE JOURNAL last week. The *World* concludes its very proper criticism thus: "If steps are taken to give her a fair trial, relegate the judge to a bar-room and put his clerical ally in charge of a fish cart, justice will be done all around."

It is not generally known that one of the features of the moribund federal election bill is the provision that the general supervisor of elections shall be appointed for life and furthermore that he shall appoint his own successor. However strong the desire to secure the control of elections to the dominant party, it seems incredible that so un-American a law as the one proposed should find supporters among representatives of republican government.

If Sir Morell Mackenzie is right in the anticipation that bacillus for all specific diseases will be treated as the bacillus in tuberculosis is now treated by Dr. Koch, we are on the era of extended discoveries in medical science within the range of diseases derived from the different workings of the bacillus. The good results likely to come from the experimental investigations of M. Pasteur, Dr. Koch and all leading bacteriologists are incalculable.

M. Simon writes of Boulanger thus: In Switzerland he was ready to make an emperor; in London he promised to make a king; among his intimate friends he would maintain the Republic. And of the man who has so recently strutted across the stage M. Simon says: "The least important thing in the Boulanger adventure is Boulanger."

The Indians on the reservations can never be kept permanently quiet until the low-class politicians who fill the agencies and traderships in Dakota and elsewhere are ejected from their offices. The bad white men are even more of an obstacle than the bad Indians to enduring peaceable relations.



A CASE FOR PSYCHICAL RESEARCHERS.

A strange case of a young woman who, though blind, can see with the eyes of others, feel cold when her friends are cold, or warm when they are warm, hear through their ears and taste with their palates, is now under investigation by a committee in New York City. The committee consists of M. C. Gallup, G. H. Moffet and Albert Poppers, and, in conjunction with Dr. T. R. Kinget, the three are working to authenticate all the details of the woman's strange history and weave them into a paper to be read before an anthropological and psychological club in which they are all interested. For very good reasons the name and address of the woman in question are not made public. Her family dreads the publicity that the recital of her case with her real identity disclosed would bring about, but she lives in Jersey City and has for years been a patient of Dr. Kinget, who lives at No. 158 East Forty-fourth street. The committee was appointed subsequent to the reading of a paper entitled, "Miss Mary White," says a New York daily of December 24th, the name being of course fictitious.

Miss White came to Dr. Kinget's notice eighteen years ago. Since that time she has been under his charge. He has observed her closely and studied her case minutely. He had been the regular physician of Miss White's family for a number of years before he was called in to attend the young girl. He knows all the members of the family well and he vouches for the particulars of the following strange story.

In 1872, when he first attended the girl, she was suffering from a bad fever brought on as the result of breaking through the ice while skating on Thanksgiving day of that year. Before this time she had always been in robust health, but the shock and the chill attendant on the disaster had shattered her system severely. The fever soon acquired a typhoid character, complicated with other disorders. Everything possible was done to insure her recovery, but with no success. She became a chronic invalid and she has ever since been confined to her bed.

It was not until almost four years ago, however, that the strange manifestations of her disease were first observed. For ten years she passed her time quietly in bed reading and studying. Seven years ago her lower limbs became partially paralyzed. Six years ago she was stricken blind. Her naturally sunny disposition became gloomy under her afflictions, and whereas she was formerly bright and lively she became seemingly stupid. She responded to conversation only when it was loud and emphatic. She was daily growing weaker and her life was despaired of, when one day, to the surprise of every one, she suddenly rallied and all at once took the greatest interest in everything about her. She was blind and partially paralyzed, and, what was natural, her other senses became proportionately keener. But what was not natural was that she had developed the weird faculty of seeing with the eyes of others, though she could not see with her own. And a strange development of her other senses followed.

The first manifestation of her abnormal powers was observed January 8, 1887. She had been left alone the greater part of the morning, when the brother of a very near friend opened the door of her room.

"Oh, Hiram!" she cried out before a word had been spoken. "I know Mary's back pains her awfully; but you don't think she will die, do you?"

The day before a friend, Mary Cutting by name, who lived some distance in the country, had been thrown from her horse and had suffered intensely in her back. The brother came to tell of the accident and soften its severity. But she had anticipated him. She could not possibly have learned of the accident in any ordinary way.

During the following week her younger sister sat a few feet from the bed reading George Eliot's "Middle-

March." The invalid girl could see only the back of the book and did not know the page at which it was opened. Suddenly she began to read verbatim the words as seen by her sister. The phenomenon was reported to Dr. Kinget, who was at first skeptical. He called the next day, opened a small medical pamphlet some distance from the patient and asked her to tell him something of it, if possible. She was unable even to tell him the nature of the work. His doubts were confirmed. The following week, however, he picked up the volume that had before produced such remarkable results and opened it at random.

No sooner had his eyes rested upon the first line than the girl began to read the exact words that he saw before him. He looked at her in amazement. She was lying with her face towards the wall and her eyes were closed as if in sleep. But the moment he looked at her she ceased speaking. He glanced at the page again, and again she pronounced the words just as he saw them, "as if she were literally seeing through my eyes," are the doctor's own words. She read nearly a page in this way. Then he closed the novel and opened the pamphlet that had been unable to call forth her power upon the previous occasion.

He asked her to read the book then as she had done with "Middlemarch." She said she could see nothing then, though she saw plainly before. He closed the pamphlet and again opened "Middlemarch" and she pronounced the words as his eyes perused them exactly as if his eyes were her own.

He closed the book and watched her closely for more than an hour, conversing with her casually. She grew sleepy, and he left, after giving special instructions to have her every action and word carefully noted.

She was very weak the following day, and seemed oppressed by a feeling that she had overdone. About a month later the doctor was sitting by her side for the first time in two weeks. She was lying very still, apparently asleep, and he feared to disturb her. Glancing about the room, his eyes fell upon a very odd painting of a little girl eating a large slice of bread and molasses. The child's face was literally plastered over with dirt. It impressed the doctor's mind curiously, and it was evidently the work of some genius. No sooner was his attention riveted upon the curiosity than the young woman asked, in her sweetest tone of voice:

"Don't you think I was pretty when I was a little girl?"

He inquired why she asked that question at that moment. She said that he was now looking at her likeness painted about a year before he became acquainted with the family. Her mother, she said, had taken a deep interest in a young tramp. She had clothed him and gave him work to do about the house, and tried to reform him. He continued to drink, however, and spent much of his time away. At last the patience of the good woman reached its limit and she told him he must shift for himself. He said he deserved it, but the same afternoon he brought in the painting of the little girl which he had produced in secret. As soon as he delivered the picture to the mother he said that he was worthless, thanked her for her kindness and disappeared. The likeness was very natural, but the girl had not appreciated its beauty. It was stored away and not framed until placed above her bed at her request a few days before.

"Now, look at the picture steadily," she said; "it does me good. I never appreciated it before," she went on.

For experiment Dr. Kinget looked the other way, and she said in a whining tone: "Will you not even do me that little favor?"

He asked how she could tell whether he was looking at the picture or not. She answered that when he looked at it she could see it as plainly as he. "Now, you are looking at the feet—now you are studying the large piece of bread and molasses," she made answer.

Her thoughts seemed surely to follow his eyes as she mentioned the fact each time his attention passed from one detail of the portrait to another.

The fact was clear beyond a doubt that a single pair of optic nerves, and those the doctor's own, were the

means of carrying visual sensations to two distinct centers of thought at the same time.

As he looked about the room the girl continued to name and describe the various objects he was looking at. She appeared as happy as if she had regained her sight.

"I can see everything as distinctly," she explained, "as when my own eyes were sound."

During the evening, however, she became so weak that for an hour she had no perceptible pulse, and only a practiced ear could discern any pulmonary action. For several days she was melancholy and ate but sparingly. Everything was now done to discourage this abnormal manifestation, and whenever she began to get in such close sympathy with any one, the use of whose senses she could appropriate, she was left alone. She improved steadily, occasionally describing what others saw but remaining as negative to this influence as possible.

The day preceding Christmas, 1889, the whole house was aglow in preparation for a Christmas tree. Towards evening the younger sister went to the bedside of the invalid and started to tell her something of the anticipated Christmas party. The invalid interrupted her by beginning to repeat exactly a conversation held in another part of the house about her own presents. Besides imitating the affectionate tone of voice used by her mother in pronouncing her name, she repeated over the list of presents mentioned and the conjectures made by both as to how each article would please her. She said that she heard every word as well as if the conversation had gone on by her side.

For weeks following this her name could not be mentioned in the house nor a word spoken about her but she would repeat them when the speaker appeared. Soon after this came the remarkable phenomenon of vicarious taste.

One day her mother sat in her room eating a bowl of chicken broth. "Mamma," she broke out, "that broth is too salty. Empty half of it out and then fill it again with fresh broth and I will enjoy it more. You know I never enjoyed anything that was salt."

The mother replied that she knew it was quite salty but asked her how she could tell. She answered that she could taste it as though she were eating it herself. She enjoyed it through her mother and felt hungry for her to eat more.

When Dr. Kinget next visited her he ate a piece of pie in her room and she described his sensations perfectly. And she said weirdly that she did not enjoy cold pie.

At first she was able to appropriate the use of but one sense at a time. She could see through another's eyes; she could hear with another's ears, and she could taste food as it passed another's palate. But as time passed by she also gained the power to see, hear, feel and taste vicariously all at once.

Two weeks ago the doctor visited his patient, in company with a fellow physician. He opened book after book, all of which she had read at some time during her life. As he read in silence she repeated the words aloud. With the books and newspapers that she had never before seen, for some unexplained reason, she was unable to follow him. This is the one circumstance in opposition to the hypothesis which classifies her power as simple vicarious perception. In hearing and tasting there are no such contradictory phenomena, so experts say. The doctor's friend gave him some pills, which he placed in his mouth.

The girl said: "They are nice and sweet."

He began to chew them and she exclaimed: "Spit them out! Oh, how bitter!" He took a drink of water and she said: "That is nice and cool; it does me good."

One doctor pinched the other's ear. The girl said: "Let go of the ear; it hurts me." Then one pulled the other's hair and she immediately cried out: "Don't, don't! it will bring on one of my headaches. Why do you cause me pain for mere curiosity?"

They then walked into the next room and one doctor whispered several observations to the other so low that no one could have heard a word ten feet distant. They walked back to the room and she repeated the words that had been whispered.

"The case is one that can not be explained by hyp-

notism nor by any of the general laws heretofore given to the public," explains Dr. Kinget. "It is not clairvoyance, because the patient can not perceive objects except through the instrumentality of the senses of some other person. It can not be hypnotism, as the girl never goes to sleep nor loses consciousness, and is never under another's control. It can not be simple transference of the impressions of the senses, because the fact that she can not read strange books by the eye of another would destroy this explanation. This poor blind, and partially deaf invalid, without the perfect use of a single one of her natural faculties, presents a case that science at present can not interpret."

WHAT IS MATERIALISM?

BY B. F. UNDERWOOD.

Materialism is a word to which so many definitions are given and to which such various meanings are attached that one can never feel quite certain when it is spoken which of its several connotations the speaker has in mind until he distinctly states the ideas he associates with it.

A popular conception of materialism is that it is simply disbelief in God and the immortality of the soul. Yet many thinkers who are not materialists, whose philosophy indeed is popularly believed to be, and in some respects certainly is, the antithesis of materialism, accept neither of the doctrines named; while, on the other hand, many who are or have been classed among materialists accept them both. John Locke thought it not unreasonable to hold that God has endowed matter with the capacity to feel and think, and he was, and is now sometimes called a materialist. Priestly, with the same belief, avowed himself a materialist. The same is true of Thomas Jefferson.

The author of the article on materialism in Johnson's Cyclopaedia says that "nearly every materialistic school has had its Christian advocates endeavoring to reconcile it with the spiritual doctrines of the Holy Scriptures." As Mr. John Fiske says, "It might forcibly be argued that the denial of personal immortality has by no means been proved to be an inevitable corollary from the assertion of materialism although it may be freely admitted to be a probable corollary." Many of the adherents, including leading representatives, of modern Spiritualism, declare that "spirit is refined matter," and claim that they are the true materialists, in support of which claim they adduce the testimony of spirits who have left the form and return to their friends by "materializations."

Strauss, in *The Old Faith and The New*, goes so far as to say that the difference between materialism and idealism is simply one of terminology, or, to use his own language, is a "mere quarrel about words"; for both, in comparison with the dualistic conception of a creator and a created universe of body and soul, are, he says, monistic systems. One constructs the universe from atoms and atomic forces, the other from ideas and idealistic forces. Each of these modes of conception leads to the other. Both agree in ascribing all the functions of our being to one and the same cause. In Germany, idealism has not been less atheistic than materialism; and it is not strange, therefore, that Strauss declares that both systems "should reserve their weapons for that other veritable and still formidable foe, dualism, while treating each other with the respect or, at least, the politeness of allies."

But Prof. Haeckel, who is commonly regarded as one of the most materialistic, as he is certainly one of the ablest of living naturalists, objects to materialism as well as to Spiritualism, because he thinks they have dualistic implications. In his "Evolution of Man," he says: "The real materialistic philosophy asserts that vital phenomena of motion, are effects or products of matter. The other opposite extreme, spiritualistic philosophy, asserts, on the contrary, that matter is the product of motive force, and that all material forms are produced by free forces, entirely independent of the matter itself. Thus, according to the materialistic conception of the universe, matter or substance precedes motion, or active force. According to the spiritualistic conception of

the universe, on the contrary, active force, or motion, precedes matter. Both views are dualistic, and we hold them both equally false. It is only necessary to reflect on this for a time from a strictly scientific standpoint, to find that, on a close examination, it is impossible to clearly represent the one without the other."

Prof. Huxley claims that "the properties of protoplasm result from the nature and disposition of its molecule," as the properties of water result from the nature and disposition of its component molecules; that all life is probably the result of "the molecular forces of the protoplasm which displays it"; and that thought is "the expression of molecular changes in that matter of life which is the source of our other vital phenomena." Further, he says that "any one who is acquainted with the history of science will admit that its progress in all ages meant, and now more than ever means, the extension of the province of what we call matter and causation and the concomitant gradual banishment from all regions of human thought of what we call spirit and spontaneity." This seems to be as strongly materialistic language as can be used, and the views advanced can not be regarded from the idealistic or spiritualistic standpoint otherwise than as the distinctive teachings of materialism; yet Prof. Huxley is, according to his own declarations, not a materialist, but an idealist.

Prof. Tyndall, in his celebrated Belfast address, referred to the original matter of the world as probably containing the promise and potency of every form or quality of life; yet his statements that matter is essentially transcendental in its nature, and that there is no passage from molecular motion to consciousness, are often quoted to show that he is not a materialist, as he certainly is not, according to the current conceptions and definitions of materialism,—for instance, those of Mr. John Fiske, who says that, before one can be "correctly charged with materialism," he should hold that physical phenomena, such as love and hate, can be interpreted in terms of matter and motion, and who further defines materialism in a way which makes it reject or ignore the principle of relativity, without which certainly no philosophy can claim attention to-day among thinkers.

On the other hand, the author of "A Candid Examination of Theism," said to be G. J. Romanes, affirms that Mr. Spencer's philosophy, which its author declares is neither materialistic nor spiritualistic, leaves "the essential feature of materialism untouched: namely, that what we know as mind is dependent (whether by way of causality or not) is immaterial (on highly complex forms of what we know as matter in association with peculiar distributions of what we know as force.)

Mr. E. D. Fawcett, in a recent philosophical address, after remarking that idealism "by no means necessarily involves the idea of individual immortality," that many Hegelians regard individuals as merely vanishing points in the realization of Spirit,—or according to the revised doctrine of that which becomes spirit—says: "Indeed, while materialism is perfectly compatible with the conception of a future life, idealism is, as often, not. Modern Spiritualism which in many ways recalls the 'double materialism of the savage,' is a curious illustration of the prevalence of the former combination. Of course, the leaders of Spiritualism, such as 'M. A. (Oxon.)' C. C. Massey and others would stoutly refuse to identify consciousness as such with any objective organism, physical or ethical (astral); but the common or garrulous Spiritualist thinks he has quite solved the philosophical problem when confronted with some congenial ghost. But fortunately the ghost exhibits an organism like our own, occupying space, being visible, often tangible, and hence manifesting the two fundamental attributes of matter. The problem is not even touched. Were the whole ether world unveiled, it would be merely one more plane of organisms, and objective surroundings for philosophy to account for. And you may account for this new plane on materialist or idealist lines—just as you please.

D'Assier, a thorough-going materialist, fully admitted the reality of this ethereal world and its inhabitants. Just because he regards matter as the sole

metaphysical root of both worlds—the physical & the ethereal alike—he remains a materialist. ^N although the D'Assier class of ontological materialism is not formidable among Spiritualists, that of the psychological materialists who regard soul and the spiritual (?) body as convertible terms, is undoubtedly so.

These extracts and references are sufficient to indicate that even writers of acknowledged ability use the word materialism to describe different views, and that it is too uncertain in its meaning to be of value in philosophical discussion. But, worse still, the word is popularly confounded with what, by a perversion of language, is sometimes called "practical materialism." Materialism, as a system of thought, as taught by Epikuros or by the Roman Lucretius, who, amid the confusion and turbulence of civil war, we are told, "sought some stay for his inner life, and found it in the philosophy of Epikuros,"—or as taught by modern materialists, is confined to a comparatively small proportion of the people, and is generally a subject of interest only to thoughtful and serious minds. ^F the worshipers of fashion, for mere pleasure-seeker for political demagogues, for those whose energies are wholly employed in the scramble for wealth, i can have generally no attraction. Yet the views and conduct of these classes are commonly referred to by the clergy as the materialism of the times.

"Such epithets as 'materialism' and 'atheism,'" says Mr. Fiske, "being extremely unpopular, have long been made to do heavy duty in lieu of argument. In this sort of barbaric warfare, the term 'materialism' is especially convenient by reason of a treacherous ambiguity in its connotations. Certain abstract theorems of metaphysics are correctly described as constituting materialism, and the persons who assert them are correctly called materialists. On the other hand, those persons are popularly called materialists who allow their actions to be guided by the desires of the moment, without reference to any such rule of right, living as is termed 'a high ideal of life.' Persons who worship nothing but worldly success, who care for nothing but wealth and fashionable display or personal celebrity or sensual gratification, are thus loosely called materialists. The term can therefore easily be made to serve as a poisoned weapon; and there are theologians who do not scruple to use it as such against the upholders of philosophic opinions which they do not like, but can not refute. A most flagrant instance was recently afforded by a lecturer on positivism, who, after insinuating that pretty much the whole body of contemporary scientific philosophers are positivists and that positivists are but little better than materialists, proceeded to inform his audience that materialists are men who lead licentious lives. It would be hard to find words strong enough to characterize the villainy of such misrepresentations as this, could we fairly suppose them to be deliberately intended. They would imply extreme moral turpitude, were it not that they are so obviously the product of extreme slovenliness of thinking joined with culpable carelessness of assertion."

Lange, the learned and impartial author of the "History of Materialism," says "that the sober earnest which marks the great materialistic system of antiquity is perhaps more suited than an enthusiastic idealism, which only too easily results in its own bewilderment, to keep the soul clear of all that is low and vulgar, and to lend it a lasting effort after worthy objects" (p. 47), and that "in the centuries when the abominations of a Nero, a Caligula, or even of a Heliogabalus, polluted the globe, no philosophy was more neglected, none was more foreign to the spirit of the time, than that of all which demanded the coldest blood, the calmest contemplation, the most sober and purely prosaic inquiry, the philosophy of Democritus and Epicurus." "The age of Pericles was the blossoming time of the materialistic and sensational philosophy of antiquity; its fruits ripened in the time of Alexandrian learning, in the two centuries before Christ."

While I have long since ceased to believe in "philosophical materialism," I think that these are facts worthy the candid consideration of those who use the word "materialism" as a term of abuse rather than in a descriptive sense. At the same time, the wisdom of employing in philosophical discussion a word which

associated with theories and conceptions widely different, and which, therefore, lacks precise and finite meaning, may fairly be questioned. The loose way it is now used, even by some of our best writers, certainly without excuse.

SPIRITUALISM IN THE PRIMITIVE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.—NO. II.

By F. H. BEMIS.

Polycarp was born about the middle of the first century of the Christian era. He was a disciple of John, and was ordained by him Bishop of Smyrna. Ireneus said he had heard Polycarp relate conversations which he had had with the Evangelist. During the Roman persecution under Marcus Aurelius he was brought before the Roman proconsul at Smyrna and urged to curse Christ. He replied: "Six-and-eighty years have I served him, and he has done me nothing but good, and how can I curse my Lord and Savior? If you would know what I am, I tell you frankly, I am a Christian." This so enraged the populace that he was condemned to suffer martyrdom by burning.

The record which has come down to us is from the church at Smyrna. The genuineness of that record is unimpeached and undisputed. A number of fellow Christians accompanied him to the place of execution. While on the way, it is said, a spirit voice was heard by all, saying: "Be strong, O! Polycarp, and acquit thyself like a man." He refused to be bound. When the pile was lighted, the flames curved outwardly on all sides, and he stood amidst them unharmed.

It is related that "a fragrant scent as of aromatic spices was diffused around," and the martyr stood quietly, circled by fire, his countenance appearing like burnished gold. In dismay the executioner thrust him through with a sword. Other believers suffered with him, of whose martyrdom the church of Smyrna says: "While they were under torment the Lord Jesus Christ stood by, and, conversing with them, revealed to them things inconceivable by man."

Was Polycarp a Spiritualist?

PAYTON SPENCE'S THEORY OF PERCEPTION.

By WM. I. GILL.

Professor Payton Spence passes a severe criticism on Mr. Herbert Spencer in THE JOURNAL of October 25, and his criticism is just. After this he proceeds to construct a theory of his own as a substitute for Spencer's. But it is easier to demolish than to build; and this is my comfort now, since in this article the proposed task is only criticism of the new theory.

Professor Spence analyzes sense-perception into two elements, the combination of which gives the known result necessarily without the aid of Spencer's law of "indissoluble cohesion" or "being obliged to think"—psychological necessity. He says these two elements are "sensations as mere feelings, states of consciousness," which are "as non-extended as our emotions," and "are indeterminate and non-perceivable." The second element comprises "the object and its properties, which of themselves are also indeterminate and non-perceivable." These two elements become perceptible when "related," "by being combined in the process of perception;" and thus in a red line we see the red as extended and the extension as red. On this I would observe:

1. These elements are what never existed as elements on land or sea so far as we know or can know, for they are declared to be "non-perceivable." Probably it is thought that while we can not perceive them in their isolation, we see them together in the act of perception, and are thence able to analyze the act and its contents and objects into these elements. But that is a mistake. The attempt at such an analysis results in an absolute mental blank, for

2. The first element is declared to be a sensation, a state of consciousness; and if you divest a feeling of every form and degree of extension it is no longer a sensation, but a pure emotion. Sensations are discriminated from emotions, as being localized and as having some extension. Emotions have duration, and sensations have duration and extension. This I

understand to be the consensus of modern psychology. An unextended sensation is therefore a contradiction in terms.

3. Equally illogical and vacuous is the other element, as it seems to me. "Objects" and "properties" which are "indeterminate" are neither one nor the other; for it is the very nature of objects and properties that they are determined, and that is the meaning of the terms, and to divest them of this wholly is to divest them of all meaning whatsoever. We have no conceivable object till we have perception, and we have no real or conceivable sensation till we have extension.

4. If the terms designating the elements are empty, then the alleged relating and combining of them is an empty process, a pure verbalism. These two elements are said to be combined in the process of perception. But whereabouts or at what stage of this "process?" The word process is generally used where there are two or more successive steps or stages. But that is not true of perception. No analysis can so divide it up. There is no process, but simply an act of perception. They can not be combined in the act, for they must exist as a pre-condition of being combined; but they never exist till they are combined and as combined, since sensation logically and psychologically includes extension in discrimination from emotion.

5. Pass we now to the professor's final ground for affirming these elements? He alleges that it is because by analysis he finds them in every act of sense-perception. He does find sensation and extension, for these are perceivable and perceived. But he does not, surely, find the indeterminate and non-perceivable. That is indiscernible anywhere. Why then does he affirm its existence? Because he thinks it necessary to explain sense-perception; and that is only to say, in other words, that otherwise sense-perception is to him inconceivable, or that he is obliged to think that way because of his sense-experience. This is Reid and Spencer over again at the last, after so ingenious an escape from it.

For one, I think it best to be content with the facts and the law of the facts without inventing any unknowable and inconceivable.

A REPLY.

By PROF. PAYTON SPENCE, M. D.

Any one who ventures to give a new explanation of any class of phenomena should not be oversensitive to criticism, but should welcome all honest investigation and discussion of his theory, confident that, whether he has, or has not, solved the problem which he attempted, criticism and discussion are the best means of bringing his views properly before the final tribunal that must decide upon their merits.

I find from reading the above article by the Rev. Wm. I. Gill, that the gentleman is under the impression that, in criticising my analysis of a perception into its elements, he is criticising my theory of perception. In this he is in error. For an explanation of my theory, I would refer him to my paper "The Facts About External Perception," in the *Journal of Speculative Philosophy*, October, 1885, and also to my paper "The Spectrum Spread of Our Sensation," in the same journal of April, 1888. The latter article will also, I think, disabuse the gentleman's mind of the erroneous opinion which he has of the nature of a sensation, and which, I believe, has led him into most of his troubles, just as it led Berkeley, Hamilton, Kant, Spencer and a host of other philosophers into erroneous views of perception.

As will be seen from the last named article, I deduce the nature of sensations from the nature of consciousness itself; while, in another article, unpublished as yet, but now in the hands of the editor of the *Journal of Speculative Philosophy*, I confirm those deductions by the results of experiments that were made by Prof. E. H. Weber to determine the difference in the ability of different parts of the skin to perceive as double two simultaneous impressions made upon it at various distances from each other. These two articles lead to the following conclusions as to the nature of sensations and their relation to extension and position.

1st. All sensations and all related sensations are

in their essential nature dimensionless; and therefore, mere sensations, whether single or related, can not give us a knowledge of extension.

2d. Extension is necessarily objective—pertains to an object outside of consciousness—and can never be got into consciousness, but can only be demonstrated to the mind by the simultaneous convergence (relation) of the sensations of two or more of the senses upon it.

3d. Every sensation occupies the whole of consciousness, and is therefore positionless in consciousness; and all related sensations must simultaneously occupy the whole of consciousness in order to be related, and hence they can have no relative positions to each other in consciousness. Therefore mere sensations, whether single or related, can not give us a knowledge of position or relative positions.

4th. Position is necessarily objective—pertains to an object outside of consciousness—and can never be got into consciousness, but can only be demonstrated to the mind by the simultaneous convergence (relation) of the sensations of two or more of the senses upon it.

HOW LOVE RESTORED LIFE.

By JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

I was on my way to witness Professor Palliser's wonderful experiment. It was a winter day—the 24th of December. The experiment was a new one; it had never before been exhibited. The professor had acquired great scientific renown by his investigations regarding the inertia of electricity and the consequent deductions as to the true connection between ether and matter. What he was now attempting was in some degree a corollary of his previous achievement, and was in itself perhaps not more remarkable than that. But to the unscientific imagination it was far more striking.

Hastening along with my head down, according to my usual habit, I came into collision with a tall man in a fur-lined overcoat. It was my old friend Colbran, whom I had not seen for three years, though his fame had reached me from abroad, where he was acknowledged to be the greatest baritone singer of his time. Colbran had always been, in my opinion, one of the best and most lovable fellows in the world—large in intellect, deep and tender in heart, noble in character. In physical appearance he was superb, and he never seemed more so than now. We asked each other a hundred questions, and he turned and walked with me, arm in arm.

"I hoped to hear that you were married," said I at length. "A wife is all that is lacking to you—a wife and children. Don't consent to be an old bachelor."

"The muse is jealous, you know," he replied smiling. "And when the bond between her and the artist is a vital one, destiny seems to forbid other ties. I knew a man—a singer also—who was in love with one of the loveliest women that ever lived. She loved him; they were very happy—too happy, in fact. Suddenly, to make a short story of it, circumstances separated them, and she, from a lofty sense of duty, married another man. By no means an uncommon story, you see. But for a time he was in danger of losing his grip. He had thrown his life into his love and the one seemed to go with the other. I remember, apropos, that before the separation occurred he had composed and set to music a song that he called "Love is Life," and he sang it to her on the last evening of their happiness. He has never sung it since. Well, after awhile the muse came to him and offered him comfort—the comfort of arduous labor and lofty effort. He consecrated himself to her, and now no name in the world of music is higher than his. Had he married he would have remained unknown."

"But he would have been happy."

"Ah, well, he is happy as it is; and it is a part of his happiness to believe that she is happy. But where are you going? Can't we be together this Christmas Eve?"

"I desire nothing better," said I, and went on to tell him about Professor Palliser. He was much interested, having as it appeared, investigated some of the phenomena of ether vortices himself. He consented to go with me and we entered the professor's laboratory together.

The apparatus was seemingly very simple—a structure of vibrating strings and resounding metallic surfaces, the whole about the size of an ordinary revolving bookstand. It was supported on a low cylinder, of thick glass at one end of the room and was open to examination. At a distance from it of about ten feet stood a short pillar of Mexican onyx, on the top of which rested a butterfly some nine inches across the wings. It was not a real butterfly, but a skillful and beautiful piece of mechanism, as we perceived upon handling it. The movement of the wings on

their hinges was similar to that of the real live insect, and, indeed, it only needed life to flutter about the room. It was made chiefly of gold, and weighed, I suppose, about six or eight ounces.

The professor—a thin-haired, large-brained, clear-featured man—explained to us the principle involved and what he was going to do. I am free to confess that I did not understand him; but Colbran listened very close and seemed to grasp the central idea. "Is not this coming very close to life itself?" he asked finally.

"Life involves what we term emotion," was the reply. "Love is a vibration more subtle and searching than any other. Between that and the etheric phenomena there is a gulf not yet bridged. I am already able to set material objects in motion by acting upon the atomic particles, or molecules, of which they are composed. I expect to be able ultimately to create material substances out of ether. But to instill life is a step beyond that. Life can only proceed from life, directed and energized by love. The process is probably of the utmost essential simplicity, like all supremely great things; it may be on the lines on which I am now working. But it is still a mystery and may always remain so."

"Yes, a sacred mystery," said Colbran, "not to be tampered with except with reverence and singleness of heart. But I am delaying your experiment."

The professor took up an instrument somewhat resembling an antique lute, and tried the strings with a bow. Then going to the apparatus above described he set in motion a small object attached to its top; it revolved rapidly on a vertical axis, emitting a clear note like a spinning top. Standing in front of the apparatus, he began to play a simple air on the lute, to which the strings and the metallic surfaces of the apparatus returned a resonant echo. Several times he varied the pitch; suddenly a penetrating harmonious sound rang out, and the golden butterfly stirred and moved its wings. The professor continued to play vigorously; the butterfly raised itself in the air, fluttered upward to the height of a couple of feet, remained hovering and suspended there for several seconds, and then fell slowly to the floor.

"It's a miracle," said I. "You have harnessed something that was never controlled before."

"The experiment is technically successful, but my control over the force is not yet complete," returned the professor modestly. "With more experience I expect much better results."

"Have you any objection to letting me try, professor?" inquired Colbran. "It seems to me that the human voice may have a power in this direction that would be worth studying."

"I beg you will proceed," said Palliser, courteously, but with a slight smile. He replaced the butterfly on the column and handed Colbran the lute.

"No, I shall try to do without that," said the latter. "If my notion has any basis in truth, the vocal chords are the only instruments required."

Standing erect in the center of the room, he sent forth his voice in a note that vibrated in our ears with the clearness of a silver trumpet, but was much finer in quality. He sang no words, but simply ascended and descended the scale in varying combinations. What ensued was indeed extraordinary. The butterfly rose from the pillar, waving its wings with long, tranquil strokes and soared lightly upward. Just before it brushed the ceiling, Colbran struck a new key and the golden insect, as if in response to a summons, changed its course and came hovering toward him. Again a change; it flew hither and thither about the room, now approaching one of us, now another, seemingly obeying the silent impulse of Colbran's will. So far as senseless metal can be alive, it lived. The professor rapidly went from surprise to ecstasy, and when at his request the butterfly sailed toward him on balancing wings and alighted on his outstretched hand, he lacked words adequately to express himself. "With the aid of your voice and my science," he declared, "I should be almost ready to believe that I might create a living organism!"

Colbran only smiled and shook him by the hand and we took our departure....

"I have promised some friends of mine to call on them this evening," said I, later on, "and I want you to come with me and make their acquaintance. The wife is charming, the husband is a good fellow and they have a pretty little girl two years old. You will like them."

Colbran expressed his willingness and we set out. It was a cold, clear evening. As we walked along Colbran straightened himself and threw back his shoulders. "I feel to night," he remarked, "as if, were I to sing, I should do better than I have ever done before. The power of the Lord is upon me!"

We were admitted to the house only to hear sad tidings. The little girl had been attacked by teething convulsions the night before and was dead. It was the father who told us this. While he was speaking the mother came into the room. On seeing Colbran she uttered a strange cry and stood still. I saw his face also change; but in a moment he said quietly: "This is an unexpected meeting. I did not know I

was to see you." And, turning to the father, "I was acquainted with your wife before you married her. I am sorry, very sorry, for your loss. I wish I could do something to help you. May I see the little child?"

They took us to an inner room, where the body was lying in a small white coffin. Colbran stood looking down on it for several minutes. The mother stood on the opposite side, with her eyes fixed upon him. She seemed half dazed, but whether from her grief or from the start at meeting an old friend so unexpectedly I could not determine. The expression of her face was beyond my skill to read. What fear, hope, or an emotion profounder than either?

"What was her name?" Colbran asked at length.

"Helen," she replied.

"Helen!" he repeated. "Your own name." After a pause he went on. "I said just now that I wished I could help you. I have long wished it; to give you happiness has been my strong desire. I am going to make the attempt now. I pray God, humbly and reverently that it may succeed. Do you pray also?" After another pause he added in a stronger tone, "I believe I shall succeed. Do you remember, Helen, that song of mine that I once sang to you? I have not sung it since; but I still believe that 'Love is Life.'"

With that he lifted his head and began to sing. The words of the song were grand, noble and inspiring, instinct with immortal faith and joy. But the music was of a beauty and power scarcely mortal, and as I listened to his mighty voice, strong as the thunder of the ocean, and gently sweet as the sighing of the aeolian harp strings, methought I had never known what music was till now. The melody thrilled the nerves and glowed in the pulse, and as the singer proceeded he breathed his very soul into the strains, till it seemed as if love and life were come from heaven to utter themselves through his lips. No words can convey the searching, reviving, irresistible potency of that song. It was almost awful in its power and yet so tender that it drew tears to the eyes—tears, and smiles such as are born of tears like these. And the man's face, as he sang, was transfigured. A light seemed to emanate from it. As the notes, glorious and exquisite, commanding and triumphant, soared and warbled from his mouth, I thought him one of the sons of God, singing to his brethren, the stars.

And at that moment came a cry from the mother—ah! so wild and wondering a cry as I never heard before or since. "She moved! She is breathing! Oh, God! She is alive again. My baby—my baby is alive!"

I looked in awe, and saw the pale cheeks slowly become pink, and soft lips tremble and part, and the little breast stir beneath the white drapery. And as the last note of that mighty and mysterious song died away little Helen opened her eyes and was in the world once more.

I felt a hand on my arm and Colbran drew me out of the room, while the father and mother were blind to everything but their unspeakable happiness.

"What are you? What have you done?" said I, as we emerged into the icy street. The chimes were ringing from the steeples and all the stars were out.

"I know nothing," he replied. "Men are sometimes for a moment the messengers of God. This is the anniversary of a greater mystery; but God is with man still!"

A NEW VIEW OF HYPNOTISM.

The strange story of "The Thrill Along the Wire," told in *The Sun* a short time ago of the weird, inexplicable influence apparently exerted by one person upon another through hundreds or thousands of miles of intervening space, of the mysterious flow of sympathy passing from one operator to another over a telegraph wire, has awakened profound interest all over the country. In that story Mr. W. B. Seabrook, a telegraph operator of Charleston, S. C., gave a plain, unvarnished statement of certain facts growing out of a long experience as a practical operator, which appeared remarkable and almost inexplicable. He told how he experienced a peculiar and unaccountable delight when receiving telegrams over the wire from some persons, while when others, although equally good or even better operators, came to the wire his feelings underwent a sudden transition from pleasure and exhilaration to dullness, and the work of telegraphing became irksome and tiring.

One peculiar instance may serve to illustrate the precise nature of the sensations experienced and the attendant circumstances. One night Mr. Seabrook lay in his office very ill with fever. Hearing his "call," he arose and staggered to the instrument to respond. He was so sick and weak that the exertion almost caused him to faint. Immediately the operator at the other end of the wire placed his fingers on the key and commenced sending a message. Mr. Seabrook felt a wonderful change come over him. The aching head was soothed, the throbbing pulse quieted, and a sense of exceeding restfulness took possession of him. But when the message was finished and the electric currents ceased to pulsate over the wire, the sense of relief disappeared and an attempt to send a telegram caused distress.

The operator whose sending had apparently occasioned this remarkable change in Mr. Seabrook's physical and mental condition was by no means an expert telegrapher. In fact, his manipulation of the key was exceedingly poor, and every other operator on the circuit heartily disliked to work with him. Therefore the tranquilizing effect created upon Mr. Seabrook was not analogous to that felt in listening to a smooth, pleasing speaker. At all times when working with this particular operator the same strange, pleasurable feelings were experienced; although apparently quite in opposition to all normal conditions and circumstances. A correspondence developed the fact that the experience was mutual. The operator at the distant station said it "made him tingle all over" to receive from Mr. Seabrook. He felt as if electrified. Almost every one else, he frankly and ruefully remarked, invariably cursed him for his poor work, and he had a hard time to get along.

This was only a single instance. Mr. Seabrook had noticed that he experienced the same pleasure and stimulus while receiving from other operators, but only with a comparatively small number among the hundreds with whom he worked. A strange point about the matter was that the pleasurable sensations were only experienced while receiving, never while sending. As to the nature and cause of this mysterious influence he had no explanation to offer. He simply stated the facts.

This singular story has been widely circulated and commented upon all over the country, and a large number of letters from all manner of people have been received in regard to the matter. To telegraphers the story was but a presentation of facts well known to them, and many operators have amply corroborated the statements as to the actuality of the phenomena. Some letters have been received from persons interested in psychical research, and some from persons altogether skeptical on the subject. The manager of one of the largest Western Union Telegraph offices in the South says:

"During the past thirty-two years in the telegraph business I have often experienced the exact sensations, governed by the same conditions described." A Western Union chief operator says: "During a long experience as operator I can recall numerous instances such as described, and not with myself alone. Although utter strangers to each other, there seems to be a mutual friendship spring up, an attachment formed, rendering the work in hand a pleasure. I have also frequently observed the ill effects produced by a change of operators at either end of the wire—the 'sympathy' or 'harmony' vanishes. They may have the same ability, but the mutual affinity is lacking." The telegraph editor of a prominent Southern newspaper writes that a young operator in the office of that paper, who was "a little inclined to poetical dreaming," often remarked that he experienced the influence described by Mr. Seabrook. Another telegraph manager writes: "I have often felt the precise sensations described," but he adds that he has always attributed the pleasures experienced in working with some operators and the tortures endured from others to personal feelings and general cussedness in the fellow at the other end.

These are but selected examples from many letters of similar import, and there can be, and is, no shadow of doubt that the peculiar experiences related are real, and that there is a mysterious influence exerted or a bond of sympathy established between two persons over a telegraph wire. And that this influence is in no way dependent upon the ability of the person as an operator is very certain. In dozens of instances close and fast friendships have sprung up between operators of entirely different capabilities at the key who had never seen each other until after the friendship had become firmly rooted, a fact to which every operator in the country will testify. It is very often the case that a "gilt-edged" operator, who as a rule will absolutely refuse to work with any but equally fast and expert men, and has no patience whatever with a "plug," or learner of either sex—and this intolerance is a sad peculiarity of nearly all expert operators—will make a remarkable exception in some one particular case and will patiently wrestle with the painfully labored Morse of some operator at a country railroad station, and take special pleasure in sitting at the wire working or conversing with the novice, with no apparent cause except that he experiences a subtle pleasure in so doing. The two operators are altogether unacquainted with each other personally; one is an expert, the other a tedious novice at the key, and the only connection between them is several hundreds or thousands of miles of wire over which the mysterious currents of electricity are ebbing and flowing.

But one or two explanations of the phenomena have been suggested, and those unsatisfactory ones. May not these strange manifestations be but a phase of that mysterious force known in one form and another for ages and now generally spoken of as hypnotism? And may not the phenomena of hypnotism be but a minor phase of the even more mysterious something we call electricity? It is not only possible but very

probable that an explanation of the "thrill along the wire" may be found here. The most recent experiments and discoveries in regard to hypnotism indicate a very close connection between that strange force and some electrical phenomena, and they seem clearly to point to what may be termed electrical hypnotic influences as the explanation of the facts under consideration. With all the wonderful things accomplished with electricity in recent years, and though the term is now a household word, we yet know nothing as to the real nature of this subtle power. We are as children playing on the beach and sailing paper ships in the little ponds among the rocks while the great ocean of electricity, with all its wonders and the wonders of the distant worlds whose shores it washes, lies all unknown before us. Our knowledge of electricity and the uses to which we have already put that knowledge is as the dim starlight by which we grope our way along a narrow path compared with the glorious worlds and systems of worlds from which that light reaches us through the realms of illimitable space.

Hypnotism is no longer reviled as the mere trickery of the traveling showman. It has an important place in the estimation and the thought of the foremost philosophers and physicians of the day. The mysterious power, whatever it is, seems inseparable from that of electricity. Mesmerism, animal magnetism, magnetic healing, the faith cure, Christian science—these are some of the names and guises under which it is known in which, intermixed with much blatant humbug and fraud, its powers are brought into action. And the cause of the phenomena is called electricity as often as it is called hypnotism.

Psychologists of the latest school say that the spiritual is but a function of the corporeal, that mind is but an aspect of matter. Scientists are discovering that, truly, "electricity is life," the very life of matter. The properties of this something that pervades everything are more occult and mysterious than any of which the old magicians and alchemists ever dreamed. A remarkable book recently published, "A Romance of Two Worlds," which has attracted very great attention among all classes of people, presents a theory that seems to have considerable bearing on the subject under consideration. The work is of a religio-philosophical nature, and the writer, a woman, by the way, thinks she has found a solution to the great problem of life that will allay the unrest of the age and prove a panacea for all that is evil in the world. She finds that the universe is a great electric ring, of which the Supreme Spirit is the center, while every spirit is provided with a certain amount of electricity.

"Internally this is the germ of a soul, or spirit," says the writer, "and it is placed there to be cultivated or neglected as suits the will of man.... Each one of us walks the earth encompassed by an invisible electric ring, wide or narrow according to our capabilities. Sometimes our rings meet and form one, as in the case of two absolutely sympathetic souls.... Sometimes they clash, and storm ensues, as when a strong antipathy between persons causes them almost to loathe each other's presence. No soul on earth is complete alone. It is like half a flame that seeks the other half, and is dissatisfied and restless till it attains its object."

Although this theory has a very fanciful element in it, it yet would seem to contain a certain proportion of scientific truth. The seeming extravagance may be simply in the use of a new term, and in these days of strange discoveries no new theory can be thrust aside lightly. Undoubtedly there is such a thing as affinity of spirit. We sometimes see two persons who are attracted to each other simply and naturally as is the magnet to the pole, whose souls are in complete harmony, and whose different characteristics unite to form one perfect whole as the colors of the spectrum unite to form the perfect light of day. If this affinity is electrical, then surely there could be no better medium for its transmission from one person to another than the electric telegraph wire and the electric current itself, and when two such persons, whose natures are the positive and negative poles of the one electrical circuit or ring, sit in communication with each other by means of an electric wire, what more natural than that results should ensue such as described in the beginning of this article?

It is remarked that the operator who receives the message is not in direct contact with the wire, he simply reads the telegraphic characters by sound. But that is of no moment. There has recently appeared in *The Sun* accounts of the most remarkable cases of hypnotism by letter, and even by word of command conveyed from the physician to the subject by a third person. Two cases in particular were vouched for in every particular by no less an authority than the conservative London *Lancet*. In one a celebrated physician of the Salpetrière, in Paris, who has attained to great eminence in the new school of hypnotic research, directed a patient who required surgical treatment to call at the hospital surgery the next day. In the meantime he sent a letter to the surgeon, to be delivered to the patient before the operation.

The letter said that "on reading this Mme —— will go to sleep, by order of Dr. ——," and immediately upon reading the note the patient went into a hypnotic trance, and the surgical operation was safely performed upon her while she was in that state. In the other instance the patient was sent to the dentist to have a tooth extracted. She took with her a letter from the eminent doctor addressed to the dentist. The letter directed the dentist to deliver to the patient by word of mouth the command of the physician that she "go to sleep." The dentist repeated the message to the woman, and she immediately fell into the hypnotic state. The *Lancet* fully vouched for the entire genuineness of the facts in the two cases, and that the account is true in every particular is absolutely undoubted. It will therefore be seen that if the phenomena of the influence of one person upon another exerted over a telegraph circuit can be properly ascribed to hypnotic influence, or electrical affinity, it is not at all necessary that there should be actual contact on the wire between the two persons.

This thrill along the wire is only experienced with one person out of probably several hundred, and it seems clear that when this strange influence is felt the two persons working the wire have natures in close accord or perfect harmony. There is an affinity, an electrical affinity, between them, and the wire charged with electricity intensifies the personality and transmits it from the one person to the other, and the bond of sympathy is complete. However, call it electrical hypnotism or whatever you will, the fact that such a weird influence is exerted is fully recognized by hundreds of operators, and is denied by none. It is mysterious, but it is particularly real, and there must be some explanation of it. The one suggested here may appear fanciful, it may appear even absurd, but it is as true in this matter-of-fact age as it was in a more credulous and romantic one, that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy.—*New York Sun*, Nov. 30th.

PROF. SWING ON IMMORTALITY.

To believe well in a future beyond, it seems essential that one make the assumption of spirit a starting point, and then the whole material world becomes its servant, or its arena, or decoration; but if, with Huxley and Darwin, we begin with the assumption of matter, there seems nothing to throw us over across the dividing ocean, and we must remain on the shore of dust, and hence death; for, move to and fro as material does from wild rose to full-leaved rose, from ape to man, it always brings us at last only to dust. There is no immortal rose, however full leaved it may become. Death is its destiny. To get over this tomb of roses and of man it is essential that a spirit be assumed; a God, an essence differing from the vital action of the heart or of the roots of the wild flowers. In this study of man, after we assume that he possesses a spirit, the text enters with its single thought that God is not a God of dead souls, but of living ones. There is no manifest reason for supposing a soul made in such a divine image to be only an ephemeral creature, going quickly to nothingness, thus making God the father of the dead rather than of the living. All the reasons for creating such a being as man remain for continuing his existence. If, when the Creator had formed such a universe as lies around us here, of which our system is as a grain of sand upon an infinite shore, He finally concluded to make man a race to inhabit one or more stars of the universe, a race in the divine image, a human life of a few years would seem wholly unworthy of such a boundless material realm; for we can not master its truths nor taste happiness in any threescore-year career. Your children have shown their divine nature, have spoken a few words, have rejoiced in a few springtimes, and have gone hence, leaving you heartbroken. A brief career is thus not in harmony with the immense universe in which this life begins, and of which man is unquestionably the highest order of beings.—*American Spectator*.

The ingenious hypothesis that Weismann, the eminent Freiburg professor, promulgated several years ago regarding the vitality of all unicellular beings, but more especially of the protozoans, is undoubtedly widely known. Weismann maintained that the protozoans were distinguished from the metazoans, or organisms composed of a number of cells, by the curious property they possessed of exemption from decay and death. The protozoans exhibited, in the very words of the German savant, an instance of potential immortality—that is to say, a natural physiological death did not exist for them; if they perished it was by accident or chance extraneous to the laws of their organization. A great many authors have written upon this subject since Weismann, either in support of his opinion, or in refutation of it, and of them we may mention principally Goette, Minot and M. Delboeuf. Weismann founded his theory in part upon metaphysical or, at least, theoretical considerations. It is also supported by observed facts. The

idea of the immortality of infusoria occurs naturally to the mind when one examines with care what happens when an infusorian reproduces. We know that the reproduction consists in a bipartition of the body of the animal and that, consequently, the parent does not die, but lives in the two products of its bipartition. In subsequent multiplications the same phenomenon is always observed to occur, so that the entire substance of the parent is found preserved and living and in the individuals to which it gives birth. This process Weismann expressed by the emphatic statement: In multiplication by division there are no corpses.—*Alfred Binet*.

A Paris daily has collected the opinions of great Frenchmen concerning the relative desirability of interment and cremation. "Do you wish to be buried or burned?" was the form of the question. A popular answer was "Neither." Alphonse Daudet wrote: "Buried, burned; both are equally disagreeable to my thoughts." Leconte de Lisle said: "After mature reflection I have decided that I prefer neither. Painful as this uncertainty may seem, I believe I shall be able to endure it with patience for many years to come."

Coppée's reply was: "Your question reminds me of the famous receipt in the cook book: The rabbit requires to be flayed alive while the hare may wait. I choose the position of the hare. You see I joke because I do not fear death.... The fate of the husk about me does not worry me. I do not and can not believe that my whole *ego* disappears in the grave. *Sperat anima mea.*"

Jules Simon does not care much what becomes of him. "I know," he answered, "that many Roman Catholics object to cremation because the Scriptures say we shall rise again in the body. But even in the graveyard little or nothing remains of the flesh, and God needs no human dust, I believe, to enable him to arouse the body."

Hyacinthe Loysen replied: "The question is nothing to me. I think with Plato that the body is not the man, but only that which the man has. The only thing of importance in this matter is the danger of being buried alive, which is much more frequent than is usually believed."

Zola wrote: "I have never asked myself what my personal taste might require in this matter, and I believe it best to leave the burden of the decision to those who survive and love us. They alone can derive pleasure or pain from the mode of disposing of our bodies."

Francisque Sarcey is inclined to prefer cremation, although he would not object to the ordinary interment. Sardou cries: "Cremation! Cremation! It will be a positive pleasure to be cremated!"

It would seem from an incident reported in a Berlin paper that the electric light possesses the power to throw human beings into the hypnotic trance. A certain Justus Falqui, a man thirty-two years of age, while passing over the Piazza del Duomo, at Milan, looked upward to the electric light, and became instantly spellbound, remaining standing with his gaze riveted upon the light. Passers by were amazed at the singular spectacle, and accosted the man, but he took no notice of what took place before him. At length police officers led him away in an unconscious condition to the nearest apothecary's, where he was brought to consciousness by the application of ammonia. Falqui was of small and slender form, probably easily subject to mesmeric influences, and his singular experience may open the way to a great discovery.—*The Two Worlds*.

A renowned Swedenborgian sarcastically observes: "Spiritualism will show science that men and women when they die are not dust and ashes, but people, and comport themselves very much as they did in this world.... though their once bodies have been put aside; still no heed can be taken of the subject by the New Church, for it is at best a set of permitted exposures, only important according to their truth, which here is of the lowest elements. The manifesting spirits seem to exhaust their mission in showing themselves—that they have heads, and legs, and arms, is the pith of their revelation; a lesson, however, for materialism to learn."

Father Ignatius, the evangelist monk of the British Church, complains that "ministers are truckling to modern thought in their pulpit" and are "trying to accommodate our Christianity to our modern ideas of science." To all this he is opposed. What does reason amount to, he asks, when it can be confused and drowned by a few spoonfuls of alcohol. Such men as this Father Ignatius doubtless serves some purpose in the natural order and economy of the world; but it is not easily discovered. They are survivals from a past age.



SHRINKING.

My lady loves a perfect paragon,
A mortal miracle of godlike guise;
While I am just about the "average man,"
With virtues, like myself, of medium size.

You'd call me, now, quite commonplace, but O!
No knight of old, whose deeds of high emprise
Still live in story, cut a bigger dash
Than does her lover, in my lady's eyes!

As handsome as Apollo, and as brave
As Julius Caesar, and about as wise
As Solomon, and O he's such a saint,
This prodigy my lady deifies!

Nay, I'm not jealous! But I own I'm scared,
And shake within my shoes for fear that she,
My lady, may discover some fine day
That her grand hero's not a bit like me,

For O 'tis I my lady thinks she loves,
And O 'tis I who knows I haven't got
A hint of the heroic—know, alas!
Too well, her idol's all that I am not!

Full well I know that soon or late must dawn
The day that brings her down to Truth's "hard
pan."

And pulls me from my pedestal to hear
Her swear I'm "just a horrid, hateful man!"

—M. N. B. in Boston Globe.

The fair, fragile female of fifty years ago is no longer quoted above par, says a writer in the San Francisco *Morning Call*. The silly, senseless doll woman is considerably below the market value! No one nowadays admires the woman who faints at the sight of a spider or goes into spasms over an innocent mouse. Men are not hanging about the skirts of women of that stamp. The girl who has to be helped over a log six inches high is given the decided go-by for the girl who can walk her five miles a day, who can swing a dumb-bell with ease, and who knows all about Del-sarte. The sentimental miss who gloated, by the midnight oil, over Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, and whose caliber did not reach beyond that, has no show beside the girl who converses understandingly upon the politics of the day; who reads the *Atlantic*, the *Forum*, the *North American Review*. In these stirring times that boast of Edisons and George Eliots, men are looking for companions, not ornaments, and the girl who understands this fact, if she has a hump on her back and a cast in her eye, will outdistance the vacant, vacuous beauty. The sterner sex want something more than misses who drum "Secret Love" on the piano and chatter frivolous nothings. Men who are worth having do not want "Pink and White Tyranny," coy manners and fetching frocks. The scent for pretty wives is over, and the lookout for bright young women is in full blast. The woman who captures and holds the masculine mind of to-day is the help-meet, the wife, the mother, in the fullest sense of the word. Men are beginning to take a pride in the mentality of their women, and their light is no longer condemned to be hid under a bushel, but can shine forth in all the glory of enlightened and intellectual womanhood. Once men did not seek for wives the blue stocking, the brainy women. They labored under the impression that such women did not make good housewives, but they opened their blind eyes to the fact that brains are at a premium everywhere. If she have brains in letters she will have the more in the kitchen. He has found her infinitely more companionable, and she charms him longer than the fair lily, who hasn't an idea beyond the linen in her closet, the making of pancakes and the last fashion. Men weary of the everlasting gabble of beefsteaks, bonnets and babies, and ten to one, if this is all his wife can offer him, he finds his companions down town, and before many years have drifted over his married head, the fascinations of some bright woman, outside the home circle, begins to dawn on him, and though he may have too much honor to yield to them, he finds an insidious wish creeping into his dissatisfied heart that his own wife's mental caliber were a trifle beyond the aforesaid beefsteak, bonnet and baby. In these times of women suffrage, of colleges open to the sex, of the professions that welcome women's ability, the fragile lily maiden is emphatically in the rear. Women are no less women because they can grasp the questions that agitate the public mind with the facility

of men. She is no less a mother because she can talk intelligently and advise wisely the manly son at her side. She need not necessarily be masculine, because her head can cope with masculine subjects. Her heart can remain distinctly womanly. She need lose none of her grace or gentleness because she knows two and two make four, or who is the President of the United States. She can be just as winning in manner, soft in speech and loving in disposition. It is a mistaken idea to suppose that she must lose sight of the one when she takes up with the other. A happy combination of beauty and brains, of passion and power, of wisdom and winsomeness, is what women should struggle for, and when our sex has acquired these various virtues there will not be a man from Labrador to South America, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, that will not come under the refining and elevating influence of intelligent and loving womanhood.

Said a brilliant woman of our day: "To be a wife and mother is not the end of my existence; the end is to be a woman. I am only a wife and mother in passing." But even if wifehood and motherhood were the end and aim the higher development of the woman the better the wife and mother. Conjugal affection, maternal instinct, are none the less powerful when under the control of enlightened intelligence. Indeed the highest ideal of devotion is consistent with highest conditions of culture, and she who knows most of what man knows is certainly better fitted to be his companion than is she who meets his nature only on the side of his physical comfort.

For a woman to know how to look pretty, to dress tastefully, to preside graciously, to make her house charming, and her home delightful to all who feel its social atmosphere, for her to be interested in her church and her charities, to like good books, to appreciate good music—all this is involved in the highest, if not in the so-called "higher" education. We mean that all this keeps in exercise and consequent development the highest part of her nature. But to know how to look pretty does not demand that a woman should know nothing else, and many a woman graduate has discovered, and is ready to testify, that in all things that enter into the glory of the true home life she is able to do better and to be more because of that widening of judgment and development of mental powers that came as the result of college work.—*Mary Louie Dickinson in Harper's Bazaar.*

The German Empress Augusta Victoria, who has already given her Emperor husband five fine sons, is now in her thirty-first year, but her fair, fresh complexion makes her look younger. She has an oval face, soft blue eyes, beautiful teeth, and an abundance of blond hair, an ensemble which is pleasing and attractive if not decidedly pretty.

An Employment Bureau under the auspices of the New York Association of Working Girls' Societies will be formally opened by that body on Jan. 1. So great is the demand both in that and other cities and States for advice and help in organizing new clubs that the Central Council of the association has decided to form a Committee of Instruction to aid in establishing such societies.

The oldest banker in the world is a woman—Deborah Powers, aged 99, senior partner of the bank of D. Powers & Sons, Lansingburgh. Her business shrewdness is quite equal now to that of her earlier years, and she has also established and maintains the Deborah Powers Home for Old Ladies.

Miss Nelly Kelly of the *Ohio State Journal*, is a regular "first-wire" operator of the Associated Press, at the same salary that is paid to first-wire men. She takes 15,000 words in a night, and at 2:30 a. m. she goes home alone and unmolested.

Some ladies of high social position in New York are said to have started a society "for the advancement of propriety and frugality in dress." Among the things to be avoided are decollete dresses and sleeveless bodices.

A woman's brigade has been formed to collect money for Gen. Booth's scheme for ameliorating the condition of darker England. One of its leaders is a well-known singer, at one time associated with Fannie

Moodie, but now converted through the influence of the General and devoted to the army. Besides the large sum already reported as sent to Mrs. Bennet-Edwards, Mrs. Fleming has added £1,000. Mrs. Garrett Anderson, M. D., has sent £50, and the Marchioness of Ripon £100, making more than £50,000 in all.

S. F. Hershey says in a recent article: "Woman lives longer than man, goes insane less numerously, commits suicide one-third as often, makes one-tenth the demand on the public purse for support in jail, prisons and almshouses."

THE SPECTER OF THE ASSASSINATED.

Le Messager de Rome of September 5, 1880, and the *Annales de Turin* of November 1880, page 337, relate the following fact published by the *Figaro*, which in its turn guarantees that it has taken it from *Archives des Tribunaux de Paris* (from the Archives of the Paris Tribunals):

The fete of the Emperor Napoleon I. was celebrated August 15th, 1807. In the midst of the immense crowd which was pressing into the streets of the Champs-Elysees, an episode came all at once to create some excitement among those who were witnesses to it. "Arrest him! Arrest him! It is an assassin!" shouted a gentleman of distinguished bearing, who was holding by the throat a little hunch-backed, deformed and dirty man. At the cries of the gentleman, two policemen, after having well secured the hunchback, took him to the nearest prison; from the report of the commissary of police it turned out that the hunchback wanted to steal the purse from the gentleman; but the latter insisted on talking of assassins and of some one assassinated; he persisted in being taken to the prefect of police to whom he wanted to make important revelations. This gentleman was the celebrated Mehul, author, member of the Institute, inspector of education, a person honorably known at Paris. Than the revelations which he made to the prefect, M. Dubois, nothing could be stranger. Judge for yourselves.

In 1797, an intimate friend of Professor Mehul, named Bonnet, a young and rich merchant, had departed for Germany, in order to realize an important speculation. At that time they did not travel with the comfort and security of these times. The roads were not safe and travelers rarely ventured to carry on their persons sums of money or important objects of value. So Monsieur Bonnet confided the transmission of his capital to bank and put in his purse only enough to defray the expenses of his journey. Ten years passed, after his departure, without obtaining any news of him and his afflicted family's investigation ended in nothing. Professor Mehul, endowed with a tender heart and of an excessive sensibility, was greatly pained by the death of his friend. For a number of months his nights were troubled by sinister visions. One night, during which the professor was quite conscious of being wide awake, he heard a moan, and saw close by him a specter which looked fixedly at him. It was his friend Bonnet, who was showing him a large wound in the middle of his chest; he looked at him with a beseeching air. He read (he could not be deceived) in the expression of those eyes, fixed and glassy these words: "Avenge me! The hair on the head of the professor stood up straight; terror made him immovable. By a desperate effort he leaped out of bed crying for help. His servants found him stretched on the floor unconscious. After many efforts he was brought back to consciousness. The same apparitions appeared each year anew. The last had been accompanied by terrible circumstances. The specter had changed his posture; in place of looking at the professor he kept his eyes fixed in the shadow of the window; Mehul followed the direction of this look, and distinguished between the folds of the curtains a deformed and monstrous figure, which was attempting to escape by the casement. The specter turned toward the professor, and threatened him with his hand, as if he would have said to him: "Beware; if you do not avenge me," then disappeared.

Professor Mehul fell sick and remained two weeks between life and death. On the very first day he went out of his house, without wishing it, he found himself in the midst of the rejoicing throng; he was looking at the review of the troops when he felt a hand fumbling in his pocket. He seized the thief by the throat, and it was a miracle that surprise and emotion left him with sufficient strength to hold him in his hands. In this hunchback he recognized the deformed being whom the specter had shown to him in his chamber.

This narrative made little impression on the prefect of the police, little disposed as he was to believe in the idle tales of spirits and apparitions. However, out of special regard for Professor Mehul, of whose intelligence he could have no doubt, he could occupy himself with this extraordinary case, and to make all possible efforts to discover the truth. After a minute investigation as to the antecedents of this hunchback, after ransacking the archives of the different cities where he had formerly been, he could find to his charge only various accusations of theft—nothing more. He had the thief interrogated at different interviews by very skillful examining magistrates, but they could draw nothing new from him. A month afterwards, on the eve of appearing before the tribunal, the hunchback fell sick, and in two days he died. An hour before expiring he asked for one of the judges who had already interrogated him, and confessed to him that he had assassinated M. Bonnet in the forest of Bondy, aided by an accomplice. Afterwards he had interred his body at the foot of an oak. In consequence of the definite indications which he had given to the police a search was made in the forest, and there was found the skeleton of a man.

CLAIRVOYANCE EXTRAORDINARY.

The Rev. C. N. Barham, of Nottingham, a well-known amateur of hypnotism and clairvoyance, writing to the *St. James's Gazette* with reference to the Duke of Argyll's experiences of clairvoyancy, says: When I resided at Whitstable a maid servant of mine possessed this gift in a remarkable degree. At the first word of command she would fall into a deep slumber, which was accompanied by peculiar twitching of the whole body. When in this state she could be sent mentally, of course—from one end of England to the other. Before going further, let me say that many hypnotic subjects have a singular aversion to silk. This girl, if touched by even a silken thread, would awake at once. At nine o'clock on a winter night I put her into the clairvoyant state. My wife took pencil and paper, and I bade the girl go into the drawing-room, where was a sofa with a silk cover. The room was dark. She sat still. To my question whether she was there, she replied "Yes." Then she minutely began to describe everything in the room, until she came to the sofa. "What is on the sofa?" I inquired. "I can't see," was the reply. "Lift it, and examine it carefully," I remarked. Suddenly the clairvoyant's face changed, her body twitched convulsively, and she—mentally, of course—came into contact with the silk. Again. My son was at the City of London School. Just before the vacation I desired to know how he would stand in the class list and promotion order. In order to do this I posted the time. The railway journey, the cab ride, and the school was reached. The master, Mr. —, was interviewed; he had never, and has not seen his interlocutor. Neither does he know of the singular occult influence which environed him. The numbers were given, and given correctly.

One other extraordinary instance may be recorded. My brother-in-law was engaged to a lady in East Yorkshire. He had given her a diamond ring, which she had lost. This troubled them both. I was written to. Times and places when the ring had last been seen were given me. The girl was sent into the hypnotic sleep, and the time was ante-dated to the day when the ring had last been seen. With some trouble the sleeper was piloted through her journey to the North. Now a new difficulty arose. I had never been to the town, did not know the house, and she was unable to find it. Conjuring up an imaginary resident, I instructed her to make the necessary inquiries. The house and the lady being found, my clairvoyant took hold of the lady's hand, watching the ring. Here and there the lady went, always accompanied by her invisible companion. At length the ring was dropped in the orchard where the engaged couple had been helping to turn over the hay. Unfortunately, the hay was being carted. In order to trace the lost ring, I commanded the girl to hold it tightly and to submit to any hardship rather than relinquish it. With a half smile she assented, and commenced to describe her varying experiences. She told

how she was raked up, handed upon a pitchfork into a haycart, trodden upon by clowns, and eventually deposited almost at the bottom of a heap of sweet-smelling hay in the corner of a disused cowhouse. Truth is stranger than fiction. Acting upon the girl's story, a search was instituted, and the ring was found. This is no romance, but a bald and disjointed record of sober facts. I could easily fill a volume with far more startling records of what may, I think, be described as extraordinary clairvoyance.—*Liverpool Courier*.



THE AMERICAN AKADEME.

TO THE EDITOR: The exercise for the December meeting of the "American Akademie" was "Organization; Practical and Ideal," by Miss L. M. Fuller of Jacksonville.

Thesis. "Organization, ideally, is the most consummate showing of the Divine mind. It is the union of the speculative and the practical—the relation of mind and matter."

2d. "The human body is the highest form in nature; therefore it is the very book of life to those who would rather learn how mind is self moved, and moves all else—than to invent a new system of thought."

3d. "The human form, the epitome of social order...." "That man seeth, who seeth that the speculative doctrine and the practical are one." *Bhagavat Gita*.

"While the mind ranges aloft, the appetites and passions, the myriad desires, like neglected animals, feed much at random on everything in easy reach, therefore it so readily occurs that a man full of grand speculations, as Lord Bacon, for example, should find himself in the possession of more things than he could pay for." Frequent attempts have been made by authors and artists to free themselves from domestic restraints, and thus effect a separation of practical and speculative interests, as in case of Hawthorne's sky-parlor seclusion; whereas, there is no better safeguard against pride of intellect than this homely one of mundane consistency; this standing square with the nagging necessities of the day."

Shakespeare was mentioned as being harnessed in the business of putting his own plays on the boards, which proved a saving clause in his occupations, and gave a balance of power, constituting a reason why he has such a strong hold upon ideas that are the life of the ages. "The limbs of the social man lift him above the necessity of hand-to-mouth subsistence, for through the commercial facilities of a globe, he dines on the fruits of laboring millions, as if all seasons were one, and that perennial.... The natural philosophers tell us that life is breath; that breath is air; that air is oxygen; that oxygen turns blue blood into red. But what is it that turns blue souls into ruddy and ready energies of human progress? Is it this temporary cupboard of chemical elixirs? No! It is the thought of universal brotherhood."

"The static force of spirit is upright purpose. In many minds the poles of thought—Godward and earthward—are straightening with "the straight and narrow way." "The head is organization itself.... the brain is in the human form, wrapped inward toward the sphere of infinity. On the walls of its spherical chambers hangs the chart of its physical inheritance. Here sheltered by cortical and skull roofing, we discover the primary seat of all corporeal transactions. Here the body has an ideal existence in an official circle of uses." Every department of the physiological man has here its representative function. As man is head of all natural forms, so man's brain is a unit of form, an image of that intelligence which is supremely sufficient for all the ends of existence."

"Man is all symmetry, full of proportions. One limb to another, and to all the world besides. Each part may call the farthest brother, For head with foot hath private amity And both with moons and tides."

"Here in our Akademie, the aim is to bring the highest idealities of faith, and the deepest principles of reason within the reach of all. There is not a trade, profession, industry, or calling, but what is represented in our membership. Every interest in civilized society is taking shape

in some organic form of service for the whole—all striving towards this divine image, the human form." To sum up: The ministry of service, the giving of self for others, intelligent cooperation, mutual dependence, the realization of a higher type of freedom in spiritual resources—in short, an altruistic civilization was the aspiration aimed at in the paper, which was not only philosophic, but in a fine sense, logical and artistic. In discussion, although mainly the lines ran in sweet accord, the negative side had its showing.

Rev. F. S. Hayden said: The present ecclesiastical organizations are faulty, and are losing ground with many people as evidenced by alienation and entire absence from their gatherings—but we are not in despair, we are not without hope in regard to them, since, if the present form of them should entirely vanish from the earth, their idea is eternal, and would shrink itself in another and better form.

Mr. Fairbank: There is a wonderful power in organization. We are organized almost to death. There is no possible space for spontaneity. It takes the life out of motive. Man should have an open field for all his powers. Mr. M. P. Ayers was called upon for remarks but declined. The president said perhaps something would strike him further on. Oh, said Mr. A., I have been struck hard enough already. I expected nothing here this evening, but metaphysical abstractions and I never before heard a more intense realism. Mrs. Kirby said: The Lord did not think the precious ointment wasted, since it was poured out for love's sake, and if all the trouble of organization is for love's sake, it is worth the while.

Dr. Morey: It is a cheering fact to me, this tendency toward organization in the service of our fellow men, and in bringing forward the interests of the kingdom of the Lord Jesus.

Mr. Wolcott made reference to the hieratic and demotic classes of Egypt 700 B. C., with characterization, and counseled the members of the American Akademie to so shape their course and cultivate their opportunities as to level up, and not down, or horizontally, and then propounded a conundrum: Why is it that every organization—religious, political or social—ceases to retain its activity, and has to be superceded by another? Several answers to this were given. One only, by the president, Dr. Jones, is presented in brief: All temporal things are temporal. They have their rise, growth, maturity, decline and extinction in the world of time. The law of mutation is universal in time things. Each must become and cease to become, and disappear, and this is true of all the institutions of civil society. The individual, the nationality, and the faith—each has its lifetime. It is only the hull that is sloughed off and perishes—the germ and the life go forward into the new forms.

Rev. Hayden said: It is by constant effort, organized effort, that we dig ourselves out of the dirt so as to grasp the divine thought. We do not soar spontaneously.

Dr. Jones: The idea of the paper and its relation to what is going on in the world, is very noteworthy. Capital is organized most beneficially. Every dollar in the hands of our great capitalists is devoted to public enterprises, of which we are all beneficiaries. Capital and labor are organizing, and the amicable relation of these inseparable friends is soon to be realized. Money is to be elevated to a higher use. Organization is the push of idea.

I have here given a few loose bits from the paper read with the endeavor to retain a flavor of the discussion, without giving the main body of the proceedings of the December meeting of the American Akademie which must remain unmoledested.

Mrs. LIZZIE JONES.

TRANSITION OF FISHER DOHERTY.

TO THE EDITOR: Our friend, Fisher Doherty of Crawfordsville, Indiana, has just passed on into another sphere to be with friends that had gone before him. His departure was at 3 a. m. Friday, December 19, 1890. He was born at Columbus, Ohio, the 25th of May, 1817. He was married to Miss Sarah Owen at Brookville, Indiana, and came to this place in 1843, and the 4th of last April they called their children and friends to their pleasant home to celebrate their golden wedding.

The deceased has been for years one of the leading Spiritualists of the country. He believed the spiritual world was not a realm far off in space into which one shall be introduced by the event of death. "But rather is it that order of being of which one is to have cognizance by the powers that

already wait within him, and death will not so much remove us, as remove from us the obstructions that close us in from that world's unseen illuminations." He fully believed that this flesh which we wear is the blossoming of an unseen and immortal life, "and that there can be no reason why it should not fall away in its season, still and peaceful as autumn leaves, so that this interior life may flower forth anew in the glories of unending spring, and that every entrance into the spirit world may be with a train of light lingering on the mind, sweet and mellow as that which rests on the hills at eventide." Hence with his mind free and clear to the last moment, he said, "hold on, my friends, while I pass into the other room," and thus, without any transfer, he lives in a new world that floods his soul with grandeur and beauty. Were he permitted to speak of his present state, he would say, "I have not been carried into it, for it lay all about me before, and poured its influence upon me; but now for the first time my developed powers have brought me into open relations with it." He has known for some weeks that the end was near, but death had no terrors to him, for at the last moment he said it seemed like stepping into another room. His kindness and care for the wants of the poor and unfortunate were proverbial through a long life, and many a poor fellow being will miss the needed help from his benevolent hand.

He leaves an estimable wife, two sons, and several grand-children, children of a deceased daughter, to mourn his departure.

HARMON HIATT.

A POEM THROUGH THE MEDIUMSHIP OF A FATHER IN ISRAEL.

TO THE EDITOR: One of our church fathers now over eighty years old who is physically and mentally preserved to a remarkable degree and widely known in the Universalist denomination, universally respected and never suspected of heresy by the church, believes himself to have been controlled by his father in spirit life to write the poem given below. He sat alone in his study and passively held a pencil waiting for results. His hand involuntarily began to move violently, against his conscious will, and soon began to write. His eyes were closed and during the writing he was only conscious of the word as it was written, having no idea of what the next word would be, and not remembering the preceding words. When the poem was finished and the name signed, he says he could not recall a single line nor was he conscious of the sentiment of the poem. On examination he found it written in the exact handwriting of his father and his name signed. This is what was written:

Reason is the best gift of God.
Heed her voice or feel the rod;
She'll guide your feet in paths of peace,
And cause the cares of earth to cease

Reason is the friend of man,
Heed her voice, ye who can;
She leads to pleasures pure and even,
She leads to virtue, peace and heaven.

Reason guides from care and strife,
Heed her voice throughout your life;
Be her servant and her friend,
And she will bless you to the end.

This old gentleman, who is not a fool, believes this poem was prompted by his departed father. T. W. WOODROW.

MARSHALLTOWN, IOWA.

ASSUMPTION VERSUS EXPERIENCE.

TO THE EDITOR: I was deeply interested in the article of Mr. M. E. Lazarus, M. D., on the subject of land fraud, appearing in THE JOURNAL of November 15, and felt thankful for the able manner in which he laid bare the damning rascallities that are perpetrated in that direction. But when he steps aside from his subject with the gratuitous assumption that government purchase and management of railroads is worse than the disease—the present extortionate profits levied by railroad corporations, bearing most disastrously on the farm interest of the country, largely assessed on representation of watered stocks, and fraudulent dealing in land grants—I offer decided dissent.

To say that the government can not purchase and manage the railroads more economically for the best interests of the people, is to say that the people can not act honestly and capably in behalf of themselves. The government is a reflection of the citizens whose votes have elected its members to office. Because the people by their supineness and long drill into party habits have permitted gross corruption to settle like a foul nightmare in politics, permeated with dishonesty and incompetance from end to end, is not to

say that reform can not clean out this Augean stable, and honorable business methods and competent men be set up instead. It will be a sorry day for our country when the people decide that they had better keep on being devoured by robber corporations, given vantage over honesty by class legislation in their favor rather than try to do better themselves. The present corrupt methods in politics and government office could be cured by the simple matter of reducing salaries to amounts paid for similar service in private business, and establishing the rule that no official should be removed from his position so long as he showed himself honest and capable.

Even under the present ill-conditioned system, with all its favoritism and dishonesty, I point to the admirable management of the postal service in proof of the able and honorable manner in which one of the most stupendous undertakings in the commercial world is carried on by the government agents of the people for their sole benefit. Would any sane man dare to say that the people would be better served if the postal management was under control of a private corporation? The standing principle of railroad managers is to levy all the extortionate charges the traffic will bear. The governing principle of the postal service is to give the most that can possibly be done for the least amount in return. If the same methods can not be applied to railroads, telegraph lines and other kindred enterprises that enter so deeply into the well being of all the people, why not?

W. WHITWORTH.

CLEVELAND, O.

SKEPTICAL.

TO THE EDITOR: In years past I was an earnest investigator of phenomenal spiritism, table tipping, dark seances, trance speaking, etc. But seeing that the pursuit of the marvelous made me no better morally, or anybody else, I gave it up.

I have read quite a library of books—all published during the first decade after the Rochester knocking,—also many newspapers and other literature in this line; but after all, the burthen of the common clay hangs heavily upon me. So much fraud have I seen, so much disregard of truth and common decency, on the part of mediums so-called, that I could not associate myself with such people. And yet, to know that I will live after I am dead, would be worth, in solid satisfaction to me, more than a mountain of gold! I don't mean a ghostly life that has in it no flavor of earth love—a life that enables the recipient to say amen to his mother's damnation, or his child's, or his friend's—but a life such as Spiritualism defines—human life in an immortal edition. I have looked at the scientific aspect of the question on the affirmative side, but after all the metaphysical talk about mind and matter, and the possibility of two entities—known organically as one—I confess to a degree of skepticism which is to me appalling!

God only knows how anxious I am to be convinced! I read with avidity all I can get on the subject, and sometimes I think, for the moment, I am convinced. But doubt revives, and then syllogisms and labored dialectics, play out. With a sigh I put the book on the shelf and try to resign myself to death and to oblivion. I believe Inggersoll is a big-hearted man, one to whom immortality would be dear; and I can not doubt that he would hunt up the evidence, if it were accessible. The fact that so many wise and good men do not believe—who, you say, are in reach of the testimony—is almost positive proof that no such testimony exists. I know you have fought fraud and labored heroically for the truth, and it may be that, having got rid of the chaff, a few grains of truth remain. If so I would be glad to know it. The truth, in its entirety, is an ocean. I want one drop.

R. E. NEELD.

It would appear that the mental structure of our esteemed correspondent is not adapted to the assimilation of psychical facts and spiritual truths; there is apparently no place in his mind where these things can find permanent lodgment. This is his misfortune rather than his fault. His very anxiety to be convinced militates against his capacity for carefully weighing and sifting evidence. He exaggerates the doubtful and minimizes the authentic. What if many mediums are unworthy; one true and good medium, and there are

such, outweighs them all in considering the question so vital to our brother, and to all men. If he would cease to "read with avidity all he can get on the subject," and allow time for digestion and assimilation his psychical dyspepsia would vanish and with it his doubts and fears. In his letter he shows the baneful influence which Mr. Ingersoll exerts over thousands. What has Ingersoll ever done to prove his bigness of heart, other than to proclaim its large dimensions on the rostrum to people who have paid a dollar a head to hear him give his measure? Ingersoll is an orator, he is not a logician, a scientist or a spiritually minded man. Instead of thinking how bad it is for Spiritualism that the jury lawyer and splendid orator has not investigated and confirmed the claim of Spiritualism, let him turn for consolation to the great scientist, A. R. Wallace; the talented literateur, Epes Sargent; the geologist, Wm. Denton; the jurist, W. K. McAllister; and a host of learned men specially qualified, as Ingersoll is not, to judge of the truth of Spiritualism; let him study the testimony of these men who affirm of their own knowledge the continuity of life and spirit manifestation to mortals. Because the editor of THE JOURNAL knows the validity of the central claim of Spiritualism is he able to hold firmly on his way fearing nothing and ever ready to differentiate the false from the true.

"UPWARD STEPS OF SEVENTY YEARS."

No more felicitous title could have been given by Giles B. Stebbins to his new book than Upward Steps of Seventy Years. An unexpected delay in receiving the work prevented us from pushing it before our readers previous to the holidays, as it should have been. We hope to have a large supply in stock on or before the 10th, and that every reader will buy a copy. In a modest and entertaining style Mr. Stebbins deals with his own part in some of the momentous struggles of the century; and his book is replete with valuable reminiscences of great men and women whom he has worked with in various reforms. No better book for old or young can be found among current publications.

"Dr." W. R. Colby, as editor Colby of the *Banner* delights to call him, otherwise known as Parson Raines seems to have become discouraged. It is reported to THE JOURNAL that he has taken down his sign and given up his business in Boston and New England, where under the enthusiastic patronage of the *Banner* editor he had so quickly established a lucrative practice. He says that "Bundy has hounded him through the country" and made it impossible for him to work at his "legitimate profession of slate writing," and he thinks he shall give it up for cabinet making with his father at Lawrence. THE JOURNAL understands that Colby's father in addition to being a cabinet maker is also an undertaker; as editor Colby has advertised "Parson Raines" or "Dr." Colby as prepared to attend funerals, it might help the Lawrence undertaker's traffic if he would utilize his son's gifts as a funeral orator. The only danger would be that "Parson Raines" would be likely to get his father into trouble by stealing the shrouds from the corpses. No, the undertaker's vocation is not suited to the genius of "Parson Raines." He should go to Meadville and learn to be a criminal lawyer, or join forces with one Volney Richmond in booming the magi fake which now seems to be the most popular fad among the softies. He might make up with his former backer, J. J. Owen, now that the latter is off his *Gate*. There is plenty of room in California for another colonization plant, and as Owen still

affirms the mediumship of the penitentiary bird and has a surplus or "charity," such as it is, he ought to be willing to work with the man whom he vouches for as a gentleman and an honest medium after THE JOURNAL had thoroughly exposed him.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Roff, whose names are familiar to THE JOURNAL's readers in connection with the "Watseka Wonder," will celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Alter in Watseka, Illinois, on Saturday evening, January 3d. Mrs. Alter will be remembered as the sister of Mary Roff and acquaintance of Lurancy Vennum. THE JOURNAL takes sincere pleasure in congratulating Mr. and Mrs. Roff on their golden wedding and their long and honorable career together. The editor sends regrets for his inability to be present and predicts a most enjoyable gathering.

For a quarter of a century Fisher Doherty has been a steadfast and zealous friend of THE JOURNAL, and his transition removes from the ranks of Spiritualists one of the best of men. We have had occasion to know Brother Doherty's strict adherence to the right when the temptation to swerve would have been too great for most men. In another column a friend contributes an all too brief but just tribute to this excellent man whose long and honorable career is legacy his family and Spiritualists may point to with pride.

On Sunday morning Jan. 4, Mr. W. M. Salter, resident lecturer of the Chicago Society for Ethical Culture, will take for his theme "Self-Examination." It is expected that the Grand Opera House will be filled with those anxious to learn early in the year how to do this important thing.

THE JOURNAL's thanks are given to Mr. and Mrs. Josselyn of Grand Rapids, Mich., for their cabinet photographs which have been placed with its large collection.

The *Reconstructor* has changed editors and been reconstructed into *The Summerland*. Mr. Albert Morton, late of San Francisco is the new editor.

Mrs. Helen Stuart Richings is engaged at Grand Rapids, Michigan, for the current month.

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BY MADAME DUNLAP HOME.

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BOOK REVIEWS.

[All books noticed under this head are for sale at, or can be ordered through the office of THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.]

Studies In Young Life: A Series of Word Pictures. By Bishop John H. Vincent. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. pp. 234. Price, \$1.25. Cloth.

Bishop Vincent's aim in these studies is by a pen picture of some one prominent fault in the character he portrays, to show in strong light all the varying evils resulting from that fault however trivial it may seem to its possessor; and so warn all youthful readers inclined to such wrong-doing or thinking, from allowing those evil habits to grow upon them. Most of the studies deal with such people as "Montgomery, the Spendthrift;" "Hatwell, the Despondent;" "Mary, the Selfish Scholar;" "Edith, the Obstinate;" etc. But sometimes his object lesson is given from the narrowest orthodox stand-point. Such are his chapters on "Tom the Irreverent fellow;" "Nat, the Sceptic," and "Norton at the Seance." The last named is the story of a model young christian, Norton by name, who having lost his dearly loved mother half wishes to follow her to "that strange other world that the Bible, and the poets, and the preachers say so much about." A sympathetic Spiritualist friend wishing to convince him that communication with his mother was not necessarily impossible asks him to attend a spiritual seance, but his religious scruples and bigotry makes him hesitate. Finally his friend interviews on his behalf a medium who told some words sent by the mother-spirit to her sorrowing son, regarding a matter known only to those two. Norton owns that the message sent is true, and is won by reason of it to attend a seance with his friend, where the surroundings did not suit his esthetic tastes. We give the result in Dr. Vincent's words: The medium's hand seized a pencil and began some rapid writing: "I am your mother, Norton, I have been trying to reach you for weeks. I want you to know that I am happy and that I hope to see you in heaven...." There was something about "new developments in the world of thought;" freedom from the narrow views held by those who sustain the Church and who believe the Bible'... to Norton it was mockery. The tears came, not because his mother had visited him but because he had been fool enough to seek her in this way." His friend asked him as they left the meeting if he were not now convinced; and he replies with scorn, "Would you have me believe that my mother, who was a saint, a believer in the Bible, a lover of the Church, and who owed all that she was to the gospel, would tell me in the very language of the infidelity she loathed while she lived that the views of the Church and of the Bible are narrow?.... No, the whole thing is a fraud. The singular fact you told me the other day which had some influence over me—the fact which mother and I alone knew—might have been guessed at, or if a spirit had any thing to do with it, why might not a mischievous, malicious spirit have read it from my brain and reported it in order to deceive me." The story is evidently founded upon some actual occurrence and this theory of spiritual mind-reading is evidently brought forward by this Methodist Bishop in desperation to account for a fact which he could not dispute. But shade of John Wesley! Was ever a weaker argument brought forward to refute Spiritualism than this, that "mischievous, malicious" spirits could return to earth and be in such accord with this model christian youth and the "saint" his mother, as to be able to read from the son's brain the sacred secret knowledge "which mother and I alone knew!" The bishop concludes this unanswerable argument against Spiritualism thus: "Norton's friend had nothing to say. If he had, certainly Norton had plenty to say in reply, for if there be a weak and senseless theory afloat in the world it is that of so-called modern Spiritualism."

My Uncle Benjamin: By Claude Tillier. Translated and published by Benjamin R. Tucker, 45 Milk street, Boston. With a sketch of the author's life by Ludwig Pfau; translated from the German by Geo. Schumm. pp. 312. Price, \$1.00. Cloth.

The translator of this work in his preface speaks thus enthusiastically of its merits: "I resurrect a buried treasure; a novel unlike any other...a novel of philosophy, of progress, of reality, of humanity—the work of an obscure genius, a child of the French Revolution who lived and died early in the nineteenth century."

Those who are admirers of the rollick-

ing tone, loose morality, and rather broad humor of some earlier novelists like Smollet, Fielding, and others, will perhaps agree with Mr. Tucker in his eulogistic estimate of this work, but to many a large portion of the story will be distasteful from its crudely materialistic tone and its superficial though breezy reasoning on life and its failures. There is pictured a great amount of eating, drinking and making merry throughout these pages, and the ideas advanced by "My Uncle Benjamin," though often witty and sometimes true are too often coarse grained, shallow, and sophistical.

The Kelp Gatherers. A Story of the Maine Coast. By J. T. Trowbridge. Boston: Lee & Shepard; Chicago: S. A. Maxwell & Co. Price, \$1.00.

A well told story of four interesting boys; one of whom through his vanity was led into a compromising position, reflecting upon his heretofore good name for honesty. He was rescued from a perilous position on some rocks out at sea by three young friends, after having been washed from the dory that he had sought to take a row in. He had appropriated a watch of one of the gentlemen boarders merely to gratify his pride, never meaning to steal it, and one of his young friends had found the watch eight hours after it was lost in the water from his person, the tides having brought it in to where these boys were gathering kelp. In this, like all Mr. Trowbridge's stories, its heroes come out all right; it has a healthy moral tone, and all boys and girls will be better for reading it.

Tim's Fairy Tales. By S. W. P. Illustrated by Searle & Gorton, and P. Baumgras. Chicago: Lily Publishing House. pp. 92. Price, 75 cents.

Chicago is not only the great business centre of this country, but it is every year developing more and more as a great literary centre, furnishing its own authors as well as publishers. From a recently established publishing firm comes this beautiful book for children, written by one of Chicago's literary women, who is also a first-class business woman as well. This volume in its thought and outward appearance is a credit to both author and publisher.

"Tim" is a little deformed child who is cared for in the intervals of her work by a poor widow out of pure kindness. The scene of the story is laid in Chicago. Left much to his own resources while the widow is away at work, the lad's bright mind weaves many strange fancies and fairy stories which comfort and amuse not himself alone but also groups of children who gather round the little hand-propelled cart in which he spends sunny hours out of doors near Lake Michigan. Some of these stories are here related, combining moral lessons and spiritual truths in most charming story guise. The magic words of Tim's special fairy were "I can," and "I will," showing how much human determination may achieve, thus giving to old and young readers encouragement to always do the best they can, and to listen to the voice that speaks of love. The book is prettily illustrated within, while the design in silver on the embossed covers is a marvel of the engraver's art.

A Lost Jewel. By Harriet Prescott Spofford. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1891. pp. 159. Price, \$1.00. Cloth. From A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

A story of a charming family made up of a kind and loving father and mother, a grandmother, and seven children including a little Italian girl Lucia, taken from a wandering Italian musician and adopted by the whole family who all love her dearly, save the grandmother, who contrary to all usual rules of story-telling is the one unpleasant character in the family, fault-finding, domineering and suspicious. Lucia, who is the heroine of the story, turns out to be the stolen child of a wealthy Italian family, and the story closes with her restoration to her father and mother, much to the sorrow of her adopted brothers and sisters who are as charming a group of unaffected, comical, real children as can be found within book covers. The jewel which was lost was a diamond ring which the suspicious grandmother insinuates the adopted Lucia may have stolen, but finally it is found in the old lady's pocket where it had been placed by a mischievous magpie.

The Unitarian Review, December, has articles on "The Uncared Increment," and "The Single Tax Issue" in addition to its usual amount of religious discussion.

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THE FAIR NEW YEAR.

Who is it waits before the gates?
The fair New Year!
Oh, let him in! that he may win
His pleasures dear.
Nay, anxious heart; let him impart
Whate'er he will;
Thy prayer be this: not gain or bliss
Thy cup to fill.
But do thou ask grace for thy task—
True inner life—
For strength to bear thy load and share
Thy brother's strife.
Who waits before the spirit's door?
The fair New Year!
Oh, may he bring on each white wing
God's blessing near!

—Ella C. Drabble.

CHRISTMAS MORNING.

BY M. G. B.

Far away 'mong the mountains dim.
Where the wild deer leap, the eagles skim.
Where musical silence reigns the year round
And the voice of discord makes no sound:
Where the waterfall sweeps from the cliff over
head,

And the river gurgles on o'er its rocky bed—
Nature stands wrapped in her mantle of snow,
And down from the north the cold winds blow.
The pure air of morn stirred by its sigh,
Unburdened by crime, unstained by a lie,
Nature, all joyous, to her task awakes,
And Time still forward his footstep takes.

Fair in the East the morning breaks—
The fleecy vapor to beauty wakes—
And opaline clouds turning crimson and gold
Unfur their banners fold upon fold,
Fling wide their streamers on the morning sky
And the "god of day" mounts up on high.

Hail, center of Force! In grandeur shine,
And turn to gold the dark-browed pine;
Touch with beauty the mountain peaks,
While the voice of God midst the silence speaks.

List! From afar the notes rebound,
And truth, the burden of every sound,
Proclaims to the world on every hand,
To every people, in every land.
The Christ of God can never be born,
Yet lives anew with each rising morn.
Inherent in nature the christ-soul moves
And wakes in being with all that loves,
Sustained by this is all born of God,
From the infinite spheres to the lowest clod.

"Let there be," is the word of Infinite Power,
And the Christ-life begins from the selfsame hour.
When the work of the destroyer is surely run,
And the circle of the finite steadily won,
When the cycles of time forever are flown,
Still the Christ-soul lives and saves its own.

The true Christmas morn forever runs
On the beaming track of myriad suns—
On every planet as these beams fall
Is told this truth—the christ-principle holds all.

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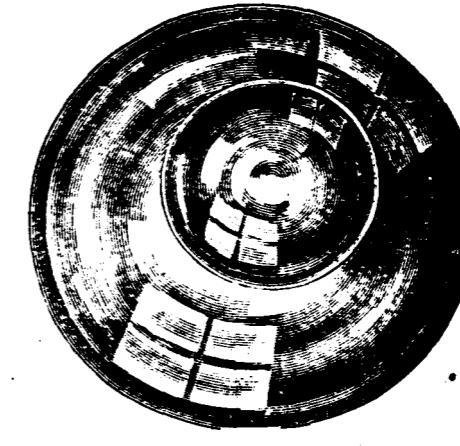
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THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

The old year lingers for a little space,
As loth to leave this active stage of life,
E'en as a man would feel to part from wife
And child forever, mourning their absent place.
What wondrous deeds have left undying trace
Upon his memory? What ceaseless strife?
While over earth's great ball was ever rife
The manifold desires and plaints of human race.
The New Year waits, impatient for the old
To take his flight; his piercing eye would scan
The future days and weeks he shall unfold,
Bringing alternate joy and grief to man.
For who can tell the happiness or woe
That lies enwrapped in one year's onward flow?

—Alexander Macauley, in Christian at Work.

A SONG OF THE SIERRAS.

I'm an Indian "Messiah" and my name is John-
son Sides,
They tell me I'm a liar from beyond the great
divides,
But I laugh to scorn the scoffers every time I hear
and see 'em,
For I'm looking out for offers from an Eastern
dime museum;
I may be rather dizzy,
But I think I know my busi-
ness, which inculcates a reaching out for altruistic
gold;
I'm a half-breed, so I am,
But I've never been a clam;
I'm a thoroughbred at teaching other Injuns to be
bold;
On my brawny back I lie and I point up to the
sky,
Where the shadowy hosts of red men gather
strong,
And I prose and I glaze,
And I'm growing adipose
On the tribute my apostles bring along!

CHORUS:

Oh, they tell me I am false, but I'd fain believe I'm
true;
I'm a darling, blue-eyed, half-breed laddie buck.
Oh, I hear there are Messiahs further East among
the Sioux;
They'll be killed off by the sopers, if they've
luck.

II.

I'm a Pinto great and greasy, and I live on ants
and bugs;
I'm taking life quite easy, and I'm putting on the
lugs,
Since Foreinst, a tall Nyeyorker, who went out
from here to write,
Said I was an unclean porker, not adverse to get-
ting tight;
Now I do not care for fighting,
I greatly prefer writing.
The muzzle of a pistol looks like a well to me;
I like a little lilt of song,
I like my "war-paint" sweet and strong,
Pm as thirsty as Messiah as you'd ever care to see;
I can put on lots of "side"
But I'll not cross the divide,
Where the soldiers will be shooting before the
robins nest;
While the redskins, with a whoop,
Go to decorate the soup,
My conscience, like a liver pad, shall still protect
my breast.

—J. P. B.

There's a patent medicine which is not a patent
medicine—paradoxical as that may sound. It's a dis-
covery! the golden discovery of medical science! It's
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any appetite, until I com-
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16TH PAGE.—The "Gate" Closed. Mrs. Gladning at Grand Rapids. A Warning. Miscellaneous Advertisements.

THE "GATE" CLOSED.

No longer does the *Golden Gate* make its abdominal swing; its hinges have refused to work without grease. Gate-swingers Owen has vainly plead with the stockholders for more oil, but they have peremptorily declined to supply it. Never before in the experience of these gentlemen have they had a gate needing such a constant and lavish supply of oil. Somehow the oil of gammon supplied by Editor Owen was too crude; it gummed the bearings and made the thing move hard. Finally the directory decided that Owen's gammon oil, while it might do fairly well in California politics, was not the lubricator wherewith to successfully run a Spiritualist newspaper. Consequently the paper was stopped and Mr. Owen has gone back to secular journalism, having hired out to a paper in the thriving little city of San Jose, where he once edited *The Mercury*. *The Golden Gate*, it is announced, will hereafter be issued as a monthly, which probably means complete extinction from three to six months. Even Owen's oleomargarine "fragments" which are promised to smooth over and gloss the torbund thing will not retard final dissolution.

Owen's experience in attempting to synchronously ride two horses going in different directions has terminated, as we all such exploits in the past, by flinging the rider on the ground. That

other men have had to pay for his exploiting is better for him. He has had his living and they have got the experience. That a Spiritualist weekly on the Pacific coast could not be made a success ought to have been clear from the beginning to an old journalist like Owen; but had he lived up to his highest light and deepest convictions in the editorial conduct of the *Golden Gate* he might at least have retired from the hopeless attempt to establish such a paper with the respect of the public and a record above criticism. He did not do this. On the contrary he carried water on both shoulders; he puffed notorious frauds and swindlers while deprecating dishonesty; he pandered to the superstitious element in human nature while loudly proclaiming his opposition to it. Professionally he hobnobbed with vile charlatans of both sexes and used his paper to forward their schemes for plundering the public.

Mr. Owen now talks about steering the Sleeper and Kirtland trusts so that eventually there shall be erected in San Francisco "a building which shall be a credit and a glory to the avowed believers in Spiritualism on this coast." Bosh! What credit or glory to Spiritualism will such a pile of brick and mortar be, with such a management as is likely to have it in charge? To make that contemplated building consistent in appearance with the uses to which it would probably be devoted it should have a dome covered with brass. This should be surmounted by a gilded wooden statue of Owen with his eyes upturned, his right arm extended and holding in his hand some of the "fragments" selected from the defunct *Gate*; his left arm lovingly thrown around another figure representing W. R. Colby in the act of inspecting the medium's exchange register. To the right front there should be a figure of Elsie Crindle-Reynolds with hands uplifted as if in the act of blessing the man of "fragments." At the front door should greet the visitor a heroic statue of Moses Hull in the act of writing the "Personal Experience" published in *Woodhull and Clafin's Weekly*, August 23, 1873. His head should be turned so as to display his "active brain," "size twenty-three and seven-eighths inches." In the main hall should be large oil paintings by the "old masters" representing different scenes from the lives of some of the many characters vouchered for in the *Golden Gate*. For instance, one showing Stansbury exhibiting a confederate as the spirit of his departed wife would be effective. Another showing the portly form of Editor Colby, his face aglow with joy at the meeting and his arms extended in the act of embracing "Parson Raines," would perpetuate last summer's scene at Onset. Another and very inspiring piece would be one showing the interior of a cottage at Cassadaga with the "Hon." A. B. Richmond seated at a table for a "test," and the Bangs sisters preparing to supply him with an illuminated spirit poem, prepared in advance. But why suggest further? The fertile brain of Mr. Owen will be equal to completing the decorations. The "creditable" and "glorious" structure when done will be filled by the followers of those whose deeds are delineated by brush and chisel on dome, portico and wall; and the unctuous Owen may then preside as High Lord Director General of Fragments, Fakes and Free Lovers.

Mrs. Pirnie has entirely recovered from her recent indisposition and will be glad to see her many friends at her residence, 971 West Madison street, Chicago.

We are proud to count among the veterans in the Spiritualistic ranks men of such sterling worth as Judge A. A. Kellogg, of Memphis, Mo., who at the advanced age of eighty-eight still takes a wide-awake interest in all the living

questions of the day, including the new developments in scientific research which tend toward practical demonstration of the truth in Spiritualism; and with a head still clear as a bell he writes that he "is down on all humbugs" whether practiced by people calling themselves Spiritualists or by any other name.

A materialization dive conducted by a man calling himself Johnson and claiming to hail from St. Louis is running at 407 West Van Buren street. THE JOURNAL calls the attention of the police department to the shop.

MRS. GLADING AT GRAND RAPIDS.

TO THE EDITOR: We have just listened to another grand lecture on "The silent forces that mold character and shape human destiny" from Mrs. A. M. Glading who is with us this month. Our society, under this highly gifted medium's ministrations, has received added impetus each Sunday until, as we are looking over our work for the year, we find a larger membership than ever before with increasing strength given us from every direction. On the 18th Mrs. Glading gave the society a benefit which was a grand success in every way, nearly every one taking with them a message from some loved one either by writing or clairvoyant description. Although we, as a society, have much to overcome of prejudice in the public mind, created no doubt by lack of an organized effort on the part of Spiritualists to present the philosophy in a manner corresponding with its truth and beauty, still we

are gaining ground slowly and hope for abundant harvest from the good seed sown. Closing with the wish that THE JOURNAL may realize in the New Year all that it deserves for the noble stand taken in past ones for truth, and vigorous efforts to right some of the many wrongs that are constantly thrusting their presence upon us. I remain yours for the truth,

EFFIE F. JOSSELYN.
GRAND RAPIDS, MICH., Dec. 21, 1890.

A WARNING.

We find the following in a recent number of the Bucyrus, Ohio, *Forum*:

On Friday afternoon of last week Mrs. Lydia McBeth wishing to learn the hour of day stepped into the room where the clock was standing and found it had stopped. She then took down her watch and found the clock had stopped thirty minutes before. While holding her watch it also stopped. She then proceeded to wind and start it, then started the clock, which for two or more years had ticked the time and told the hour of day without stopping once, but no amount of coaxing could induce the clock to resume keeping time. Again she consulted her watch and it for the second time had refused to go. She went back to her kitchen work, and in a short time a telegram was handed her by a messenger, which told that her son in Topeka, Kansas, who for three years was in the employ of a railroad company, had just been run over and killed by the cars.

Sound advice. If you have a bad cold, invest 25 cents in Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

Salvation Oil, the great pain-eradicator is a first-class liniment. Keep it handy. 25 cents.

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This medicine has direct action upon the nerve centers, allaying all irritabilities and increasing the flow and power of nerve fluid. It is perfectly harmless and leaves no unpleasant effects.

Our Pamphlet for sufferers of nervous diseases will be sent free to any address, and poor patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge from us.

This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., for the past ten years, and is now prepared under his direction by the

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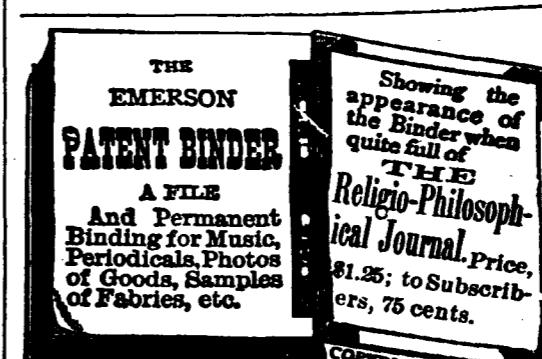
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THE RELIGIOUS PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

TRUTH WEARS NO MASK, BOWS AT NO HUMAN SHRINE, SEEKS NEITHER PLACE NOR APPLAUSE: SHE ONLY ASKS A HEARING.

ESTABLISHED 1865.

CHICAGO, JAN. 10, 1891.

NEW SERIES—VOL. 1.

For Publisher's Announcements, Terms, Etc, See Page 16

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

An unusual spectacle was presented the other day in Sedalia, Mo., when Judge Higgins, who is under indictment for murder in the first degree, sat upon the bench of the Pettis county court to administer justice.

Count Tolstoi is described as wearing usually only such coarse clothing as is worn by the poor classes. His shirt is worn outside of his trousers, in the fashion of the moujik, and is gathered in to the waist by a leather belt.

The Belgian government has taken a step in the right direction in deciding to rigidly prosecute foreign duellists who invade the country for the purpose of settling their profitless disputes. We use the word profitless advisedly. Not even the undertaker is the gainer.

Secretary Noble is deserving of his name if for no other reason than the raid which he is making on the pension sharks. If he succeed in wiping out the miserable band who prey upon the poor old soldier he will deserve the thanks of all the people. It looks, too, as if he would accomplish what he has undertaken.

According to a letter from a physician printed in a New York journal, life in high altitudes does not confer certain immunity from pulmonary consumption, although the disease is modified and its encroachments greatly retarded by the mountain air. A strong, phlegmatic subject of phthisis in its early stage often improves in the stimulating, rarefied air of highlands, and decided benefit is often derived from residence in dry, elevated regions sheltered from chilling winds and favored with plenty of sunshine. The wasting malady is sometimes arrested when the patient can spend much of the time in the mountains out of doors. The circulation in high altitudes is quickened and the white blood corpuscles known as buccocytes course through the small spaces in the tissue and act as scavengers carrying off worn out or foreign material. The climatic treatment of consumption will probably always be of use as a means of arresting the progress of the disease and of building up the wasted energies of the system.

The project of building a Buddhist temple in New York is revived; but the leading Buddhists are still opposed to it. One of them said: "We know that there are believers enough in this city to erect a temple that would rival in magnificence any in India, but the result would be to raise the cry that we were worshiping idols and to provoke persecution. The Buddhist worship is contemplation. We do not need a temple for that. The true Buddhist temple is the body, purified by fasting and kept clean by chastity. One of the rules of the Buddhists is not to seek to make proselytes, so that we need no temple for preaching, in the style of your revivalists. We believe that when the time has come for a man to be a Buddhist he is then enlightened without any effort on our part. He seeks for us; we do not try to convert him. Your

question as to the increase of Buddhism in this country is often asked me. The increase is wonderful—almost miraculous. As we have no central meeting place and no religious directory, the Buddhists can not be counted; but if you will take the trouble to ask every man you meet to-day whether he believes in Buddhism or theosophy you will be astounded at the replies. Buddhism is a universal religion, and it spreads faster in Christian countries than in any other when once understood, because it embraces Christ—who was himself a preacher of Buddhist doctrines, in our estimation." More is here claimed for Buddhism than can be sustained.

The mission of Father Ignatius in New York city has not been strikingly successful. The interest has not amounted to more than curiosity to see and hear a shaven and sandalled Protestant monk. Bishop Potter gave him license to preach in the Episcopal churches, but did not countenance the meetings by his presence, and the Anglican monk conducted his mission without the coöperation of the Episcopal clergy generally. Although under vows of poverty, Father Ignatius has begged for money persistently. A New York paper says that this tended to detract from the spiritual profit of his preaching as have also the sale of his books and his efforts to raise money for his abbey. His audiences have not seemed to care much about a monastery in Wales. The burden of his discourses has been "only believe," and he has preached with the fervor of a Methodist revivalist. But the exhortations of the Anglo-Catholic Episcopalian seem to have fallen flat in New York in spite of the fact that they were eloquent and impressive.

It is stated that Rev. Howard MacQuary of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States, is to be tried for heresy at Cleveland. The offence charged against the clergyman is denial of fundamental articles of the Christian faith. He rejects the virgin birth of Jesus and the resurrection of the body. His belief, to use his own language, is that Jesus "was miraculously begotten by the Holy Ghost, albeit along lines of natural generation, and that he rose from the dead on the third day, according to the testimony of St. Paul;" but as a spiritual and not a natural body. Mr. MacQuary contends that as the Episcopal church is a Protestant church, he has the right to exercise private judgment in the interpretation of scripture. Many of the clergy and some of the leading organs of the denomination fear the consequences of the trial in this period of theological skepticism, and Mr. MacQuary has tried to settle his case in a way to avoid the extremity of a formal trial and yet to save him from the recantation of his views.

The New York Free Kindergarten Association recently held a meeting, the object of which was to call public attention to the need of more kindergarten schools, which should ultimately be made a part of the common school system. R. W. Gelder, president of the association, said that no system of education was complete without beginning with the kindergarten, and he thought it should be a part of the public school system in every city in the United States. The philosophical educator, he said, applauds the kindergarten for the correctness and efficiency of its

training; the philanthropist, the patriot, as one other sure and powerful means of uniting people. Plant a fine kindergarten in any the overcrowded metropolis and there is a work of making better homes, better citizens, better city. One of the speakers said that there were to be opened on two widely separated "Darkest New York and the board of education Dr. R. Heber Newton, Hon. Seth Low and spoke favoring the objects of the association.

Captains Foote and Young of the Salvation were married recently in Tremont Temple, before a large crowd. Commissioner Ballington delivered an interesting address upon the prospects of the army, and then read the marriage warrant, and announced that he would marry James Foote and Captain Maude Young of "Are you in a hurry, Captain Foote?" he asked. peals of laughter. "If on these terms you wish to be married, step forward," he added, after reading the army agreement. As the couple stepped forward the bride extended her left hand to the bridegroom, which the audience laughed heartily. At the conclusion of the marriage ceremony, the Rev. Mr. pronounced the two man and wife. "Put on the ring," said Mr. Booth. "On the right finger," he advised. The bridegroom slipped it on the forefinger, and the audience smiled again. "Give her a kiss," lessly pursued Mr. Booth, and in a shamefaced the bridegroom obeyed, while laughter and "Ohs!" were heard in the audience. Then the emitted a jargon of sound and the wedding was over.

A movement is on foot to erect a monument to the Pilgrims in Holland, to the men known as Pilgrims who for twelve years after they left England, lived in Amsterdam and Leyden. Befriended by the Dutch, they worshipped God according to their own method. These Scrooby exiles lived among the Hollanders prosperously. It is recorded that when they left the haven of Delft on the long voyage which ended at Plymouth Rock, "sundry of the Dutch strangers stood on the quay as spectators could not refrain from tears." At the last celebration of Forefathers' day in Boston Hon. C. C. Coffin who presided, in sketching the character of the Pilgrim fathers alluded to the confusion arising from the use of the words Puritan and Pilgrim as convertible terms. The Puritans were said to be the Kings church, seeking to reform from within, while the Pilgrims were separatists, who set up their independent church in the old Manse at Scrooby before they left England. For conscience's sake they cut aloof from the English church and, under William Brewster, John Robinson, William Bradford and their companions at Scrooby they erected the New England church. Their crime was great, but their ecclesiastical offense was considered more grave and perilous, involving them in imprisonment, loss of estate, and even death. They stood for freedom of conscience, and the rigidity of man but saw nothing of the results; they stood for present duty and left the results to God. They saw nothing of the grand development that was to come from their action, in the great uprising of a nation with its great growth in the principles which they stood.

A SPIRIT MESSENGER.

York Star of December 25th gives the well authenticated case of spirit messaging. About a week before Christmas, Miss Law, a young school teacher residing at No. 8 West Sixty-fifth street, New York, was taken ill with pneumonia and on Sunday she was told she could not live. She died with a brave spirit. Meantime she had been received by the family of the death before of an aunt of the sick girl who lived in New Jersey, but on account of her precarious condition news was kept from her. About an hour before Miss Law died, while conversing with her friends, she being perfectly conscious, she changed the subject of conversation, and said: "There is a messenger here waiting for me. I think it is a delusion, but it is not, because the messenger myself, although I do not know who he is. The messenger wants to take me to my aunt Jane, who is now, and I am going to be led to see my aunt."

Miss Law's friends, who were standing around her, were amazed at this announcement, this being the first time the fact of whose death had been carefully kept from her. There could be no doubt that her mind at the time was as clear as in health for when the conversation was turned to other topics she conversed readily and without any hesitation or indication of a lack of consciousness. An hour later Miss Law died, and her funeral was held at her home on Tuesday. The Rev. Ira S. of Riverdale, N. Y., preached the funeral sermon, in which he said that Miss Law's experience was a most remarkable death-bed revelation that had been brought to his notice. When seen at home in Riverdale Mr. Dodd said: "I have no objection in saying that Miss Law's statements, made, as undoubtedly were, when she was conscious, are true. I have always been inclined to look upon startling death-bed experiences as the hallucinations of people who are delirious, but in this case, there was no indication of delirium, I must stand that a Christian minister can—that is, that there was a messenger from God, as we read of in the book of Hebrews—one of the angels—not necessarily a beautiful female form with wings, but some kind of messenger. Miss Law, whom I have known for several years, has never been what we might term a religious enthusiast. Although she has always been a religious girl, she was not one of the kind who was liable to have startling death-bed experiences. She was a strong-minded, highly educated girl, but not given to brooding over religious matters."

At a recent meeting of the New York Society for Psychical Research the alleged revelation was made the subject of a long and interesting paper which led to an interesting discussion. The president, Dr. M. A. Holbrook, said to a reporter who interviewed him in regard to the case: "We look at all these matters from a purely scientific standpoint; but I must confess that this story mystifies me. We shall investigate it thoroughly, and try to find a scientific solution of the problem which it presents. Such cases are generally attempted to be explained away by the theory of the transmission of thought, but this is often an unsatisfactory solution of the problem. The society will undertake a thorough investigation of the matter at once, and it is claimed that the case will be an interesting one from a scientific point of view."

This case, from a scientific standpoint, is a very interesting one, and it should be carefully examined with a view of eliminating any error, if such error there be, in the statement of facts. Assuming that the circumstances were as above stated, the most natural conclusion is that which is in harmony with modern Spiritualism, viz: that to the young woman whose transition was near at hand actually appeared the beloved aunt who had preceded her to the higher life. There are on record and within the experience of thousands so many similar occurrences that the relation to Miss Law is not improbable in itself, and the testimony published, Spiritualists can easily

believe that the young teacher whose earthly career was about to close, had a vision of that world to which in an hour she was to be transported. Experiences like this carefully investigated and verified according to the methods of the Society for Psychical Research will help to awaken the interest in spiritual matters of those who are now skeptical in their attitude toward the facts and philosophy of Spiritualism.

MINISTER'S TRUSTS.

A Detroit, Michigan, correspondent writes: "The ministers here have just formed an alliance, which is to meet quarterly. A proposition to let laymen in was voted down. This is the way Romanists do, to have priests manage both spiritual and temporal affairs." Ministers' "trusts" are becoming quite the thing. Ecclesiastical goods are not protected enough now to support the manufacturers in the style and power they aspire to. What would become of their wares were they to allow outsiders to come in and mix wool with their cotton? They would soon have to bank their fires and quite likely lose their entire stock of authority. They might even be reduced so low as to be obliged to go into partnership with a Kean and start a bank to be run on "Christian principles." What can a layman know of God or His wishes except as he learns them through his minister? Why should the layman desire to meddle with the prerogatives of the minister? It is enough that he supplies the church exchequer liberally, furnishes food and clothing for the worthy poor, and builds a fine house in which his wife can receive pastoral calls. What right has he to have opinions of his own on theological matters. How presumptuous for him to seek to counsel with the clergy. It is a sign of the ungodliness of this very degraded age, when laymen aspire to opinions of their own. Their growing love of intellectual freedom is a grave menace to ecclesiasticism; and the sorrowful fact that preachers like Heber Newton and others standing in evangelical pulpits encourage this love, makes the situation all the more serious. When a Newton demands intellectual freedom for himself, it breeds the same spirit among orthodox laymen and revolution becomes imminent. The Methodist women are asserting as their right the unchristian claim of representation in the general conference and they are backed up in their demand by laymen and even by some preachers. All these signs portend disaster to theological factories and indicate the waning supremacy of clerical cloth; hence the wisdom of ministers' "trusts," for admission to which no laymen need apply.

THE INDIAN TROUBLES.

Rev. Francis Craft, a Catholic missionary of the diocese of Jamestown, North Dakota, who succeeded Spotted Tail as chief of the Dakotas, and is known as such under the name of Hovering Eagle, speaking of the condition of the 250,000 Indians in the United States, recently, said: "The Indians are in a state of transition from their old life to civilization. The Indian department, which has charge of them, is supposed to be so conducted as to lead to its own extinction by civilizing the Indians and ending their transition state. It is actually so conducted as to perpetuate the transition state, and with it the officers and salaries of the department whose existence depends upon continuing that state. The longer the Indians remain in that state the further they are driven from civilization by the suffering, demoralization and loss of hope and energy consequent upon it. Many advance in spite of discouragement, and this only shows what all could do with encouragement." Father Craft further says that the Indians in the Northwest have been on the verge of starvation and have been discontented, but had no intention of fighting, but that the whites saw a chance to create an Indian scare for their own purposes, and the Indian agents wanted to demonstrate that their charges were as bloodthirsty as ever and to show the Washington authorities their ability to control the fierce savages, and thus prove their importance and that of their positions. The whites living in the Indian country saw that an Indian scare, which

would bring troops and lead to the establishment of garrisons there, would put money into their pockets. Father Craft says that the ghost dances were no reason for serious alarm, and that the Indian agents and interested white settlers are responsible for the present Indian troubles.

General Miles' explanation of the Indian agitation in the Northwest shows that the messiah craze has been but a secondary and unimportant influence; certainly it was not the cause of the outbreak. Such a semi-religious excitement, likely to fall at any time upon a people situated as the Indians are, is liable to do harm only when the material on which it drops is ready for combustion. According to General Miles the supplies of rations furnished the Indians have been entirely insufficient, so that starvation, with the resentment it must provoke and the abnormal mental condition and consuming delusions to which it inevitably gives rise, must be added to the other moving causes of the outbreak.

The reservation Indians are kept after a fashion by government bounty, or so much of it as gets through the fingers of the too often unscrupulous Indian agents, but with these people the nomadic instincts of their race are strong and they chafe under the restraints imposed upon them. There is but little to occupy their minds and there is always present with them the thought that they are wronged, cheated and defrauded—as they often are—and that the only prospect before them is extinction. Condemned to such a life, the most civilized people would soon become degenerate and irresponsible. It is not surprising that an ignorant, half-savage people should, under such conditions, become the ready victims of delusion. The question arises whether the government's methods of Indian management are not calculated to produce conditions favorable to excitements, delusions and occasional uprisings on the part of the half-childish savages. The present dissatisfaction of the Indians seems to be directly attributable to the wrong system of government control and to special abuses in the distribution of rations.

WHY ARE JEWS TEMPERATE?

Rabbi Schindler of Boston, in a recent address in answer to the question "Why are there no drunkards among the Jews?" said that one reason why they had abstained from the immoderate use of intoxicating drinks was because such beverages were never prohibited. There would, he said, be less sin in the world and fewer sinners if there were fewer rules, ordinances and laws to be transgressed. No sooner is a thing prohibited than at once a craving for it arises in the human mind. The second cause of temperance among the Jews was the care and attention given to food. The rabbi thought that women who are working against the evil of intemperance should devote half the time they now give to public meetings and to preparing speeches to the study of cook books and to the preparation of proper food for their husbands, brothers and sons. The third cause why Jews have remained temperate was their pleasant family life, and the fourth was the inculcation of the Jewish religion that man should rely upon himself, make this world a pleasant abode, and that he has and needs no mediator between himself and his God. Rabbi Schindler maintained that attention should be given to the strengthening of the will, that the doctrine which teaches man to rely upon others for aid, should be exchanged for such as teach self-reliance, that instead of telling the drunkard that we pray for him and that he should look to a mediator to remove temptation and destroy his vicious appetite, we should make him realize that he must master his appetite by his own will-power. The lecturer thought that if civilization is to be measured by the temperate habits of a people and by mastery over appetites and passions, the palm is due to the Jews who can pride themselves on having done, by word and example, as much for humanity as those who persistently boast of having caused this civilization.

When the modern world is involved in a great struggle against the vice of drunkenness and finds it

difficult if not impossible to check the ravages of alcoholism, the words on this subject of one who represents a race remarkable alike for its temperate habits and its pleasant domestic life, are worth heeding.

THE GOVERNMENT OF CITIES.

Dr. Andrew D. White in his article in the *Forum* for December says that the only city he visited in Europe which rivaled New York in the filth of its streets, the rottenness of its wharves and the corruption of its administration was Constantinople. He sets forth Paris, Berlin and Zurich as municipalities where reforms have been effected in the management which have made these great corporations the pattern communities in which to live and the pride of the nations to which they belong. Paris in his estimation is the best type of administration in a great metropolis that has been produced in modern times. The streets are well paved and kept clean, the houses are in good repair, the system of lighting is perfect, the sewerage system is all that the resources of science can make it, subterranean railways and canals conduct all waste matter to remote districts where it is a source of wealth instead of being a cause of disease, and the public buildings and the methods of education represent the best and wisest outlay that can be devised to secure the interest of the whole population. Berlin also gains from Dr. White unqualified praise. The foreign cities where the best results have been reached are, he says, treated as corporations, not as political bodies, and national politics have no weight in deciding questions about their management. We on the other hand have followed the "idea that a city is a political body and therefore that it is to be ruled in the long run by a city proletariat mob, obeying national party cries" and this is the main cause of our municipal ills. Dr. White would, not to make too radical a change, have the mayor elected by a majority of all the citizens as at present, and a board of aldermen elected not from the wards but on a general ticket, thus requiring the candidates to have a city reputation. Those owning property only should elect a board of control without whose permission no franchise could be granted and no expenditures made, except as regard expenses for primary education which on appeal should be subject to a two-thirds majority of the board of aldermen.

THE FINANCIAL STRINGENCY.

Mr. Edward Atkinson thinks that the financial trouble which recently appeared and which continues in greater or less degree was caused not by a scarcity of money, strictly speaking, but by a scarcity in the places where it was really needed, that the difficulty was and is, not so much in the quantity of the circulation as in its position. Mr. Atkinson points out that of late there has been and is a larger volume of money ready for use than we ever had before and much larger than was possessed in other years when money was said to be plenty. The whole trouble has been that with all these supplies in existence, ordinary business men could not get hold of sufficient funds conveniently and cheaply. The circulation has been congested; it did not spread out through the centres of trade in free and regular flow, automatically seeking as it should the places where there was urgent legitimate call for it. Another essential feature of the prevalent monetary condition is the dangerous inelasticity of the circulating medium, which puts the business structure of the land, as Mr. Atkinson illustrates, in the unstable position of an inverted pyramid. The minimum of all the business transactions of the country is estimated at not less than \$130,000,000,000, of which ninety per cent., or \$117,000,000,000, are credit transactions, that is, are completed without the direct intervention of money, but by the passage of instruments of credit. This enormous volume of business is done on a basis of \$1,500,000,000 of circulating medium in actual use, of which about \$300,000,000 are in the reserves of the banks. It is no wonder then that the withdrawal of even a few millions from this small and inelastic basis should set the whole structure to shaking. The need, then, is an arrangement for preventing the

scattering of money among private hoards and for keeping it in the banks where it may serve as the basis of credit and as a provision for an elastic note currency that will adjust itself to all the requirements of trade. Mr. Atkinson would have this need supplied by making permanent and legal the issuance of clearing-house certificates, which has proved the salvation of the business world in the recent financial stringency.

In calling attention to the recent discussion in the New York Baptist ministers' conference upon the matter of religious education in common schools—a discussion that promises to be widespread—*The Watchman* also notices some recent utterances of Rev. Dr. George B. Spaulding, pastor of the First Presbyterian church, of Syracuse, N. Y. Speaking at some length upon the common school issue, Dr. Spaulding thus generalizes: "I am beginning to doubt if the matter of religion can be safely or consistently, or perhaps justly, placed in the common school, which belongs wholly to the people. I do not see how I can justify my opposition to the principles and conduct of the Catholics in this matter, if I insist upon a course which in another way I myself adopt. Ex-President Woolsey, a great Christian scholar, and among the wisest of men, said: 'I question very much whether the formal reading of the Bible in school does so much good as to be justly regarded as essential.' I believe in my whole heart that religious training is of first importance for the development of full-rounded character, and for the saving of men's souls. But that is the mission of the church, not of the state. 'Render unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's and unto God the things which are God's.' Multiply churches, multiply Sunday-schools, intensify the religious example and training in the family. But keep these common schools of the land to their one work of mingling these children into a oneness of life, a unity of patriotic purpose and love, an intelligent and responsible understanding of the meaning, duties and dignities of American citizenship." These words by a prominent evangelical minister indicate the tendency of thought in the most orthodox circles, slow as the mass of Protestants have been to see that their religion as well as that of the Catholics must be excluded from the public schools if they are to be conducted on the principles of justice and religious liberty.

On behalf of the Spiritualists, who for the most part are accounted queer folk, and seldom get the unbeliever's good word, be it said that Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, the first recipient of the Darwinian medal, is one of their number, says the *London Evening News*. An evolutionist of equal rank with Darwin, he is also a Spiritualist. There are probably thousands of readers of Professor Wallace's "Malayan Archipelago" who are ignorant of the fact of his being the author of "Miracles and Modern Spiritualism" and "Are the Phenomena of Spiritualism in Harmony with Science." Wallace and Huxley are on opposite sides in this matter, but, for all that, Wallace is—Wallace. The *Medium*, which, naturally enough makes a proud record of the award made by the Royal Society, under the head of "A High Honor Conferred on a Spiritualist," takes the opportunity of pointing out that "If Darwinism had not been founded by Darwin it would have been founded by Wallace." The *Medium* is right. Darwin himself said the same thing. Wallace and he were employed in precisely the same field of research at the same time, and made essentially the same discoveries. It happened, however, that Darwin came first to the front.

The *Novoe Vremya*, a Russian paper published at St. Petersburg, says: "It is not religious intolerance that prompts the measures relative to the Jews in Russia, where their synagogues stand proudly by the side of Christian churches; it is the absolute necessity for saving the rural populace from being drained of their resources by the Jews, who have already ruined the peasants in Galicia, Roumania and Pomerania. Russia will save the Jews themselves from popular

retribution. She does not assume a false liberalism; but acts openly in protecting the prosperity of the nation. If the whole of Europe should attempt to force a distasteful policy upon Russia, she is in a position successfully to defend her independence." It will be difficult to convince the world that such measures as the Russian government has decided upon for the oppression of the Jews can be defended on any grounds whatever. By the anti-Jewish law to be promulgated by the government early in the year, not only are the Jewish people to be restricted to the Jewish belt, but even then they are forbidden to own real estate. Up to now if Jewish merchants had paid the commercial tax required, for ten years, they could buy and hold real estate in several parts of the empire. Hereafter no Jews can hold any land which they now possess, but must sell at once, and can not buy, lease or acquire possession of more, the Russian being forbidden to sell to them under severe penalties. Jewish mechanics are also to be kept strictly within the limits of territory, and are to lose what few privileges they have.

Speaking of clouds reminds me of a favorite pastime in boyhood days. I do not mean building castles in the air; of course, I indulged in that, but a pleasure just as fascinating, and that was constructing pictures in the clouds. It required but a little stretch of the imagination to construct a landscape of magnificent proportions, in which were broad sweeps of plain, picturesque valley and towering mountains, and such coloring as only the sun could lend. There was no imagination in these tints; they, at least, were real. Some people there are, too, who claim to have seen remarkable pictures in the clouds. I remember that in 1859 many saw, or said they did, anyhow, hosts of men, two vast armies marching and countermarching in the heavens, now meeting in the shock of battle, and then falling back for fresh assaults; all of which were pronounced by the seers and prophets of those days to presage a war close at hand. You know what followed. Draw your conclusions.—Ed. R. Pritchard in *Arkansaw Traveler*.

From the published reports of the recent Eyraud trial in Paris one can form an idea of the French criminal procedure, which certainly seems peculiar to the English or American mind. The French judge performs a part entirely unlike that taken by the presiding officer in our own courts. He is a prosecutor rather than an arbitrator. He works hard to secure a conviction and gets into sharp and acrimonious controversy with the accused person, and instead of protecting the alleged criminal from criminating himself as is the invariable rule under English law, the French court uses every artifice to entrap the prisoner. And yet, peculiar as the French procedure seems, it is declared by those who are acquainted with the administration of justice in France that it brings about conviction and punishment with far more certainty than ours, while allowing an innocent person quite as good a chance to escape.

Mr. Opie P. Read says that he dreamed one night that he went to his office and found on his desk a letter from his brother. He opened it, and found it to be the report of his father's death. When last heard from his father was in good health, and he had not received intimation in any way of his illness, or that his death was expected. The dream made a very vivid impression on his memory, and the following morning on reaching the stairway, leading to his office, he hesitated about ascending as he felt certain the letter was there. Entering his office, he found the letter, just as he had seen it in his dream, announcing the sudden and unexpected death of his father.

The persons who accomplish the most in this world are not the drudges, but those who have such command over their powers that they can concentrate themselves upon their work. Such persons accomplish by perfect system in a few moments what an unsystematic person would labor over for hours.

DR. S. D. BOWKER VS. SCIENCE.

BY M. E. LAZARUS.

Dr. S. D. Bowker gratuitously assumes an untenable opposition to science. He would probably acknowledge that his meaning is fully and more accurately expressed in saying that official science—that of the colleges, academies and salaried magnates—had been unjust towards experimental science in the departments of magnetism and spiritism. As to official science, that of the schools, it is in the same case with orthodox religions, which become fantastic superstitions for the succeeding periods, perhaps equally conceited in their own errors. The great philosophical novelist, Balzac, who though Catholic and royalist, was more liberal than our modern "liberalism," exhibits in Dr. Minoret, the guardian of his charming Ursule Mizonet, the struggle for survival which magnetism sustained in France against the obscurantism of official science. Ursule herself, magnetized by him, becomes after his death an independent clairvoyant, and in communion with him reveals plots of iniquity, foretells their punishment by natural events and ultimately effects the reformation of the chief criminal. This work combines scientific history with prescience of the noblest social uses of Spiritualism.

What "the scientific method" against which Dr. B. protests may be, I do not know. I suggest that his protest, if valid, applies rather to the spirit of official judges, who shared the partisan hostility of the established churches and medical schools, to whatever calls in question the authority of their doxies or the orthodoxy of their authority.

But dogmatism is always usurpation, whether in medicine, in theology, or in governmental laws; and science repudiates them all, electing liberty for spouse. Innovative progressionists usually detach themselves, like Hahnemann and Minoret, from the bosom of established dogmatisms, carrying with them large capitals of science. Such in religion have been Jesus vs. the Synagogue, and the Shakers vs. pseudo-Christianity.

Science may not be too exacting of proofs, but too harsh in its social behavior towards mediums. Spirits, however problematical, no less require courtesy, the *suaviter in modo*.

There is a market rivalry, based on the popularity of Spiritualism, between it and the money-paying pulpit, between it and money-paying medical diplomacy; consequently every committee of examination on which clergymen or doctors sit, is professionally biased against Spiritualism. This is a difficulty which personal integrity may surmount; but it is always to be added to that of routinism, the tyranny of habit or custom, which opposes innovations. These difficulties lessen in proportion to the numbers of converts to Spiritualism from the ranks of its professional enemies. I may remark in passing, that the Shakers, who aside from some fantastic ceremonials, are the only Christian sect approximately following the tradition of Jesus, are distinguished by their early and enthusiastic cult of Spiritualism. The cures attributed to Jesus are magnetic or imaginative; probably both, and these are both spiritual powers.

But sweeping generalizations, such as that "science is so universally late in her reports of what everybody knew beforehand that she is scarcely more than an impudent tattler of other peoples' secrets," etc., is so absurdly false that everybody knows the contrary, in the department, for instance, of electrical applications, which has made such rapid progress in our own day. As Dr. Bowker cannot well be ignorant of this, nor refuse the name of scientist to men like Edison, there is no serious controversy with him, but only the censure of carelessness in expression. "If science did but once in all her history enter into the secrets of nature and prove a prophet of some unknown law," etc. Well, passing from the inventions, which are

like fruits upon the trees of Nature's laws, to laws themselves, what will Dr. Bowker say of absorbent substitution? This term employed by Charles Fourier in his treatise on social or passional equilibria comprehends the more special law of organic physiology, pathology and therapeutics announced by Hippocrates in his aphorisms. Diseases arise from forces of disturbance producing like conditions with the agents that respectively cure them, or as Hahnemann phrased it, "Like cures like." This law was also perceived by a thinker and sentimental, not a scientist, in the moral sphere. It is expressed in "giving thy coat to him who would take thy cloak," etc., and called the policy of non-resistance, but see how much more fruitful science has rendered it for medicine. Without science it has been for morality, or for law, to the criminal department of which it applies.

Fourier, whose sociologic reputation has suffered more from his reputed friends and advocates than from his declared but ignorant enemies, makes in his "Unité Universelle," Tome IV., the theoretic application of the law in question. If evolution means well for mankind, this chapter of social science will one day put to shame the pseudo-scientific socialisms of Karl Marx and others now upon parade, while illustrating by practical completeness the sentimental intuition of Jesus.

PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

BY WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

I was pleased to read in THE JOURNAL of December 13th the interesting article by J. T. Dodge, C. E. on the Society for Psychical Research. It is well that an impartial record of the valuable work done by this society should be published in a leading spiritualistic paper. Almost from the very foundation of the society there have been published in many of the Spiritualist journals in America and Europe strictures and unfavorable criticisms upon the modes of operation and the results attained by this society. With hardly any of these criticisms have I been in sympathy. From a careful examination of the work of the society, it has been evident to me that, for the most part, it has done its work well. Although as regards the phenomena of Spiritualism, it may not have accomplished as much as the Spiritualists—myself included—would like to have seen performed, yet in my opinion, the cause of the somewhat meagre assured results in the realm of spiritual manifestation, so-called, lies not so much in the mode of operation of the society itself as in the difficulty of securing for its proper investigation genuine phenomena, capable of scientific substantiation.

An association formed for the purpose of instituting competent scientific study and investigation of obscure and abnormal phenomena, mostly of a mental character, is by the terms of its institution and organization pledged to employ the strictly scientific method in the conduct of its researches and in the determination of its conclusions. It is well known that the classes of phenomena coming within the province of the Society for Psychical Research have been and are largely associated with elements certainly or probably fraudulent, as well as with much partaking of the nature of hallucination, delusion and illusion. Under these circumstances there is so much greater necessity for the exercise of the strictest caution and the most watchful care in the investigation of the subtle and oft illusive phenomena classed under the heading of "psychic." Unless a purported scientific examination is really scientific, it becomes a delusion and a snare, a source of mischief, an enemy of true progress; and no investigation or analysis can be truly scientific that does not eliminate so far as is possible to be attained everything deceptive, fraudulent, illusive, hallucinatory. The S. P. R. was formed to do this very thing as regards certain peculiar sporadic phenomena; and in its labors to compass the objects of its organization, to demonstrate to the world that its *raison d'être* is not itself based upon a delusion; it has pursued the only legitimate path open to it, and for its steadfast devotion to the true principles of scientific research it merits the approval of the lovers of exact

truth, be they Spiritualists or skeptics. In my judgment this society has demonstrated that its claim to be a scientific body is not a pretense; it has not been playing at science, but it has accomplished definite scientific results, timely and valuable; and there is no reasonable doubt that in time additional substantial results will be attained, to the advancement of genuine psychological science, which at present is in some respects in an inchoate not to say chaotic condition.

The work devolving upon this society is of a more intricate and delicate nature, so far as formulating conclusions of an established character, than obtains in purely physical research. In physical science, the immutability of the laws of the material universe in a measure simplifies the attainment of established results. The constancy of physical nature, the reign of law unvarying in chemistry and the other physical sciences, free from the intervention of disturbing mental influences, renders the task of the physical explorer or investigator an easy and uninvolved one as compared with that of the psychological student. Although law is as supremely regnant in mental phenomena as in the material universe, inconstancy of operation, rather than immutability of action, may be said to dominate mind in its varied fields of manifestation. The ever-varying conditions of the environment affect continually the sphere of operation of the human mind. Of course like circumstances invariably produce like results; but as regards the mind, absolutely similar circumstances, in all respects, rarely if ever attend its successive action. Not only is each individual mind different from all others, but constant mutation prevails in each—varying emotions and trains of thought succeeding each other without cessation, except perhaps in dreamless sleep. The contrast between this and the never-varying constancy of physical causation, as exemplified in chemistry, optics, acoustics, electric and magnetic action, etc., is readily seen. So much the more difficult, then, is the exact determination of psychological laws than that of the laws of physical science.

If the laws of psychology in general are not easy of certain determination, probably the most difficult of solution among psychical problems are those involved in the action of the human mind in connection with the special classes of phenomena engaging the attention of the Society for Psychical Research. These, as a rule, are of the character called abnormal; and so-called abnormal mental manifestations generally require more extended, patient and careful consideration and study in order to properly gauge and classify them than the normal activities of the human brain. It is also probable that of all abnormal mental operations, those of which the study is devolved upon this society are the most difficult of accurate determination and analysis. It is seen, then, that the work which the S. P. R. has taken upon itself is one necessitating, for its correct prosecution, some of the most cautious handling incident to successful scientific endeavor. In work of this intricate nature it behooves those laboring thereon to "go slow," to minutely scrutinize every detail, to leave no gaps unsealed through which fraud or illusion might slip undetected. It appears that the society has pursued this line of action to a considerable extent, and in so doing it was simply doing its duty to itself and to the cause of truth. Instead of sneers and censure, of which it has been the recipient on many occasions from spiritualistic writers and journalists, commendation well deserved, for good work faithfully executed, should have been bestowed upon it.

To my mind Spiritualists make a great mistake in berating the scientists and in underestimating the importance of scientific verification of the claims of their philosophy. Science is the true savior of the world. Science is only systematized knowledge, and it is by knowledge alone that mankind is saved. This is true as well in the domains of ethics and religion as in those of physical nature. Not until man has comprehensive knowledge of the correct relations that should exist between man and man in all the affairs of life will it be possible for him to exemplify a correct and perfect moral code; and not until man attains a knowledge of his relations to the Infinite Power manifested in the phenomenal universe and in him

self, coupled with a correct understanding, so far as it is possible for him to obtain, of the true nature of that Power and of its modes of manifestation in nature, will it be possible for him to be guided aright in life, in the exercise of the true religious elements of his being.

Scientific ethics and scientific religion are as great *desiderata*, and as much required for mankind's happiness, enlightenment, and progress, as is a knowledge of the laws of chemistry or the principles of mathematics. For example, when scientific ethics and religion prevail, it will be no longer regarded as an infraction of moral law, and a violation of the command of Deity, to perform any necessary labor on the first day of the week; neither at that time will it be possible for the enormities committed, on the one hand, by the Tory party in England against the inhabitants of Ireland, and those committed on the other hand, by the whites in the southern states of this Union against the negro citizens resident in those states, to be continued, to the disgrace of both countries, as at present. Then the "brotherhood of man, and equal rights," now loudly prated of, will be practically realized.

It can not be rationally denied that the determination of true scientific ethics and of true religion is measurably connected with a correct solution of the problem involved in the psychic phenomena called spiritual, and believed, by hosts of Spiritualists, to be due to the action of the spirits of those who formerly lived in a physical body on earth. If the views of the Spiritualists are true, if only in part,—if it be scientifically demonstrated that a part, no matter how small, of the phenomena in question are caused by human spirits, dwelling in what is called the Spirit-world,—it is readily seen of what great moment such demonstration must be in the realms of religion and ethics. The general consensus of spiritualistic communications is radically contradictory of the popular religious faiths and in consonance with the cultured rationalism of to-day, and if any of the alleged communications from spirits are proven to be what they claim to be, Christianity necessarily is overthrown; not that the truths pertaining to Christianity or to any other form of religion will be lost, but that it and all other organized systems of religion, composed as they all are of large admixtures of error with some truth, must, as distinctive systems, pass out of existence, consequent upon the scientific demonstration of the many falsities which form an integral part of their constitution.

If the fundamental tenets taught as truths in the communications received from the inhabitants of the Spirit-world be established as such, the consequences as regards the dogma of Christendom, as well as those of Mohammedanism, Buddhism, Brahmanism, etc., etc., will necessarily be momentous. The Bible will be relegated to its true position, as one of the ancient classics, invaluable as literature and further scientific study of the evolution of religion in the world,—very useful also historically and archaeologically considered; but no more a special divine revelation than any other of the alleged sacred books of the world. Jesus will be regarded in his true light,—as an enthusiastic Jewish moralist and prophet, like Isaiah, Micah, and Amos, who mistakenly supposed himself to be the expected Messiah or Christ of his people;—a natural man like all other men, fallible, imperfect, whose teachings were a mixture of truth and error, and who can not rationally be considered as the special spirit and leader of mankind, to the exclusion of the many other great religious teachers and moral reformers with whom our planet has been blessed. The prevalent conceptions of a local, personal, anthropomorphic God will inevitably die the death,—Jehovah and all the other man-made gods, imperfect adumbrations of the real divine existence, will be consigned to the limbo of exploded superstitions. The heavens and hells of all the theologians will vanish into nothingness; and many another radical transformation in religious thought perforce must follow the establishment of the genuineness of actual communication between this world and the land of spirits, and the philosophy thereupon upreared,—the latter a neces-

sary sequence from the general character of the information received from the higher life regarding the nature of that life and upon topics of cognate import, bearing upon the nature of the universe and of its government and operations.

Not alone in the sphere of theology, but in that also of ethics, the moral relations, will the demonstration of the essential truth of the spiritual philosophy produce important results. A system of natural ethics, as against the dominant systems, based upon alleged divine revelations, will be the outcome. Even among the liberal Christians there may be found more or less superstitious belief, in connection with moral questions, based on incorrect notions concerning certain things regarded as worthy of special reverence; as the Bible, Jesus, the Sabbath, the church, the ministry, and other so-called sacred matters,—in none of which does there, in truth, inhere any special sacredness, nor is there any immorality involved in the absolute disregard of everything of a theological or of a so-called sacred character. True natural ethics involves nothing pertaining to superstitious reverence for sacred objects and institutions; it recognizes all things good and true as sacred; the name Jesus is not more sacred than that of Buddha or Abraham Lincoln; Jehovah is no more sacred than Brahma or Jupiter; Sunday is no more holy than Tuesday, the Bible no more holy than the sermons of Theodore Parker or the speeches of Wm. Lloyd Garrison; theology is no more sacred than geology (usually not so much, intrinsically), and the church no more sacred than the public school or the agnostic lecture-hall. Moreover, the demonstration, through the spiritual philosophy, that every infraction of the natural code of ethics inevitably entails the just penalty therefor, either in this world or in the future life, and this by natural law, not by the judgment of a personal deity,—this demonstration, together with the allied fact that our conduct in this world, good or bad, is under the surveillance of the inhabitants of the Spirit-world, more especially of our own immediate connections, our nearest relatives, will without doubt exercise great influence upon the practical ethics of this world.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HUMAN IMPONDERABLES—A PSYCHICAL STUDY.

By J. D. FEATHERSTONHAUGH.

XI.

MYSTERIOUS RAPPINGS.

In a general way it may be said, that on some dogmatic points, the rappings differ from our received opinions, yet there are exceptions, where the religious ideas we entertain are closely followed. A devout Christian lady once gave me the following answers to some questions, conveying a promise of further communication on a specified day.

When will the rappings be made continuously?

"The birthday of Jesus, the Savior Christ.
We rejoice in the Lord, we praise him.
The day of Christ, all join in the spirit land,
With the loved ones on earth, in praises to him,
The Savior of mankind. Ask then for us
All; wait! wait! wait!"

Keeping this statement in view, I sought on Christmas day for its fulfillment, but was partially disappointed in the force and vivacity of the sounds. We only obtained the following: "Lord, this is thy holy day, the day of joy in thy kingdom. All angels do praise thee, for thou art most holy and true. The ways are the ways of the Lord (probably meaning through God's permission). We have tried, but be not discouraged, and the power of God will be manifested." The lady through whom these communications came, had no leaning to a spiritual belief, but scrupulously rejected it, as conflicting with her religious opinions.

Another noticeable point is that the communications through the rappings follow, for the most part, the habitual manner of spelling and mode of expression of the person through whom they are made, as: mear for mere, telegraft, dont, is for are, was for were, etc., although she may have no conscious knowledge of the word that is being rapped out. In the case of an

Irish cook in my family, the rappings through reflected her religious belief, as far as she had distinct idea, and from mediums who could neither read nor write, no communications through the alphabet could be obtained, although rappings and phenomena were freely produced. On one occasion a French gentleman who spoke very imperfectly French, paid his first visit with me to a medium, and professed spirit of his father, who had never learned a word of English, replied to the questions correctly in the same broken language that was used in putting them. The medium herself was an ignorant person and knew nothing of French. In this instance, knowledge, habitual mode of expression, and forethought of the questioner were closely followed.

The correction of errors or misapprehension on the part of the observer, is a constant feature of the phenomena. On one occasion the number of a house unknown to the medium, had been asked. The letters "f-i" were obtained, and being hastily supposed to be meant for five, were so put down with the apparent assent of the rappings,* but after answering another question, an error was declared, and tracing the words backwards, the letters r-s-t were substituted for v—leaving the answer "f-i-r-s-t." The house was No.

Whilst we may find, without any arduous search an overwhelming and discouraging mass of nonsense flowing through some phases of these phenomena, come occasionally upon pertinent and philosophic conjectures, not wanting in scientific plausibility. A list of some fifty mental questions, I once asked "What is the office of comets in our solar system" and received the prompt and most unexpected reply "To convey the miasmas of the worlds as fuel to the sun." Strange contrasts of flat stupidity and quick intelligence with the same persons complicate the subject immensely when viewed exclusively from a cerebral standpoint.

There is a phase of character in these rappings which sometimes makes itself manifest, not unimportant in trying to arrive at a reasonable conclusion as to their source. It is undeniable by the most zealous adherent of the spiritual theory, that there is often a boastful and pretentious spirit, which we do not recognize as belonging to the mental idiosyncrasy of any one present. All observers must have experienced this characteristic more or less, and also have noticed the great adroitness with which the intelligence parries the charge, when pressed upon it. The *soi disant* "guardian spirit" of a lady on one occasion asserted that he was always with her, and at any moment could tell of her occupation and thoughts. I took him at his word, and made an appointment with him to interview this lady at a given hour. In the mean time I engaged her, without stating my object to do at that hour some singular act, describe it, and enclose the description in a sealed envelope. At the time appointed, the guardian was called upon for his report. He promptly responded, but his tale was as different from the lady's written statement, as daylight from darkness. On reproaching him for this breach of good faith, he cleverly escaped. "Ah! poor dear Jane has suffered so much in health, that she often thinks she has done things she has not, and forgets things she has done." Now "poor dear Jane" was as bright, witted, clear headed and positive a soul as could well be, and was so indignant when she heard the "guardian's" opinion of her capacity, that she repudiated him on the spot. The whole of this conversation was carried on mentally.

Leaving for the present the facts already treated of as undeniably phenomenal, let us go on to review the further developments, which if also are eventually found to be true, will throw a broad light over the past, and in time lead us on to the very heart of the mystery.

IN THE DARK.

Whether the things which occur in the dark are phenomenal or not, we must cast aside the supersti-

* We are constantly reminded how easy it is to confuse these phenomena by any mental dogmatism, and when that state of mind has subsided, corrections are insisted upon by the intelligence, before it will proceed.

nonsense that these phenomena affect darkness as the divine word pronounced light to be good. It is not good for an undeveloped negative or for curtains. Under the condition of darkness, several persons are present, it is hardly possible to range our experiments so as to procure exact of genuine physical results. The evidence comes more through the *entourage* of the accompanying instances than through the proof which appeals to our senses. Scientific exactness is generally wanting. It is not difficult, however, to devise a selection of experiments, impossible and, will overcome the suspicions and possibilities except the darkness engenders. Indeed, the darkness itself may be used to procure the evidence of a *seer* other than muscular, as sometimes phenomena take place that could not be accomplished by voluntary human agency without vision. Mental requests implied with by relevant acts at a distance are not possibilities within our compass. Sealed slates written thin are inaccessible to human fingers. The voice that speaks to you of secrets unknown to others comes from a source that knows those secrets. The vision which perceives an inscription in a ring, notwithstanding the total darkness, can not be the eyesight of a medium nearly blind. The voice of a stranger can not voluntarily call you by the pet name of your childhood. A small, soft and plump hand can not exert the rough pressure of an exceptionally strong man.

Generally we find that the touch of the hands and the tones of the voices come simultaneously, they are lateral as the shaking of the hand and the "how do do" of friends when they meet, and can not be separated. It must always be borne in mind that these voices speak to you with the precision of personal knowledge on matters known alone to yourself and the intelligence assuming to address you. It is certain that neither the voice nor the hand belongs to the medium, for at the time she is many feet from you, with her back turned to you, carrying on a conversation with others. The hand that presses your own is sometimes a large and long one, or small and delicate, differing in a marked degree from the medium's. The strength displayed exceeds by far that of a woman, and the force used bears a certain ratio to the hardness and size of the hand. These considerations force us to acquit the medium of personal complicity, and if we suspect fraud to look to confederates for the solution. But opposed to this idea, we find that the same results occur with selected friends earnestly and intelligently seeking for exact proof; and further, that the thing done in the darkness takes place with a precision that is only possible to exact vision. As this precision is impossible to human agency voluntarily exerted, without light or eyesight, we are also obliged to dismiss the confederate.

It should not be a difficult matter to establish the fact that darkness is not procured, however much it may be used, for fraudulent purposes. The rappings give us in the light certain answers to mental questions, in the dark they give the same with still greater force and volume. In experiments with slate writing if the upper slate is of glass, so as to admit light, we obtain no writing until we cover it with an opaque substance. If in a dark room alone with a medium, tied beyond the possibility of movement, or preferably holding her hands, an assistant from the outside suddenly admits the light, the phenomena fade into very feeble proportions, and some cease altogether. Even closing the eyes increases some of the demonstrations in the light, apparently producing a favorable condition. Undoubtedly an earnest gazing and wish have great effect on all psychological phenomena, from mesmerism up to the present related facts. Every experiment proves that in the darkest room the demonstrations are guided by perfect vision. Life would not be, under some circumstances, worth an hour's purchase, with a fraudulent operator. Those phases of the phenomena, the truth of which we can establish beyond the possibility of doubt, being intelligent, insist upon darkness in some of the other forms, with rarely an exception.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BORN OF THE SPIRIT.

BY MRS. MARY V. PRIEST.

"For the latter killeth, but the spirit maketh alive."

That the "pen is mightier than the sword" is a debatable proverb in my mind, for so much depends upon who wields either; but however weak the intellect which guides the former, or the valor of him who wields the latter there can be only an equal contest between the strong ones of mind or muscle—strong in the conviction of right, thereby giving to the mind its purest inspiration, or to the heart its highest courage.

Nothing daunts the courage of the true patriot, whether that loyalty be to ideas or to country. In fidelity to either, in the contest for a supremacy of righteousness, man becomes a hero only in the absolute renunciation of self to principle. He is indeed a savior of men who gives his life to either pen or sword that the world may profit by his valor.

If only men and women of intellect would emancipate themselves from bondage to slavery of popularity and pre-conceived ideas sufficiently to read the best thoughts of our best writers, then there would be a clearer conception of our incomparable faith, and the pen of the gifted Spiritualist would lead the human army out of the dark wilderness of skepticism and doubt into the clear fields of spiritual light and enduring faith. As things now are, many even in our own ranks who have been blindly led by still more blind leaders find the education (?) and experiences of years totally inadequate for the practicalities of life or the fatalities of a day. And why is this? Why is it that their faith does not endure? Why is it that when swept by a wave of sorrow they recede with it into the sea of despondency instead of rising from the immersion stronger and braver and truer?

To me the answer is found in the various false conceptions of Spiritualism and its uses. Many who have for years supposed themselves to be good and true Spiritualists find that its teachings and doctrines, as they have embraced them, furnish no armor against disappointment. And this is largely due to the false prophets who have been only too prolific with both pen and voice in dispensing their philosophy (?). How necessary that THE JOURNAL's efforts in the field of missionary labor should be supplemented by wise and efficient speakers and writers; also by generous donations to the end that the world may be made acquainted with the true philosophy of Spiritualism.

A painful illustration of this great and crying need has recently come to me in the wail of a dear friend lately bereft, who found reason for deserting the ship of Hope in which she embarked years ago, because the friend who left her failed to give some sign of spiritual or angelic ministrations in the hour of death, forgetting entirely that he was closing his eyes to earth and its allurements, and had not yet opened them to heaven and its unfoldments; and having spent a lifetime in absolute dependence upon other eyes—to scan the angel faces, other ears to catch the heavenly music, mortal voice to tell the wondrous story of the seraphic spheres he was still in the hour of death dependent upon his earthly mentors. Melancholy fact is this, that Spiritualism must be judged insufficient for the needs of that hour, when the insufficiency was wholly in the individual. His was but a modern illustration of the "eyes that see not and ears that hear not."

And pitifully weak is the faith which can not find reinforcement rather than the opposite in such a consistent closing of a life which had always borrowed its spiritual instruction, and which had gained to itself only intellectual freedom.

The curse of Spiritualism has ever been this looking for a sign. Its highest need to-day is a baptism of the Holy Spirit which shall kindle anew the fires of faith till every soul shall be so filled with the divine love as to seek for naught save the answering echo in the heart, "He doeth all things well." Can we not trust the wisdom and the love of the Infinite Good? Our education has been wholly false if after feasting for years upon the renewal of earthly loves we cannot rise to that loftier sentiment of gratitude and adoration to him who is the source of all our joys;

whose love in our souls is the fountain from whence all human loves spring, and whose law makes it possible for us to prove their continuity throughout eternity. When I realize what Spiritualism has done for my own soul, I blush to own how little I have done for it. How after years of mourning I was bidden to rejoice in the presence of the angels, how the spark of human tenderness and love then rekindled has grown into a living fire, lighting every avenue of darkness in the heart, lifting the veil which separated me from my loved ones, filling the heart with a love for humanity and all kindred forms of life, flooding the soul with gratitude to my Creator for strengthening the good impulses and crushing the evil. Think you I need a sign when there dwells in the heart such an ecstasy of faith? O! my friends, Spiritualism means infinitely more to me than communion with the departed. 'Tis true that that leads to many conversions, but unless our own experiences lead us higher than the human loves and their gratification our faith falls far short of its fullest expression; that which we desire is more often the yearnings of selfishness than the outgrowth of holiness. Why, then, can we not submit ourselves to the highest, knowing that that which he withholds breathes as deep a love as that which he gives?

SO-CALLED SPONTANEOUS HYPNOTISM.

A very interesting case of double consciousness, similar in character to the "Watseka Wonder," has occurred very recently in Hancock, Stevens county, Minn., and is reported at length in the *St. Paul Globe*, from which we condense the following statement. The subject of what the doctors who have been consulted in regard to the case name "spontaneous hypnotism" is a Mrs. Edward Day, a young woman of twenty-four years of age. Prior to her marriage a year ago, Mrs. Day was a Miss Caroline Stokes, of Marshalltown, Iowa. She was at that time regarded by her family as a confirmed somnambulist, and it was necessary to watch her closely to prevent a harmful result following her nocturnal expeditions. All sorts of methods were resorted to in the hope of effecting a cure, but without result. Miss Stokes would, while sleeping, deliberately and carefully remove the obstructions she herself had assisted to put in place, and continue her nightly walks as though the way had been clear. This seemingly incurable tendency was the cause of much vexation to the family, and it was with gratification that they saw her married to Mr. Day, at that time a wealthy farmer of Waseca county. The reasons for special joy at the consummation of the alliance were that the doctors engaged on Miss Stokes' case had united in asserting that the altered conditions of wedded life would in all probability result in a complete cure, such having been the experience of medical men in similar cases. Mrs. Day never walked in her sleep after marriage, but while formerly she had been brilliant and cheerful in her disposition, she now became moody and despondent. The husband endeavored to discover a cause for this, but the only reply from his wife was that her head ached continually and she had lost all inclination to sleep. In fact, Mr. Day asserts that, in a space of two months after marriage, his wife was totally unable to sleep except when worn out from long periods of wakefulness. This sort of thing continued for six months, all the efforts of local medical experts being useless, when, on the morning of October 15th last, there developed a new phase of the malady which nonplussed the local medicos and caused Mr. Day to have his wife examined by an expert on insanity. This gentleman—Dr. Howard Landon, of Chicago—pronounced her entirely sane, but could not account for her statements, which conflicted widely with those of her husband. On the morning referred to above Mr. Day arose, leaving his wife still asleep. He noticed, he says, that her face seemed terribly old in its expression as she lay asleep, but attributed the cause to the suffering she had undergone. Mr. Day went from the house to the barn, milked the cow and, returning to the room in which he had left his sleeping wife, found her awake. She screamed violently as he entered, and pulling the bed-

clothes about her bade him leave the room instantly. How dare he enter a lady's sleeping apartments, and so on.

"What's the matter, Carrie?" he asked; "don't you know me? I am your husband, Edward."

"Don't attempt to impose on me, sir," she replied. "I never saw you before. My name is not Carrie; it is Margaret; and I never saw you before in my life."

The husband sat down by the bedside and tried to reason with his wife, but she screamed so loudly that he was forced to withdraw. Several doctors were sent for, but they had never seen a parallel case. Mrs. Day was questioned, and she stated that her name was Margaret Hill. She lived on Chestnut street, Philadelphia, and could not account for her present situation. She was convinced that she had been drugged. When told that her maiden name had been Stokes, and that she lived at Marshalltown, the woman laughed in the faces of her informants, then crying bitterly, protested that everyone seemed in league against her. Dr. Fleming, one of the attendant physicians, asked her how old she was, and she replied without an instant's hesitation, fifty-six.

"How long did you live in Philadelphia?" was asked.

"I was born there, and always lived there."

"Do you remember your parents?"

"No. They died before I was old enough to recognize them."

"Were you ever married?"

"No, sir, and I never intend to marry."

Dr. Fleming then endeavored by reasoning with the lady to make her recall to memory her Marshalltown home, her parents, her courtship days, and the school she attended in her earlier life, but it was useless; the whole period was a blank to her; she was Margaret Hill, aged fifty-six, residence Philadelphia, and no other.

Mrs. Day had to be forcibly restrained from leaving the house and taking a train for Philadelphia. She remained practically a prisoner in her own house, speaking on all subjects except that of her life history in a perfectly rational manner, arising and retiring at the usual hours, and refusing to exchange a word on any subject with her husband. This state of things continued for three weeks, when one morning, to the surprise and joy of the exiled husband, he awoke to hear his wife calling him in a natural voice. He hastened to her room, to find her again in her right mind. She could not be persuaded but that Mr. Day had just got through milking the cow, and became indignant when an attempt was made to convince her that the month was November, and that she had been in a condition of delirium for three weeks. As the facts became plain to her, however, she brooded over them, and after a week of life as the wife of Edward Day awoke again one morning as Margaret Hill, spinster, of Philadelphia.

Dr. Fleming was again summoned. He told Day that he regarded the disease as a purely mental one, and hesitated to prescribe for the lady. Prof. Richard Hodgson, of the Psychical Research Society, was written in regard to the case, and after some correspondence it was decided to take the patient to Boston and see what Professor Hodgson could do in the way of recalling her mind to its normal condition. Just previous to her starting for that city, where her husband accompanied her, a reporter for the St. Paul *Globe* was permitted to see her, and asked her whether she had any recollection of having lived as Miss Caroline Stokes in Marshalltown, Iowa.

"Excuse me," she said, "I regard questioning of that character as an insult. I see that you have been told this absurd story by my abductors. I do not care to make my troubles public, but will say to you, personally, that I am being abducted for some purpose of these men. I was never in Marshalltown in my life, and I do not know this man Day, who claims to be my husband. I am a maiden lady, and I live in Philadelphia."

The victim of this unfortunate delusion refused to answer any further questions.

A correspondent who sends us other papers with accounts of this singular case, suggests that it would be very valuable knowledge if the Margaret Hill in

this case could be found, to ascertain the psychic relation between them. Of course this would be difficult with so common a name in so great a city, but she would no doubt give a history of herself that might be verified. Such cases seem to be more frequent latterly, and if the history of the new occupant of the body could be learned it would make decidedly interesting reading.

HYPNOTISM A CURE FOR VICIOUS HABITS.

Physicians who are studying the varied phenomena of hypnotism are becoming more and more convinced of its power. French physicians have held that a person subject to hypnotic influence can be hypnotized by correspondence—for example, by assuring him that as soon as he has read a letter he will fall asleep. The same physicians have also declared that persons can be hypnotized by means of the telephone, and that no matter what voice conveys the suggestion, it produces the desired effect. A leading French physician declares that some people can be hypnotized with chloroform before they are really under its influence. He says that every time he has used chloroform he has suggested to his patient, before the latter had taken the first inspiration, that he would fall asleep quickly and quietly. In some cases the hypnotic state came before the anaesthesia. If the sleep was deep enough to cause complete anaesthesia, the operation could be performed without delay; if not, he kept on giving chloroform until the anaesthesia was complete, and this invariably took place more rapidly because it was aided by suggestion. This course also prevented the usual period of excitement.

But while the study of the mysterious power has revealed more and more clearly the ways in which it may be used for personal ends, it has also demonstrated its value as a curative agent in many physical ailments that have not succumbed to the usual treatment. All the physicians who have studied hypnotism closely appear to be convinced that it may be made especially valuable as an agent to overcome vicious habits. There are many cases on record of its use as a cure for chronic alcoholism and the excessive use of tobacco. One of the latest uses to which it has been put, however, is to cure the opium habit, and the first case publicly mentioned is reported from a San Francisco jail.

In the latter part of last November, Frank Edwards, a young victim to the opium habit, was sent to the house of correction. He underwent fearful tortures on account of his craving for the drug, which the prison authorities refused to give him. Dr. Brown, the jail physician, who was called in to attend Edwards, became alarmed at the power that Edwards's craving exerted over his nervous system, and was for a time at a loss to know what to do. He greatly feared that Edwards would become insane. He therefore determined to try the effect of hypnotizing Edwards. The doctor found him a good subject, and soon obtained complete control over him. He found no difficulty in putting him to sleep, and Edwards admitted that through the doctor's influence he had enjoyed the first refreshing sleep that he had known for years. The result was a complete change in his condition. He not only gained flesh rapidly, but lost all desire for opium. The complete absence of this desire was shown by an instance which came under the physician's notice. A fellow prisoner, who didn't believe in Edward's reform, offered the latter some gum opium. Edward's took it, but it made him sick, a thing which had never happened before.

This case became known to other physicians in San Francisco, and according to the latest reports they were all studying it and experimenting with a view to testing the permanency of the cure. The unofficial report of this case ascribed the cure to the mesmeric power of Dr. Brown. It alleges that it was his individual mesmeric influence over Edwards that enabled him to accomplish the result described. This view, however, is opposed to the latest theories of the best medical experts on hypnotism. Dr. Bernheim, professor in the Faculty of Medicine at Nancy, whose recent work on hypnotism is accepted as the best authority on the subject, denies that there is any such influence as was suggested by Mesmer. Nearly all the leading physicians agree that the theories of animal magnetism must be rejected. Dr. Bernheim says upon the subject: "The phenomena of so-called animal magnetism are simply the phenomena of suggestion. In hypnotism the subject's conviction is such that the idea suggested imposes itself with greater or less force upon the mind, and induces the corresponding action by means of a kind of cerebral automatism. In my hypnotic cases I have not observed a single act which can not be thus interpreted without calling for the intervention of any fluid analogous to the force of the magnet, or electricity escaping from certain organisms to react upon others. The doctrine of suggestion, which is deduced from observation, is contrary to the doctrine of Mesmer or mesmerism. The

mesmerists, for example, give the following fact in support of their fluid theory. They say that if a fluid is made over a limb, and the parts are lightly touched, the muscles contract and the limb may be raised; this is a mesmerizing pass. If the pass is then made over the limb without touching it, just moving the air, the limb will fall back again; this is a demesmerizing pass. The air is agitated at one side of the head, the head turns, following the operator's hands. If the pass is made on the opposite side of the head, the head turns back to that side. Pass the hand quickly over the subject's hand, and draw it away suddenly; if this is repeated several times the hand is lifted up of itself and remains in a cataleptic condition—an evident proof, the mesmerists say, that the operator's hand draws the magnetized patient's hand, as the magnet attracts iron. It has been proved that this is in reality only the action of suggestion; that no fluid and magnetic influence comes into play. The phenomena arise apart from the operator's will if, by gesture or by touch, interpreted by the subject's mind, he manifests a desire which the subject can not resist. The same passes, accompanied or unaccompanied with touching of the limb, mesmerizing or demesmerizing, in the language of the magnetizers, may induce the same phenomenon, the raising or dropping of the hand. The subject's movements are instinctive and automatic. The patient's brain directs the movement, naturally indicated by this attitude."

Dr. Graeme M. Hammond, one of the officers of the American Neurological Association, and at the head of the Neurological Department of the Post Graduate School of Medicine in this city, has made exhaustive experiments with the phenomena of hypnotism. He told the *Sun* reporter the other day that he had no doubt that hypnotism would be an agent in overcoming the opium habit in some persons. "I do not see, he said, "why it should not have as much influence over the opium habit as it has over alcoholism and smoking. There are many cases on record where victims of these habits have been cured through its agency. This is the first time that I have heard of the use of hypnotism to overcome the opium habit, but it may be used frequently. I can see very readily how Dr. Brown effected this cure. It is one of the principles of hypnotism that the more frequently it is used upon a subject the stronger becomes its influence. If a patient is hypnotized and told to avoid a certain thing, he will probably obey for twenty-four hours after the first experience. The second time, the influence of the hypnotic command may extend over forty-eight hours. And so it will continue to extend and increase its influence until possibly it has a permanent effect. Very probably Dr. Brown told Edwards, while he was in hypnotic sleep, that he would not smoke or eat opium again; also that if he did it would make him sick. I have had similar experience with victims of the tobacco and alcoholic habits. I have a patient now who was an inveterate pipe smoker. He wants to smoke a pipe all the time. I put him into hypnotic sleep and told him if he would smoke a pipe it would make him sick. The next day he did smoke a pipe, and although this had been his habit for years it made him deathly sick. The result is he will never smoke a pipe again. There are many cases on record where men have been prevented from drinking liquor in this same way."

"There is only one obstacle in the way of the general adoption of hypnotism as a cure for vicious habits. That, however, is a very serious one. It is the fact that not every person is subject to hypnotic influence. In fact, it has been conclusively proved that Americans are the hardest people in the world to hypnotize. The best subjects, I found among people accustomed to obedience—among soldiers and servants. Europeans, on the average, are more generally trained to obedience than Americans, hence a greater proportion of them yield to the suggestions of the hypnotic operators. In my experiments at the post-graduate school I have found it almost impossible to hypnotize Americans. The few who have shown themselves good subjects have proved to be the offspring of Europeans. As a rule I have had to use persons of foreign birth altogether. The best subjects were the Polish and Russian Hebrews. I think, however, that persons who become slaves to habits are more readily subjected to hypnotic influences than others. The man who becomes an opium eater would, I should think, make a good subject. If he yields at all to the influence, I have no doubt that he can be cured."

Physicians are generally agreed about the post-hypnotic influence. The power to give a hypnotic subject a command while in a trance, which he will execute without knowing why after he was awakened, is generally admitted by physicians. Dr. Bernheim mentions a case which came under his observation which proves conclusively that the operator can overcome in the mind of the patient a dislike previously formed. His patient had an unconquerable distaste for meat. He had in vain suggested to her that she would eat it with pleasure. She absolutely refused to accept the suggestion, and did not even wish to taste

neat during her sleep. He thereupon made her give her personality. He asked her what her name was, and when she answered him, he replied: "But no, you are not M. M., you are Josephine D., er aunt."

In an instant or two she accepted his suggestion, and he continued:

"There is your niece, M. M. Give her a lecture. he does not want to eat meat, thinking it is bad, how her how we eat it. Tell her how good it is."

The patient thereupon put herself in her aunt's place, gave her fictitious niece a little lecture, and swallowed willingly a large piece of beef, even asking or more to show her niece how good it was.

Dr. Bernheim expresses the opinion that all men can be hypnotized, but that the methods by which this can be done are not yet known. He says on this subject:

"When a sure and constant soporific agent shall be discovered provoking sleep rapidly without modifying the psychical disposition so that the subject may sleep with his thoughts fixed on the person present, then perhaps no one will escape from the suggestive influence of others, as no one will escape from the hallucinatory suggestions provoked by his own impressions in a normal sleep."

American physicians generally do not agree with this, but the many coincide with Dr. Bernheim in the theory that the question of general intelligence does not affect the subject's susceptibility to hypnotism. New Yorkers think it practically impossible to hypnotize any person, the first time at any rate, without his own consent. Whether the voluntary obedience progresses to the involuntary state depends upon the subject's constitution. Dr. Bernheim says in regard to this:

"It is wrong to believe that the subjects influenced are all weak-nerved, weak-brained, hysterical, or women. Most of my observations relate to men whom I have chosen on purpose to controvert this theory."

Without doubt, impressibility varies. Common people, those of gentle disposition, old soldiers, artisans, people accustomed to passive obedience, have seemed to me more ready to receive the suggestions of preoccupied people, and those who often unconsciously oppose a certain mental resistance. Cases of insanity, melancholia, and hypochondria are often difficult or impossible to influence. The idea of being hypnotized must be present; the patient must submit entirely to the hypnotizer, using no cerebral resistance; then, I repeat, experience shows that a very large majority of people are easily influenced.

"I have hypnotized very intelligent people belonging to the higher grades of society who were not in the least nervous, at any rate in the sense in which that word is commonly used. Doubtless it is often impossible to influence people who make it a point of honor to show that they can not be hypnotized, that they have minds better balanced than others, and that they are not susceptible to suggestions, because such persons do not know how to put themselves into the physical state necessary to realize the suggestion. They refuse to accept it, consciously or unconsciously; in fact, they oppose a kind of counter suggestion."

It is the possibility that slaves of vicious habits will not voluntarily submit to hypnotic influence that makes some physicians doubt its efficacy in many cases. It is a fact generally realized that such persons are not at all anxious to give up their habits. They have become slaves to a degree where they think their sole pleasure in life depends upon the continuance of the habits. According to the theory of hypnotism, these persons can be influenced by anybody, and need not depend upon physicians. Persons who can be influenced at all are subject to general not special influence.

TAKING UP THE CROSS.

By W. WHITWORTH.

I never did go much on talk, neither in political nor church meetings. An ounce of doing is worth more than a bushel of gab any day. A little experience I'm going to tell about will illustrate that pretty plainly. Said Justice Bomm, one Saturday morning: "Frick, here's a job for you in the country. Arrest the party named in this warrant. Don't come back without him."

Talk enough. I hurried home to let mother know I might be away till Monday, so as to be in time to catch the next train out for North Boxwood. Said my granddaughter, a trim little maiden of fourteen, and as sweet a girl as you could find in ten counties: "Oh, grandpa, do take me with you! I do so want to go into the country."

What could I say, with those bright eyes pleading, and the plump, cherry lips set so poutingly? Did God ever make anything more lovely than a fresh-hearted girl! Arrived at Boxwood station, my first business was to place Birdie in the care of a nice, motherly body at a quiet, comfortable house of entertainment, and then look out for the young chap I wanted. I soon had his locality spotted, but found I could not

secure him in time for the last departing train; so arranged to stay until Monday morning. Birdie just danced in ecstasy when she found how long we were to stay, and off we started for a ramble in the woods.

Did you ever fully size up the exquisite delight it gives, how every nerve tingles with the sense of a new existence, to slowly saunter by the side of a tiny creek, rippling over the smooth pebbles, with here and there a big boulder against whose sides the glistening waters splash in whirling flecks of white foam, through long grass and weeds and wild flowers, under the widespreading foliage overhead? What a wealth of deep shadow is given by the trees, what weird music in the swelling rustle of the twigs and leaves, and wonderful beauty flickering down in gleams of chastened sunlight through the gothic fret-work on every hand! Everything is redolent of peace, sweet peace and gladness. The birds sing and twitter in the fulness of unbroken joy, myriads of insects give click and whirr of harmonious accompaniment, while all nature seems filled with happiness to the brim.

"Oh, grandpa, look at these pretty flowers!"

As sweet and innocent as the bright flowers she held in her hands, what a suggestion of heaven's possibilities she presents! But here, plain John Frick is growing ridiculously sentimental for a constable. Next day we went to the little frame church at the crossroads, cosily sheltered under the great overshadowing boughs of a monster button-ball tree. Not many of the good folks had arrived, but they soon began to drop in by two's and three's, the women arranging themselves on one side and the men on the other.

I can't call to mind at what minute the sight first struck me, except, I remember, it was a while after the minister began his discourse. It was such a new and altogether queer thing, that at first I rubbed my eyes to make sure I was looking right.

If you'll believe me, on the top of every bonnet, and on every head, bald or otherwise, there was a bat—one of them night "varmints" with long leathery wings, only twice as big; and they were gently flapping their wings exactly with the same die-away motion of the women waving their fans! No, sir; I didn't fancy it. John Frick isn't, given to wild, romantic fancies, believes in plain facts. And there was the biggest one of all swaying its long wings round the head of the minister! Gospel truth. I never was so beat in my life. What could it mean? I puzzled my brain above a bit. At last I seemed to catch on.

But I must first mention, that from a boy I've had the faculty of seeing things outside of my natural vision, and sometimes it comes to me what they mean. It was given to me this time. It was on account of the sleepiness of the sermon, and the sleepiness of the congregation. Not that any of them were sleeping with eyes closed. It was just a kind of mind dozing, growing out of the fact that the minister was beyond his depth trying to talk about things he didn't understand, and his hearers didn't understand either. I knew this from a confession he made. He had rambled a long time on the importance of having "grace," and then owned up that he couldn't exactly tell what grace was! This put their minds to sleep altogether.

With the stir created by his announcement that there would be a short testimony meeting, the bats vanished as unaccountably as they had appeared.

The testimony was as close to one pattern as if rolled out of a machine. No variety, no life, pitched in one sing-song way, just as boys get off their lessons by rote at school. After one or two got up and almost defiantly avowed their determination to "speak for Jesus," the burden of the rest was desire to "take up the cross," though not one explained what kind of cross nor to what effect they would take it up. As we walked down the road hand-in-hand, the child asked, after remaining pensively silent for several minutes: "Grandpa, can't the people find the cross they said they wished to take up?"

This was a poser. I answered that likely they couldn't; when, at the close of another long spell of silent thinking, she added: "Gradpa, what would they do with the cross if they did find it?"

This was still more of a poser. I had to confess myself beaten.

In the afternoon, just as I'd settled down for an afternoon nap, the dear child came running to my side with eyes in wide-open interest, and eagerly burst forth: "Oh, grandpa! There is a poor lady lying sick—has been sick more than a year—in the little house we saw on the edge of the deep gully; and they say," here she sank her voice to a whisper, "that her husband is not kind to her, and her two big sons and a girl older than I am neglect her very badly; often go away and leave her all alone. They have just passed by here, so the poor lady must be alone now. Oh, how sad and weary it must be! I wish I could go and give her my flowers. Perhaps they might cheer her."

"So you shall, you soft hearted little thing," I said, in response to the pleading look in her wistful eyes. In a rough, plain farm house standing entirely alone, at least a quarter of a mile from any other dwelling

we found a middle-aged lady, with a pinched white face and deep sunken eyes, on a bed in a room off from the main family apartment, and not another soul about the place. It seemed dreadfully hard that one in such extremity should be deserted in this fashion by her family. When I had offered a few words to explain our calling, the dear child timidly approached the bed, and, holding the bunch of sweet-smelling flowers near to the sick woman, softly said:

"I found these, and they looked so pretty and bright, I thought you might like to have them!"

I wish you could have seen the look in that sufferer's countenance. The whole face, with the dim, sunken eyes, lit up like a sudden gleam of sunshine out of a dark cloud. Such a revelation it was of surprise, gladness, and gratitude swelling up from a heart nearly turned to stone. Then a wasted hand clasped that of the girl and drew it to her lips in the most touching way I ever saw. I turned away to the window, I could not stand it, and that's the truth. I don't just know how it came about, but the next I saw my dear girl had reachd down a Bible from a little shelf and began to read; and her clear, soft voice gave out the words that have thrilled with hopeful gladness millions on millions of despairing souls: "Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden and I will give you rest!" And so with other golden promises in a low monotone that was inexpressibly tender. In a sudden burst of energy the sick woman caught the child's head within her arms to her bosom and rained tears of pent-up motherly affection on face, neck and hair, mingled with such burning kisses as only come from a breaking heart, sobbing the words: "Oh! how you have lifted the heavy cross that has crushed me down! Oh, the comfort of it!" Then she lay back exhausted and fell into a quiet sleep. That night, as I sat on the stoop with my darling's head on my knee, the melancholy notes of a distant Whip-poor-Will came softly stealing on the calm summer air; and, just as distinct as I ever heard anything in my life, it said, "Passing away!" "Passing away!"

I can't express what a shock it was next morning, to learn that the poor soul had passed to her rest at the very time that bird gave his solemn note of warning.

Said my dear girl, as we walked to the train: "Oh, grandpa, was that the cross those people wanted to take up? Was it too far away for them?"

"No, deary; it was too near. The farther away a cross is the easier it is to carry."

A long pause, when the child earnestly added: "Oh grandpa, I shall always be so glad that I went and gave comfort to the poor lady before she passed away."

So will Constable John Frick.

A rather remarkable exhibition of hypnotism was given at Drs. Whitmore & Rennebaum's dental parlors last night by Prof. Lars Anderson, recently from Denmark. There were present several dentists and newspaper representatives, the object of the exhibition being to show the utility of hypnotism as a substitute for anæsthetics in pulling teeth. Unfortunately there were no teeth present to be pulled. The offer of a *Times* reporter to undergo the ordeal was not accepted. Prof. Anderson, however, succeeded, it is claimed, in hypnotizing a subject by telephone, something that has hitherto been regarded as impossible. A young man named John Simonson was placed at a 'phone in a drug store, at Lake and Clark streets, while Prof. Anderson called him up from the Commercial hotel. The subject was completely hypnotized in a few moments, it was claimed, and in that condition was made to purchase a cigar, arrest a bystander, and do other things of a like nature. Afterward a blazing match was applied to his hands, but it produced no signs of pain. His head was then placed upon one chair and his feet on another, while a bystander stood on his body, which was perfectly rigid.

Dr. Rennebaum said that Prof. Anderson had frequently hypnotized patients in his office, enabling him to extract teeth without any pain. Besides being able to place subjects under control by telephone, Prof. Anderson has, so Dr. Rennebaum states, hypnotized patients and in that condition sent them with a note to the dentist and they were operated upon without their knowledge. The subject last night was placed under control, and during that condition discovered a watch that had been secreted in a place unknown either to himself or Prof. Anderson. Altogether the performance bore rather an uncanny tinge at times.—*Chicago Times*, Dec. 14th.

The sudden fall of the Irish political leader, Mr. Parnell, morally discredited, and his loss of popular esteem on both sides of the Atlantic, is a most significant object lesson, illustrating the growth of enlightened public sentiment upon the general subject of social purity, and of the increased sensitiveness of public feeling concerning moral delinquencies on the part of public men.—*Philanthropist*.



AN APPEAL.

FROM CELIE, MELIE, AND VELIE.

By their next friend, Eliza Sproat Turner.

We are three tender, clinging things,
With palpitating natures,
We can't endure that gentlemen
Should think of us as creatures

Who dress like frights, and want their rights,
Or business to attend to.
Or have their views, or ask the news,
Or anything that men do.

O listen, valued gentlemen,
Don't let yourselves be blinded,
We're not estranged, we're no way changed,
And not the least strong-minded.

We can't abide careers and things,
We never touch an ism,
We couldn't stand outside a sphere,
Nor do a syllogism.

We don't enjoy rude health, like some,
Nor manish independence,
We're helpless as three soft-shelled crabs
Without some male attendance.

We need—oh, how we need—a guide,
Secure, his views obtaining,
Of what to like, and where to step,
And whether it is raining.

And when we roam, we wait for him
To point with manly strictures,
The landscape out, and say, "Behold!"
Just as they do in pictures.

We're trusting—confiding—
Too easily we're blinded,
We're clinging, and hanging—
And truly feeble-minded.

We disapprove the sort of girl
Who calls for education,
And sells her talents, like a man,
For bold remuneration.

We'd die before we'd learn a trade,
We'd scorn to go to college,
We know (from parsing Milton) how
Unfeminine is knowledge.

"God is thy law, thou mine," it says,
Thou art my guide and mentor,
My author and my publisher,
Source, patentee, inventor.

But we, we can do naught but cling,
As on the oak the vine did,
And we know nothing but to love,
Indeed, we're feeble-minded!

Mr. Paul, who lived for some time in the Cameroon region, West Africa, says the *New York Sun*, tells of a highly successful woman's right movement awhile ago in the Akona tribe, illustrating the fact that when women unanimously assert themselves in savage lands, as well as elsewhere, they are a great power in the community. In that benighted region women are not supposed to have any rights. When a girl is thirteen or fourteen years old, she is sold to anybody who has property enough to pay the price her father asks for her, and thereafter she works like a slave for her board and lodging, and is subject to all the caprices of her lord and master. Even the bondsmen in the community have more privileges than the free women, and some of them, in time, are able to support rather extensive harems of their own.

It happened that there were some strong-minded women among the Akona people, and they lifted up their voices in public places in favor of some radical social reforms that would make the lot of woman-kind rather more endurable. They were jeered at as women reformers have been in some other lands, and were advised by the superior sex to keep on digging in the fields and pounding manioc root, and thank fortune that their lot was not less tolerable. Reform was evidently not to be secured by any amount of feminine protest, and so these strong-minded women put their heads together and decided upon radical and far-reaching measures.

The tribe is a small one. Nearly all the adult females in it enlist under the banner of women's rights. One day there was an enormous commotion in that little community. It was almost wholly confined to the male population, the fact being that there was hardly a woman there to share the excitement. The mothers and wives, in a most unexpected and heartless manner, had suddenly dropped their implements of drudgery, and, with their children in arms

and marriageable daughters, had hied them through the forests to the territory of another tribe, where, at the distance of eight or ten miles from their own garden patches, they were prepared to open negotiations with the lordly chaps they had left behind them. They knew beforehand that they would meet with a hospitable reception in the tribe with which they took refuge. It happened that this tribe was larger than the Akona, and did not like them very well, and it tickled them half to death to see the pickle in which the Akona men suddenly found themselves. The women set themselves to work, earning their daily bread, and waited without a bit of impatience for an embassy to put in an appearance.

The Akona tribe was of the opinion that they could not continue in business without the female members thereof, and they wanted the women to return home. The particularly strong-minded spokeswoman of the refugees said she was glad to learn at last that the women of her tribe were regarded as a desirable element of the Akona people. As the women had taken care of all the men, it was evident they were able to take care of themselves, and they had not the slightest intention of going home except on certain important conditions, which she specified. Then the embassy went home to consult the chief men, who, as their harems were the largest, were the greatest sufferers by the flight of the fair sex. The women stipulated that they would come back if a considerable part of the agricultural duties of the community were in future turned over to the slaves, if the mothers were permitted to have something to say about the disposal of their daughters, and if several other conditions were complied with. It did not take long for the gentlemen of Akona to decide what to do. A day or two later the women went back in high feather, having achieved a complete victory, and they have been treated very well ever since.

Dr. Mary Lee's crusade against the garter in the New York State Normal School is but one chapter in a long but interesting story. Dr. Lee has been for fifteen years professor of physical culture in the school, which has upon its roll about two hundred young women. She is a perfect specimen of her sex from a physical standpoint, and looks the very picture of health. Of commanding presence, pleasing address and the incarnation of kindness, Dr. Lee has great influence among the students. Her education covers many years of hard work at the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor, in the medical college, as well as subsequent study in Europe. Her bent of mind has been in the hygienic line of investigation. She has given temperance lectures based on physiology in county institutes. She requires every young lady student to be governed by the following regulations as to dress: "Heelless shoes having broad toes, garments of light weight, loose about trunk and arms and suspended from the shoulders, are required. Stays are not permitted in class."

The young ladies' gymnasium, over which Dr. Lee rules, is equipped very much as are gymnasiums for the other sex, with Indian clubs, dumb bells, parallel bars, horizontal bars and chest pulleys. The Delsartian method is also followed. One of the first points of attack in Dr. Lee's war upon feminine dress methods was the corset, and it had to go, its place being taken by snugly fitting waists. The visitor has only to drop into a class-room during recitation hours to see what a foothold the new principles of dress reform have gained among the students. Most of the young ladies wear light, loose garments which certainly do not show off their physical contour to a disadvantage. The young lady students recognize in Dr. Lee one of their best friends, and the charm of her personality has had more to do in bringing about the innovations than perhaps anything else. She is greatly amused at the stir her recent orders have made, and modestly says that she has only the interests of her sister women at heart.

Mrs. Eugene M. Aaron, of Philadelphia, obtains the first prize of three, offered last year by Robert H. Lamboe for the best essays on the extirpation of mosquitoes by other insects. Mrs. Watts Hughes, according to *Cassell's Family Magazine*, has made some delicate investigations into the nature of sound, with remarkable results, the making of pictures with notes of music. An elastic membrane, covered with a semi-fluid paste, is placed over the mouth of a hollow receiver. The musical note of the singer mirrors itself in the paste in most unexpected forms, of flowers, ferns and

shells, the form and size of the picture varying with the tone and timbre of the note.—*Woman's Tribune*.

Miss Helen P. Clarke, of Montana, who has been appointed by President Harrison one of the special agents to make allotments of lands in severality to Indians, is herself a half-breed. She was several years superintendent of schools of Lewis and Clarke county (in which Helena is located), and in that position proved an efficient official.

Mrs. Vicken, a member of an English woman's bicycle club, has won a road race against a team of men riders in a race of nineteen miles, which she accomplished in one hour and forty minutes. Another wonderful English rider, Miss Fordham, has ridden a safety 1,900 miles, at the rate of seventy-six miles a day, during the season, and hopes to accomplish 2,000 miles before the season closes.

TRANSITION OF A BALTIMORE SPIRITUALIST.

On December 28th, at the usual Sunday meeting of the Spiritualist Lyceum of Baltimore, Conductor George Brown announced the departure of one of their number. *THE JOURNAL* is requested to publish his remarks, which were as follows:

My friends: It is my painful duty to announce that, since our last meeting, a member of our lyceum has passed away. Mr. Chas. Sandfox departed this life last Monday morning, December 22d. I feel that we should not let the occasion pass without paying some tribute to his memory.

It is true that he was not present with us in our lyceum work as much as we think

he might have been, but he loved the lyceum. His generous donation to the library will stand as a monument to his memory. It seems sad that he should be taken in the bloom of manhood—in the midst of a busy and useful life. My acquaintance with Mr. Sandfox extends over many years, and I might say that I enjoyed his confidence to a considerable extent. And in all that time I never noticed a look or word that betrayed him to be anything but an honorable and virtuous man. Always so scrupulously neat, and I might say, fastidious in his personal appearance, and correct in his habits as well as gentle and modest in manners, he would be an ornament to any society. Although we may not be able to see him with our dim earthly vision, we know that he lives in the spirit world, and that his surroundings are even more beautiful than they were in this life. We also know that under proper conditions he can return and communicate with those whom he has left behind. True friendships commenced in life are continued in the other life. So we may still regard Mr. Sandfox as our friend—our spirit friend we would now call him, and as such, we should always extend to him a warm welcome. In maintaining a friendly feeling with those who have passed over, we may reasonably expect a loving reception from them when our turn comes, for each and all of us must pass through that change some time. Let us rejoice in the thought that we have dear friends waiting for us on the other side.

A CASE OF "SECOND SIGHT."

Mrs. James L. McCaulley of 320 Fourth street, Detroit, Mich., was lately interviewed by a reporter for the *Journal* of that city to whom she gave an account of her remarkable faculty of prevision or "second sight." She did this only after considerable urging and she wished it to be understood that she was not a clairvoyant and disliked publicity. The cause of this interview was the story related at the *Journal* office by one of its employees at the time the Scotton tobacco factory was burned entailing the loss of several lives: that Mrs. McCaulley, twenty-four hours before its occurrence, described to him the particulars of the fire with all its attendant horrors, she having seen it in one of the waking visions to which she has been subject from childhood. We quote from the *Journal* a part of the interview:

"How do you bring these visions before you?"

"I don't bring them. I have no control whatever over them. If I try to foretell any event or circumstance I can accomplish nothing. My mind becomes confused and nothing results from the effort. I began to see visions when a little girl. I lay awake with my eyes closed after going to bed and let my mind wander, and visions

came to me of themselves. When at I used to have my arithmetic problems solved in my visions. I would lie in bed and I saw a blackboard and I would the sums on the board, figured out in white chalk marks. This gift clung to me. When I was a school teacher at St. John Mich., I had a very difficult problem to solve. I tried for over a week to get a correct answer, but did not succeed. One night after retiring I frightened the wife out of my sleeping room mate by crying 'I've got it!' 'I've got it!' The solution of the problem had been shown me in a vision and I got up and put it down in black and white. Three weeks before my father's death I was apprised of it. I saw his deathbed and heard his last words, the words he uttered when he passed away. At the time I saw this he was in good health, and he was not taken until a week later.

"Last spring a man named Creighton was missing from Alpena. He had suddenly disappeared, and no trace could be found. In one of my visions I saw a man crossing a railroad track. He was intoxicated. I saw him totter and fall into the water. The water swept him out into a large body of water. In another vision I saw the man washed upon an island, where it remained. When I saw the man fall the 'Creighton' appeared before me in letters. I told the story of my vision friend. He saw the advertisement: Creighton, and sent the story to Alpena friends in a letter. The matter was published in the Alpena papers. An Alpena man who noticed the article walked out on the pier. A strong wind was blowing towards shore. While the man stood the Creighton's body was washed up to the pier. The island I had seen was one Alpena bay.

"I see things from twelve hours to three weeks before they occur. I have always believed that fortune-telling and soothsaying were nonsense, but I know from experience that there are psychic phenomena which are beyond explanation. I am not, I pride myself on being a practical woman."

The report goes on to say Mrs. McCaulley does not strike the observer as being usually termed a "visionary" person. On the contrary her appearance and her conversation indicate that she is what she says, a practical woman. She is young and of medium size, with rather dark hair and light eyes.

A PECULIAR LIBEL SUIT.

Much interest is felt in the controversy between Joseph Beals, the dentist, and Lewis Merriam of Greenfield, who is over 80 years old and a brother of Homer Merriam of this city. Dr. Beals has begun suit against Mr. Merriam for an alleged libel and caused his property to be attached for \$10,000. The circumstances are these: For many years Mr. Merriam has sold 3,000 copies of the *Old Farmers' Almanac* annually in Franklin county, receiving them from the publishers in sheets and adding from 50 to 100 pages of advertising. It has been Mr. Merriam's custom for many years to add four texts from the Bible to every page of advertising, running around the four sides. Many pages of religious matter have also been included with the pamphlet when bound. This year Mr. Merriam borrowed from Dr. Beals a tract that was published many years ago and bearing the caption, "The Mountain Miller." This was the name given to Dr. Beals's grandfather, who lived in Plainfield and whose name was also Joseph Beals. The tract gave the religious experience of the elder Beals in the old orthodox style, and was intended to be circulated with the almanac, and several additional thousands were printed in leaflet form with this addition at the close by Mr. Merriam over his own name: "Joseph Beals, the sainted mountain miller of Plainfield, Hampshire county, Mass., was grandfather of Joseph Beals, president of the Spiritualists' Association of Greenfield, Franklin county, Mass. Which of the two has done most to elevate and help others heavenward, I leave for others to decide. That the gatherings at Lake Pleasant on Sundays have done more to promote Sabbath desecration in Franklin county than all other causes combined I verily believe, and my parting injunction to Joseph Beals of Greenfield is, 'Prepare to meet thy God.—Amos iv: 12.'" Of course the alleged libelous matter is that included within the quotation marks. The words "prepare to meet thy God" are printed in capitals. This tract was not used in the almanac, but 1,800 of the 500

let form were delivered to Mr. Merriam and some are supposed to be in circuit. The remainder are in the hands of the binder and he has been enjoined on delivering them. Dr. Beals is now in Denver, Col. Mr. Merriam has been in health for several months.—*Springfield Republican*.



HY PSYCHICAL KNOWLEDGE IS NOT GENERAL.

TO THE EDITOR: People often wonder how God did not shape the destinies of men so that they might have the sense of spirit life in some form according to our material senses without resort to psychical force to furnish.

While it is impossible to tell why did not let us see if we can find some reason why the conditions of such knowledge are so obscure to the masses so few are favored with means of mining the fact of such life. Most are willing to admit the force of matter. It is quite apparent the material body would not build es, factories and railroads if not dictated or compelled to do so by the mind which in health is always responsible for the actions of the body. If God had ordained that the spirit should act independent of matter in relation to the material world he would have been forced to begin a creative contract at the top of the great man edifice with no perceptible foundation for it to rest upon. It will be seen before that matter is secondary in the visions of creation. Be it remembered that matter is not spirit. They meet only convenience in accomplishing results when accomplished matter returns to proper sphere, while the spirit retains elements as such, and pursues its course independent of matter. Man in physical can not penetrate the elements of spirit life simply because he is related to the material body by natural affinity which holds him prisoner subject to the laws of materiality, and all the evidence he gets of the future life of the spirit must pass up to him through the senses of his material body. Comparatively few of mankind possess the faculty to properly classify evidence of spirituality handed up through this material channel. It is impossible for God to have made the relation between matter and spirit any greater than it is and still preserve the elements in both.

The ordinary five senses of the human body aided by psychic force have proved and may again prove the existence, and comprehend the elements of spirit life. Through the senses we may summon evidence before the tribunal of reason. Physical phenomena may be introduced in evidence of spirit life which may lead to a conviction without other evidence. The final decision however must always be rendered by the inner court (reason) which is no part of the material body or the matter of which it is composed, but simply located here during a probationary season by the law of necessity. Matter and spirit being thus composed of different elements it is unreasonable to suppose that it was possible for God to change the order of life and so blend the spiritual with matter as to make spirit life more comprehensible to mankind than it is. Besides if it were possible for such a condition to exist i. e. that spirit was discernible to the physical senses all manner of perplexities would arise in consequence. It is necessary that a strong line of distinction should be drawn between materiality and the spiritual universe. The means of communion are just enough obscure to require the interposition of psychic law in the copartnership of matter and spirit "the cosmos" man to determine the ultimate result of such union, which is the life of the spirit. If the world of spirits could be recognized by the ordinary senses of the human body there would be a lack of human energy sufficient to stagnate every branch of material enterprise, every effort to penetrate into the mysteries of science would cease, and the result would be the annihilation of farther development of mankind. The facts of spirit life are just enough obscure to engender mental activity the result of which creates force, which alone constitutes the measure of spiritual vitality. It is this force that has brought to light all modern improvements and unfolded so many mysteries in science. Had

they all been discernible to the ordinary senses of the body there would have been no incentive to determine results. Knowledge would preclude effort, and the world would have remained prehistoric. Spiritual science is as provable as any other science. The evidence in support of such life is just as admissible as much that is accepted in other sciences. If it were possible to determine the facts in spiritual science by weight or measure, the same as wheat and corn, they would be considered hardly worth weighing or measuring and effort in that direction would cease and the result is obvious. Any knowledge that is obtained without an effort, of the visible universe simply, does not contribute to the growth of mentality which constitutes the properties of spiritual energy, hence if spiritual science was as discernible as the results of physical science are, no one would care to investigate its mysterious origin or destiny.

R. L. J.

A WARNING.

TO THE EDITOR: In December 1847, I was going from Philadelphia to Baltimore on a steamboat, and when in the Chesapeake Bay, off Goose Island, I had gone down to the engine room and was talking to the engineer when a voice said to me, "Leave here, the boiler will burst." I tried to drive it from my mind thinking it only imagination, when again I heard it say, "Fly for your life!" I was then seized with an indescribable terror; I hurried to the stairs and up them I ran on to the hurricane deck, and away I went as fast as I could. When I reached the stairs at the bow of the boat the explosion took place; and I afterwards helped lay out, and dress the wounds of 18 poor fellows that were scalded. The engineer and fireman, I think, died from the effects of their injuries. That was my first spiritualistic experience, but since that time I have had some wonderful manifestations of spirit power.

W. D. MOORE.

AN APPARITION OF THE LIVING.

TO THE EDITOR: Some time in the summer of 1873, when I was living in Sedalia, Mo., I received a letter from a friend of mine, a teacher in Greenwood township, Juniata county, Pennsylvania, in which she declared that on a recent afternoon, while she was engaged with her pupils in a room full of scholars, I appeared to her and indeed spent the greater part of the afternoon with her, and yet, at the date she gave, I was busy with my daily duties at my home in Sedalia many hundred miles away. I kept the letter in which this apparition of myself was described for many years, but finally it was destroyed; a fact which I regret in these days when so much attention is being given to psychical explanation of these "phantoms." As near as I can recall the words, she wrote, "I could tell the kind of dress you wore and understand your thoughts. You looked very sad." I enclose you my friend's present address, and if you think it worth while you might write her and get fuller details of the apparition.

LIZZIE KELLOGG.

SATISFACTORY IMPROMPTU SEANCE.

TO THE EDITOR: As I consider it my duty, I beg leave to state the following occurrence to your readers:

On December 15th I paid a visit to a lady in Brooklyn with whom I have the honor to be acquainted for nearly two years. She kindly invited me to remain for the rest of the evening as she expected her sister-in-law, Mrs. S. Umber, a gifted medium who usually calls on her Monday evenings. Shortly after this Mrs. U. arrived and kindly consented to my remaining with them. We entered the front parlor and seated ourselves near one of the windows. The electric light from the street lamp in front of the house poured into the room and subdued by the shades and lace curtains covering the large windows gave a twilight effect to the surroundings. Instead of a table Mrs. D., the lady of the house, placed a simple tin tube (similar to one used by Mrs. Umber at her own home) close to the window in front of our seats. The question addressed to the spirits, "Shall Bro. H. say the Lord's prayer?" was answered instantly by three distinct raps. After this we conversed awhile as to the anticipated manifestations. As there was no sign of any movement on the part of our invisible friends, we commenced to sing or rather hum a verse in

order not to awake the attention of the other occupants of the house. All at once the tube commenced to move toward us. We formed, remaining in our chairs, a chain by holding each other's hands. Then the tube leaned against my knees tapping them repeatedly, and glided to Mrs. D. and thence to the medium, performing the same operations which we knew was the greeting from Skiwaukee the controlling spirit of Mrs. Umber's band. We returned the tube to where it was first placed when it laid itself down on the carpet. The next manifestations were in the shape of lights which floated in front of us, answering questions by disappearing and suddenly reappearing. Their mild blue shade contrasted effectively with the white electric light of the street lamp in front. Soon after we noticed to our surprise a dark form appearing to the right of the medium which then glided toward the window thus bringing it into the full light which brilliantly reflected from the white drapery and veil in which the etherealized spirit was wrapped. My question "Is it you, my dearly beloved sister?" was answered by a slight graceful bow. We extended our hands and slowly she disappeared whilst I fervently called God's blessing upon my dear sister. Soon the form of a child appeared under the same conditions and distinctly visible. Mrs. D. asked, "If you are my dear little girl please tell me your name," whereupon the etherealization whispered "Lilly," which was the name of the niece of both the ladies. After we congratulated ourselves on these unexpected manifestations and hummed a few lines of another song, the silvery voice of "Sunshine" greeted us and expressed her joy at the result of their combined effort to manifest. Then followed a voice which addressed me as her "dear, dear brother." She thankfully mentioned that Sunshine assisted her in her efforts and told how happy she felt to prove to me the truth of immortality. After a short pause the voice of our friend Skiwaukee greeted me in his cordial way and then five distinct raps were heard the signal of the close of this wonderful seance which was given without compensation or expectation thereof.

H. H.

NEW YORK, Dec. 16th.

SIXTY YEARS AGO.

TO THE EDITOR: Some of the friends of my earlier life who remain anchored in agnosticism, wonder how I became a Spiritualist, but they can see how easy it was for me to become what the Christians call an infidel. Sixty years ago I was an orphan serving my time on a rocky farm in New Hampshire. I had not been sent to school until I was old enough to earn the money to pay my way at fourteen, and as I had no religious training my mind was left free from the Christian superstitions until it was ripe enough to reason. When I began to go to school the pious children and prayerful teacher began to give me some religious instruction. They said this earth was God's footstool and I at once saw that to be such it must be flat and stand still for God's feet as he sat on his great white throne of which they told me, and as in later years I found the pictures of the oriental gods did. My geography lesson soon taught me the earth was round and moving with great velocity; then I saw the absurdity. Next they said God made this world out of nothing and working six days made sun, moon and stars to light it, and I soon found this a greater absurdity than the other.

Following on in their Christian absurdities I found nothing in harmony with reason or science and rejected them accordingly. On going to the churches I found them singing such nonsense as "There is a fountain filled with blood drawn from Immanuel's veins," etc., and many equally absurd and ridiculous stories, among them the one about the Holy Virgin in the temple of the Jews who say no such person or event ever occurred there, and as it was most absurd to suppose they would have let her go under such circumstances I of course accepted their history and rejected the Christian story; then the story of the crucifixion seemed ridiculous as the Jews never put any criminals to death in that way. So one thing after another of Christian teaching was rejected. And the more I read through life the less evidence do I find of any truth in it—historically or scientifically. Christians often asked me if I could not see the moral precepts running through the Old and New Testaments. I said yes, but they are no better, no more sacred and have no more evidence of Divine origin than those of other old religious books and sacred histories.

In 1844-5 I began to experiment in me-

merism with no more belief in a future life than my old friend Seaver of the *Investigator* had. In these experiments I found myself in correspondence with intelligences that knew much more than I did and I know it could not be the person mesmerized unless he was entirely free from his body and possessed of knowledge which he did not possess when awake before or after. But the intelligence declared itself to be persons who had lived in this life and were not destroyed by death. Of course I could not call it a Christian god or devil for I had neither. About this time I was greatly interested in the experiments made with A. J. Davis and a young man in Cincinnati, and by the time Mr. Davis's first book was published in 1847 I was ready to defend existence for mortals after death. Soon after came the physical evidences which have been to me abundant ever since and which I could not reject, and which in themselves as I have witnessed them could not fail to convince any honest person who had reason enough to reject early education and popular superstition. I am near crossing the line of 78 years and expect soon to be with my friends in the other life.

WARREN CHASE.

COBDEN, ILL.

INSPIRED BY PHEBE CAREY.

TO THE EDITOR: A reporter of the Brooklyn *Argus* called on Mrs. C. H. Jewell at her home to find out if there was any truth in the rumors about certain spiritual phenomena manifested through her. Mrs. Jewell is a nice intelligent looking lady about 33 years of age. She has a pleasant voice and a ready flow of language. Her father was a Baptist minister, and she was taught to look upon Spiritualism as a fraud, and she would probably now be holding the same opinion had it not been for a series of strange experiences dating from June 1879. In company with her husband, also a strong disbeliever, she attended a seance at the home of a friend. In the course of the evening she was made aware of the presence of some unknown power attempting to control her. She was disturbed, and by a strong effort of the will was able to resist the advances of the bold spirit. But this spirit was persistent, and the next evening in the quiet of her home, she again became possessed of these sensations. This time yielding to a sudden fancy, she resolved not to interpose her will against succumbing to a spirit influence, for such she felt it must be. In a few minutes she was in a trance, and calling for pencil and paper wrote a message to her husband from his brother who passed away four years before. She continued to receive communications, but none of much importance until September 5th. The company had finished singing "Sweet Bye and Bye" when Mrs. Jewell felt a strong controlling influence and the words of the following poem from her astonished her friends:

The sweet long ago,
Many were the joys of that sweet oiden time.
The mists that surround them make them sublime;
When life's labors done and our heads are laid low,
Then others will sing of the sweet long ago.

The lips that are young now will soon sing the
praise
And join in the song of our youthful days,
And the sweet bye and bye, with its music so low,
Will go hand in hand with the sweet long ago.

She did not know what spirit controlled her, but later at her own home she was informed it was the spirit of Phebe Carey. But the most singular fact to a nonbeliever is yet to be told. Mr. Jewell, still quite a skeptic, asked the spirit how he was to know that it was Phebe Carey. She then said she would give her a test, but he was to say nothing to his wife. She also controlled a spirit of a lady living in New York and she would influence her to write a letter to Mrs. Jewell. In a few days Mrs. Jewell received a letter from New York signed Eliza Holt apologizing for writing to a stranger, but said she was influenced by the spirit of Phebe Carey, and gave an account of what the spirit had imparted to her in reference to controlling Mrs. Jewell. She stated Phebe Carey was a very intimate friend, and wished Mrs. Jewell to send some of the poems she had been influenced to write by Phebe's spirit. She did so; soon after she received a second letter from New York expressing the delight she had felt in reading the poems, which bore unmistakable evidence of emanating from her friend now in the Spirit-land. This letter was not signed by Eliza Holt, but by the name of a lady well known to the literary world. A. R.

Mr. C. P. McCarthy, of 823 East 125th street, New York city, is said to be a very superior mesmerist. He has made a greater study of mesmerism, or hypnotism as it is now called, than almost any other man in America; and in some respects it is probable his experience is superior and more extended than that of any other. While in the Church of England and curator of a large and populous parish, he used mesmerism as a therapeutic agent with such marked success as to attract the attention of leading medical men. For two years, while superintendent of the lunatic asylum at Clonmel, Ireland, he successfully treated many forms of insanity with mesmerism. Mr. McCarthy is now teaching "medical hypnotism," and also treating patients, assisted by the advice and supervision of regularly diplomatised physicians. Those interested can visit or write him for full particulars.

Sunday the 18th, will be a notable day for the many people in Cleveland, Ohio, it being the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Children's Progressive Lyceum. The occasion will be celebrated by special exercises during the afternoon and evening at the Lyceum Theatre. The Cleveland lyceum was organized in January 1866 by Andrew Jackson Davis, and it is claimed that it is the only one which has sustained itself for a quarter of a century. The managers announce that "as a fitting tribute of honor and respect on this occasion to the 'Seer of Poughkeepsie,' a special invitation has been extended to him as our guest." Mr. J. W. Pope is conductor. The committee of arrangements is: Thomas Lees, chairman; Tillie H. Lees, Richard Carleton, A. B. Calkins, Mrs. Calkins and Mrs. T. V. Cooke. A cordial invitation is extended to all who may be interested.

Dr. J. K. Bailey writes that he gave lectures and parlor meetings during December in Joplin, Mo.; Oswego, Elk City and Moline, Kan., and spent Christmas with friends at Council Grove. His permanent address is 812 South Washington avenue, Scranton, Pa. From the Moline (Kan.) Republican the following notice of Dr. Bailey is copied: "Dr. J. K. Bailey lectured in the opera house Sunday morning and evening on Spiritualism. The morning lecture treated the subject from a philosophical and rationalistic standpoint, while the evening discourse was devoted to a comparison of biblical and modern Spiritualism. Dr. Bailey is thoroughly posted on his theme. He is a ready talker and a logical reasoner and never fails to hold the attention of his auditors. While he is a resident of Scranton, Pa., he formerly lived some years in sunny Kansas and is now on a visit to old-time friends."

The lion of Chicago last week was Henry M. Stanley who lectured twice to audiences of 6,000 each time. Among other attentions bestowed upon Mr. and Mrs. Stanley was a reception on Sunday evening by the Press Club. While the club has given many brilliant receptions to distinguished visitors we have never before witnessed one of such interest. Assisted by his accomplished wife, Mr. Stanley personally greeted every one of the 400 who assembled to pay tribute to his courage and great achievements.

C. E. Ingram writes: I am a reader of your very valuable paper, and although I take a number of papers and magazines, I greatly prefer yours to all the rest of them combined. I became a subscriber from reading extracts from your paper in the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*. I had never seen even a sample copy of it. I have never seen a supernatural manifestation of any kind,

but am a believer in what is commonly called Spiritualism, and have been for many years.

Helen Petrovna Blavatsky has discarded her long-time faithful slave, dupe and fellow charlatan, Col. H. S. Olcott. The siren of the Caucasus has no more use for the Yankee, and so cuts him off. Olcott should now wend his way to Jerusalem and combine with the ex-Rev. George Chainey in promoting the Society for the Mutual Protection of Deceaved Fakes and Divorced Males.

J. N. Blanchard writes: I believe THE JOURNAL is the best Spiritual paper published. I have been a constant subscriber ever since it started. If the Spiritualists generally could read THE JOURNAL the cause would be better sustained and the people have less nonsense in their philosophy.

An attempt by the Allopathists of Vermont to establish a medical tyranny in that state has been defeated by Dr. E. A. Smith of Brandon, assisted by homeopathic physicians and leading citizens who think Vermonters quite capable of knowing whom they desire to employ.

The mountain air of California, where she went in September to spend the winter, not agreeing with Miss Lizzie Doten she returned to Boston. Since reaching Boston, her friends will be glad to learn, she has greatly improved.

Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith, who was taken ill at Queen City Park last August, has not yet fully recovered, but her friends look hopefully for complete restoration.

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BOOK REVIEWS.

[All books noticed under this head are for sale at, or can be ordered through the office of THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.]

Civilization: An Historical Review of its Elements. By Charles Morris, author of "The Aryan Race," "A Manual of Classical Literature," etc. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. 2 Vols.; pp. 1000, 1890. Price, \$4.

Mr. Morris in this work gives an outline view of the elements of civilization, and endeavors to set forth the philosophy of human progress and to trace the steps by which man has advanced from a savage to an enlightened condition. The field covered is a broad one, but the many topics treated are dealt with concisely and in a way to give a clear picture of the whole diversified scene. The author understands that civilization, though a grand whole, is made up of many discrete parts and that its various elements have gained positions and have histories of their own. He therefore gives each separate consideration. Mr. Morris infers from the fact that man is the only naked animal that first appeared in the tropics. All other creatures, even those that now live in tropical regions, are clothed with hair or feathers, in a thick skin or in a bony coat of mail. Man's progress has been the result of his needs and not of intention. Necessity has urged him upward and onward, and produced the diversity in modes of living and in occupation. War has been an agency in civilization. In Egypt Mr. Morris believes civilization was born, "and there it passed the days of its lusty childhood," spreading thence to Babylon to the Syrian plain, to the Valley of Assyria, to the hills of Palestine, and to Phoenicia, Asia Minor, Cyprus, Greece, Sicily, Spain and eventually to America. No adequate idea of the work, which is one of great ability and value, can be given in a brief notice.

A Handsome Catalogue.

The catalogues issued in the different branches of trade for 1891 show in many instances a decided improvement over those of 1890, high as the standard of excellence reached by some of them in that year was. It is a recognized fact that the seed trade leads all others in the beauty and cost of these publications. One now before us, sent out by Wm. Henry Maule, Philadelphia, Pa., well illustrates the truth of the above statement. And it may be added that his catalogue leads in a trade whose catalogues lead all other trades. Typographically, and that is what first strikes a publisher's eye, it would be hard to equal. Its 120 pages are marvels of type composition, engraving and press work. It would be difficult to find a space on any page that has not been utilized both artistically and practically. In addition to the colored outside pages, twelve colored plates are scattered through the body of the catalogue, which will compare favorably with the lithographers art as displayed in his most expensive productions. We doubt if the most critical disciple of the "art preservative" could find a peg on any page upon which to hang a fair adverse criticism. So much for its typography. As a catalogue to convey information of the business it advertises, it is equally perfect. The letter press condenses all the useful information which will enable the farmer, gardener and fruit grower to select such seeds, plants or trees as he desires, in a wonderful compact, yet intelligent manner. Space is not used to display verbosity, neither is it economized at the expense of a clear and definite description of the seeds and plants offered for sale. The illustrations are used in such connection with the printed descriptions as to give to its readers a clear, accurate conception of the ripened products of Maule's Seeds. We notice in glancing through its pages that last year Mr. Maule offered and paid \$1,500 in cash prizes for field and garden products raised from his seeds, and \$1,000 for the largest club orders for seeds sent him in 1890. He repeats these offers for the current year. It is no disparagement to many other artistic catalogues and but simple justice, to say that Maule's Seed Catalogue for 1891 is as near perfection as it seems possible to bring such things.

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He finds he has sorrows more deep than his fears; He grumbles to think he has grumbled for years; He grumbles to think he has grumbled away His home and his children, his life's little day; But alas! 'tis too late! it is no use to say That his eyes are too dim and his hair is too gray; He knows he is wretched as wretched can be, There was no one so wretchedly wretched as he.

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'Neath rolling cloud.

And myriad stars creep out and shine
O'er that still breast
Of vaulted blue, so calm, so deep,
In tranquil rest.

A hush, a silence o'er the earth,
A look divine,
As from the eyes of one who sees
Farther than mine!

A visionary dream sweeps round
My listening heart,
Oh, night! how wonderful and grand
To me thou art!

Far off the ripples of the sea
Break on the sand,
Most musical the echoes fall
O'er sky and land.

One bird is warbling low and clear,
The nightingale
Sings to the moon in rapturous tones
Her oft-told tale.

What time the shadows fall betwixt
The radiant sky,
She loves to pour her liquid notes
In one long sigh.

Betwixt two worlds we live and move,
Of joy and woe,
The spirit and the fleshly school,
Whose wavelets flow.

Adown the rugged shores of time
Unto the goal,
That lies in earthly mists—yet guides
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Two Worlds! the unseen and the seen,
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THE OLD MAN SINGS.

There's a wobble in the jingle and a stumble in the meter,
And the accent might be clearer and the volume be completer,
And there might be much improvement in the stress and intonation,
And a polish might be added to the crude pronunciation;
But there's music, like the harper played before the ancient kings,
When the old man takes the fiddle and goes feeling for the strings;
There is laughter choked with tear-drops when the old man sings.

And we form a ring about him, and we place him in the middle,
And he hugs up to his withered cheek the poor old broken fiddle,
And a smile comes on his features as he hears the strings' vibration,
And he sings the songs of long ago with faltering intonation;
And phantoms from the distant past his broken music brings.
And trooping from their dusty graves come long-forgotten things,
When he tunes the ancient fiddle and the old man sings.
We let the broken man play on upon the broken fiddle,
And we press around to hear him as he sits there in the middle;
The sound of many wedding bells in all the music surges—
Then we hear their clamor smothered by the sound of funeral dirges.
'Tis the story of his lifetime that in the music rings—
And every life's a blind man's tune that's played on broken strings—
And so we sit in silence while the old man sings.

—S. W. Foss.

As a fond mother, when the day is o'er,
Leads by the hand her little child to bed,
Half-willing, half-reluctant to be led,
And leaves his broken playthings on the floor,
Still gazing at them through the open door,
Nor wholly reassured and comforted
By promises of others in their stead,
Which, though more splendid, may not please him more;

So nature deals with us, and takes away
Our playthings, one by one, and by the hand
Leads us to rest so gently that we go,
Scarce knowing if we wish to go or stay,
Being too full of sleep to understand
How far the unknown transcends the what we know.

—LONGFELLOW.

Home Without a Mother.

The room's in disorder,
The cat's on the table,
The flower-stand upset, and the mischief to pay;
And Johnny is screaming
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Part Third.

MODERN SPIRITUALISM.

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CHAPTER II.

RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

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BY JOHN C. BUNDY

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A NEW PSYCHOMETRIST AND MEDIUM.

For some years we have known of the psychical powers of Mrs. Adaline Eldred. Her ability in psychometric reading has been tested repeatedly by those with wide experience; and from our own observations and the testimony of others we believe she has no superior in this field. There are many difficulties in the way of making psychometry of practical and scientific value; but with a sensitive of Mrs. Eldred's mental and moral characteristics these difficulties are minimized. She has never been before the public, nor has she professionally employed this or other psychical and medial gifts, but has freely given her time to friends and inquirers; actuated by a keen desire to fathom her own powers, and a laudable desire to benefit humanity. Seeing how her time and strength were taxed, and knowing that her circumstances would not warrant continuance of gratuitous work we have repeatedly urged Mrs. Eldred to put herself before the public professionally and receive pay for service rendered. Only within the past few days has she yielded to our arguments and the demands of the case. Mrs. Eldred is clairvoyant, and sensitive to spirit influence. Being a woman of superior intelligence she is not liable to misinterpret obscure and complex impressions. She reads character, either from a letter, photograph or other article, or without either if the sub-

ject is present. We have heard her ability commended as an adviser in business matters. She can usually read important past events in one's life, and often accurately predicts future events. Sometimes she gives tests of spirit return and identity, but does not feel authorized to say she can do this except under very favorable conditions. In reading mineral specimens and other objects and giving their value, surroundings, history, etc., she has been successful; and has often given the substance of and correct answers to written questions sealed and placed in her hand. In diagnosing disease Mrs. Eldred has been especially fortunate. She is well fitted to develop the psychical powers of others and to give sound advice to such persons.

We have prevailed on Mrs. Eldred to take up the public work, and while we do not expect that she will in all cases give satisfaction professionally, we know she will command the respect of all who patronize her and the friendship of those so fortunate as to make her acquaintance. She will give "parlor evenings" at private residences on reasonable terms. Her fee will be \$2. for a sitting at her office, or for a psychometric reading or diagnosis by mail. In case an exhaustive, extended reading is required the fee will be \$5. For psychometrizing ore, the fee will be from \$5. upward. Mrs. Eldred can be consulted daily, except Sunday, from 1 to 5 p. m., at Room 4, Number 2138 Michigan Boulevard, Chicago. Correspondents may address her at the same place.

SOCIETY OF ETHICAL SPIRITUALISTS.

A goodly number of New York city Spiritualists have organized under the name of The New Society of Ethical Spiritualists, and engaged the popular lecturer, Mrs. Helen Temple Brigham, as the regular speaker. Meetings will begin on Sunday morning, February 1. The fine hall of the Knickerbocker Conservatory, 44 West 14th street, has been secured for morning and evening services during the current year. As our readers know, Mrs. Brigham has been for many years the regular lecturer of the First Society of New York. The necessity of a new departure is set forth in the short but perspicuous announcement of the new organization which reads as follows:

"Believing that the time has come when the true Spiritualist should stand before the world, not only as a disseminator of the truth of continued existence after the death of the body and of spiritual communion, but as a friend of law and order, of all good works, of all effort to elevate mankind, and to encourage all that tends to pure and honest living; and that he should show to the world that Spiritualism stands for something more than phenomena to gratify the curiosity of the idle, or even the scientific interest of the scholar; believing this and that the Spiritualist should, of all men, be cautious and thorough in investigation, fearless in advocating the truth and equally fearless in denouncing fraud and imposture, the friend of good morals and the open and avowed enemy of all immorality, it is proposed, for the furtherance of these objects, to form an organization to be called The New Society of Ethical Spiritualists, with Mrs. Helen T. Brigham as its regular speaker, having occasional exchanges. Such exchanges to be invariably men and women of known integrity. In support of this movement we ask the co-operation of all who are in sympathy with the sentiment herein expressed."

The encouragement and support of all interested is earnestly invited. Communications may be addressed to Mrs. H. T. Brigham, 145 West 44th street, or Miss B. V. Cushman, 224 East 39th street, New York city.

CORRECTION.

On page 514 of this issue, fifth line from the bottom of first column, and before the words "the beloved aunt," insert the words *a messenger from*. That these words were unintentionally omitted would be apparent to most readers, but attention is called to avoid any confusion. The exigencies ever present with an editor-publisher sometimes preclude his supervision of final "proofs" before going to press, and such was the case in this instance.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Dr. Price's Baking Cream Powder.

Used in Millions of Homes—40 Years the Standard.

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Of Roxbury, Mass., says

Don't write to me when taking the first bottle of my Medical Discovery. I know how it makes you feel, but it's all right. There are certain cases where the Discovery takes hold sharp, but it is the diseased spot in you it has taken hold of, and that's what you want. The Discovery has a search warrant for every humor, from backache to scrofula, inside and outside, and of course it makes a disturbance in your poor body, but the fight is short, you are better by the second bottle; if not, then tell me about it, and I will advise. I will, however, in the future, as in the past, answer any letter from a nursing mother.

Sincerely yours,

DONALD KENNEDY,
ROXBURY, MASS.

KNABE

PIANOS.

UNEQUALLED IN

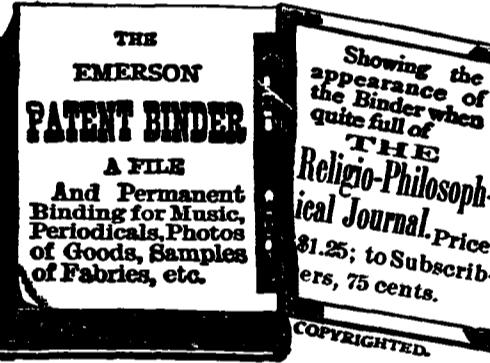
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PASTOR KÖNIG'S NERVE TONIC

Two Bottles Cured Her. 6

CARROLL, Ia., July, 1882.

I was suffering 10 years from shocks in my head, so much so, that at times I didn't expect to recover. I took medicines from many doctors, but didn't get any relief until I took Pastor König's Nerve Tonic, the second dose relieved me and 2 bottles cured me. S. W. PECK.

Vanished.

Rev H. McDONOUGH of Lowell, Mass., vouches for the following: There is a case of which I have knowledge, and I am very glad to avail myself of the opportunity to make known the good derived from the use of König's Nerve Tonic. The subject is a young lady, who had been suffering from early childhood. On my recommendation she procured your remedy, and for three months, the fits of epilepsy by which she has been so long subject have ceased entirely.

Our Pamphlet for sufferers of nervous diseases will be sent free to my address, and poor patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge from us.

This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor König, of Fort Wayne, Ind., for the past ten years, and is now prepared under his direction by

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THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

TRUTH WEARS NO MASK, BOWS AT NO HUMAN SHRINE, SEEKS NEITHER PLACE NOR APPLAUSE: SHE ONLY ASKS A HEARING.

ESTABLISHED 1865.

CHICAGO, JAN. 17, 1891.

NEW SERIES—VOL. 1, NO. 34.

For Publisher's Announcements, Terms, Etc, See Page 16

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

The tendency of the times among well-to-do Americans is to small families. According to a table compiled from the Massachusetts census one-fifth of the native married women of Massachusetts are childless. It is said that in no country save France can a similar condition of affairs be found. On the other hand, only 13.27 per cent. of the foreign born mothers of Massachusetts are childless.

The penalty for profane swearing under the Pennsylvania "blue laws" of 1794, is 70 cents for each oath, or, in default of payment thereof, one day in jail for each oath. A conviction under the blue laws is a very rare occurrence in this state, but Polk Wilson, of Chamberburg, a well-known character about town, was lately sent to jail for eighty days, he refusing to pay the fine of \$57.30 for the luxury of swearing eighty times.

An office has been opened in Paris at which men with titles and nothing else, may consult a list of eligible maids, widows and divorced women with descriptions of their property, disposition, and various personal attractions, says the *Congregationalist*. Every applicant pays a small fee, and promises, in case he secures a wife from the list, to pay a percentage on her estimated wealth. Of course only fools apply, and it is not to be supposed that the names of the women on the list are there with their consent. Still, there have been a number of marriages between foreigners and American women where the main things to be united were titles and money.

General Booth's movement for relieving poverty and want in London, since the resignation of Commissioner Smith, one of the literary leaders of the Salvation Army, has been steadily growing weaker. Recently Huxley made a powerful attack upon the scheme, citing the experience of past religious orders, and their inevitable tendency to use the property intrusted to them for personal ends when the first glow of religious zeal has passed away. Others have drawn attention to the way in which the Booth family monopolize the honors and emoluments of the Salvation Army. Through divided counsels and shaken confidence the scheme is likely to fail. It is announced that subscriptions are being withdrawn. Only a few weeks ago money or pledges of contributions were coming in from every direction.

The city of Denver, Col., is discussing the feasibility of establishing a plant and furnishing its own electric lights. It is now paying \$77,856 a year for its lights to an electric light company. The estimates show that a building with all necessary machinery and appliances can be erected for \$174,000. The interest on that sum, with the cost of running the plant, would be \$37,500. Difference in favor of the city, \$40,356. If these figures are correct, and the estimates are claimed to be liberal, Denver can save a pretty penny by manufacturing its own electricity. Other cities are doing it, and as the economy of this

method becomes known still more are likely to embark in similar projects. There is a good deal of money made somewhere in furnishing electricity, and there seems to be no reason why municipalities should not get the benefit as well as any one else.

The recent application of electricity to cancer, in England, appears to be a very simple, and if correctly reported, useful operation. The patient is anæsthetized, and the current then passed through the tumor and all tissues for some distance around it by means of fine insulated needles, so as not to injure the skin. The effect produced consists in a cessation of growth, gradual disappearance of pain, some shrinking and hardening of the tumor and enlarged glands, followed by improved nutrition and a better state of health; the growth, as a whole, does not disappear, but remains in an inert mass, composed, it is presumed, of fibrous tissue alone. The majority of cases where this treatment has been used have been those in which the knife had failed, or in which the disease had progressed too far for the knife to be used with the possibility of success.

Much has been published of late in regard to mortgages on farming lands in some of the States in the Mississippi Valley. There has been exaggeration probably, but if what a farmer writes from Kansas is true reforms ought to be initiated in that state at least. This correspondent says in substance that the Lombard Loan and Trust Company of London has foreclosed on at least 120,000 acres of farming lands in Kansas alone, that this company has loaned its money on lands at a very low valuation, for 2 and $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. per month—24 to 30 per cent. per annum. It is no wonder that farmers in the West complain that their land is being taken away from them under such circumstances. The worst feature of this business is the absorption of large tracts of land in the hands of English capitalists to be rented to tenants, for it is stated that men are now being brought from England for that purpose. The same correspondent says further that vast tracts of Kansas farming lands are now owned by foreign sharpers, while the evicted owners are still in debt for more than the amount originally loaned upon them, and that this is done legally as there are no usury laws.

Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox writes: "The great tidal wave of erotic literature is on the ebb and many amusing things are now visible on shore." To illustrate the conflicting ideas of people as to what is and is not improper reading Mrs. Wilcox relates some of her own experiences with publishers. She says: Some months ago a certain periodical asked me for a story. I sent a little narrative, which was quickly returned to me with a courteous note, saying while the story, "Dick's Family," was exactly what the editor wanted in other respects, a reference I had made in its pages to a mother's prenatal influence upon her child rendered it unfit for the family circle. Yet it was through serial stories in the columns of that periodical years ago that I had first obtained an idea of the corruption to be found in the world. My little story was soon after published in a monthly magazine, whose editor wrote me an enthusiastic letter of

praise, and asked for "another in the same style." Thereupon I forwarded a story of a young girl who had been allowed no companions of her own age, no opportunities for meeting men of her own class and who eventually eloped with a stranger and came to disaster. I had intended to convey a lesson to thoughtless parents, who often treat their own offspring more cruelly than their horses and cattle by giving them no opportunities for companionship or selection. The story was sent back to me by the next post, with a note saying that "it was unhealthful reading for young maids, as it made marriage seem of too much importance," and I was straightway begged to write another as charming as "Dick's Family." So one editor in his wild effort to publish only healthful food for young maids begged me to write stories like one which another editor had refused as immoral, and refused a story as improper because it placed too high a value on marriage. Surely the ways of modest editors of to-day are past finding out.

The trial of Rev. Howard McQueary, of Canton, Ohio, for heresy in an ecclesiastical court of the Protestant Episcopal church in Cleveland, is worthy of mention as one of the most noted of its kind in the history of that church, in which it is likely to mark an important epoch. The evidence against "the accused" is his volume of essays and addresses published some months ago under the title "The Evolution of Man and Christianity." Mr. McQueary's views, briefly stated, are that Darwin's theory of the origin of man is true and that the Book of Genesis came from Chaldean sages, that Joseph was the natural father of Jesus, and that his spiritual nature only was imparted by the Holy Ghost, that the resurrection of Jesus was spiritual, not physical, that the doctrine of the trinity was created by theologians and that of the atonement is a relic of barbarism, that Christianity as a system is a natural development, not a supernatural revelation. Episcopal bishops and church organs declare that Mr. McQueary has violated his vows of ordination by not accepting the thirty-nine articles as they are given in the prayer-book, and denounces his views as unscriptural and heretical. In this they are doubtless consistent, for Mr. McQueary has departed far from the obvious teachings of the Bible and from the teachings of his church. He claims that his church allows each individual to interpret the Bible for himself, but he is likely to find that the Protestant Episcopal church has for its authority not the Bible to be interpreted by every person for himself, but a creed professedly based upon the Bible, but drawn up for the guidance of such as he and those to whom he dispenses the word. It is difficult to see how the ecclesiastical court can help deposing him from the ministry. Perhaps it would have been better if Mr. McQueary had voluntarily withdrawn from the church, some of the fundamental doctrines of which he has, greatly to his credit, outgrown. There are other ministers in his denomination who are more in sympathy with modern thought than with old theology. There is room enough for them all outside the fold of the churches that are compelled by their creeds and traditions to try men for heresy, and to impose upon their members absurd creeds written before they were born; and under the authority of which they are expected to think in herds.

SPIRITUALISTS AND SPIRITUALISTS.

In the opinion of some people arrayed under its banner, Spiritualism is a very narrow and limited thing. According to these folk,—the practical interpretation of their idea,—the professing and exposition of Spiritualism consists (1) in seeking for phenomena, quite regardless of its quality or of the conditions under which the alleged exhibitions of spirit power take place; and (2) having secured them, throwing these testimonies indiscriminately into their respective spiritualistic museums there to remain as useless lumber except when being shown to some visitor, or varnished up for public parade in the press; and (3) the circulation of small-talk and fulsome praise of favorite mediums and speakers; also (4), the unrestrained and extravagant denunciation of all who do not swiftly credit unverifiable accounts of phenomena, or who hold any theological views.

These builders of spiritualistic exhibitions, these purveyors of psycho-materialism, these hedgers-against-hell are usually ex-church members in middle life or advanced years, whose brains have lost the power of modification and their minds the plastic quality of youth. These representatives of a pseudo-Spiritualism, these undeveloped spiritists think themselves Spiritualists; and what is worse, they are constantly misleading the public. Indeed, even the so-called Spiritualist press, with notable exceptions, is largely dominated and its policy controlled by these active and fanatical advocates. In this class, and the most blatant and pestiferous of all, is now and then some aged materialist who has spent three score years in denouncing religion and the belief in future life. As he sees his allotted span swiftly nearing the end, his fears, intensified by inherited sub-conscious beliefs, put him in a fever; and he thirsts for the consolations of that Spiritualism which he has so long ridiculed. He has, often, a lurking dread of that hell which his ancestors knew all about and sought to avoid, and which he knows is his destination if it exists and he gets his deserts. Thus stimulated he begins his researches without a spark of developed spirituality, and incapable of an intellectual conception of the spiritual. He observes certain alleged spiritual phenomena which may or may not be true to name and accepts them as the manifestations of spirits because that of all things is what he wants to do, and not because there is any place in the fabric of his mind into which he can fit a spiritual explanation of them. The mental and moral status of many a mature church member is quite similar to that of this materialist; neither seeker is actuated by other than groveling, selfish motives. Having proved to their satisfaction that there is no hiatus at the grave, that their acquaintances and friends on the other side are alive and are not residents of either the orthodox hell or heaven, these congenial travelers who have approached the spiritistic medium from such seemingly widely opposite directions join interests. They label themselves Spiritualists and unite in endeavoring to magnify their stupendous find.

The revelation is too great and too sudden for them; it upsets their mental equilibrium—such as it is—and their moral fibre grows flabby and weak. The weaker they are, the more demonstrative in exploiting their discovery and demanding that the public shall accept their testimony. All else is inconsequential beside the—to them—newly acquired certainty of life, which was before denied in the one case and held as a matter of faith handicapped by theological weights in the other. Like the bumblebee, these additions to the spiritistic family are biggest when first born into the fold. Unfortunately their development is then usually arrested, and while maintaining their bloated dimensions, their bodily and mental functions are confined to making a noise and annoying people by their erratic flights and uninvited attentions.

THE JOURNAL protests against the proneness of the public to consider such persons as expounders of Spiritualism. THE JOURNAL emphatically protests against the domination of the Spiritualist Movement by these crude, aggressive novices. THE JOURNAL protests against the use of such old, decayed orthodox and materialistic timber in the erection of the spiritual

temple. That such material can never be used in its crude state in building the machinery wherewith to successfully propel a great spiritual movement is patent to all the world outside of those dazed by the bumblebee buzz and the beating of iconoclastic tom-toms.

Spiritualism, rock-rooted in the basic fact of continuity of life and its eternal progress in accordance with the eternal laws of evolution, of life demonstrated by innumerable proofs from the psychical world, is the philosophy of life. It embraces all that affects man, both physically and spiritually. Properly studied it makes man moral, reverent, kind and noble; it enlarges his sphere of consciousness and brings him into closer relations with the divine in nature; it clears his perceptions, renders him just in his dealings and fills his heart with love for humanity and his soul with unquenchable aspirations. A true Spiritualist grows from within outward; he is not a perambulating junk-shop filled with a motley store of heterogeneous psychical facts, heaped up and useless as a miser's hidden gold. A true Spiritualist is one who uses his facts as means to a noble end, who arranges his knowledge in orderly form, digests and assimilates it, and grows strong of purpose and radiant in spirit through his efforts. The true Spiritualist is actuated by a burning desire to better humanity here and now; and is more interested in the welfare of this world than in speculating on the happiness which may be in store for him in the world to come. He does right because it is right so to do, and through no hope of reward or fear of punishment. The true Spiritualist does not arrogate to himself or his cult any exclusive virtues or divine rights, nor does he think his school of thought contains all worth knowing, nor that there is no goodness or truth in the multifarious systems of religion. He has open vision and gladly greets truth wherever found, and as gladly acknowledges his own errors, and discards them when proven to be such. The true Spiritualist has a healthy interest in all secular affairs. He comes to learn how to take a comprehensive view of all questions; his intellect is quickened and his judgment strengthened by an unceasing flow from higher spheres. Other things being equal, he will surpass his contemporaries in his particular vocation in life.

Instead of constantly seeking personal messages from spirit friends and never ceasing to demand "just one more test," the real Spiritualist rests calm and confident in the knowledge already acquired in this direction, and asks for instruction and enlightenment in those great and impersonal principles, the knowledge of which is essential to his complete unfoldment. He does not demand that his weekly paper shall be filled with ghost stories, nor padded with strictures on existing religious sects. He prefers that matters of current interest shall receive their due share of attention, treated from the standpoint of his philosophy. He recognizes the stupendous importance of the phenomena of Spiritualism in the primary stages of progress, and does all he can to encourage their presentation in orderly and convincing form; discouraging all doubtful expositions, and demanding honesty, fair dealing and patience on all sides. The true Spiritualist, while modest and unobtrusive in the expression of his views, has the courage of his convictions, and never shrinks from avowing them when it is necessary to define his own position or to maintain the dignity and honor of Spiritualism. Knowing how much of his happiness is due to Spiritualism he will, in time, so THE JOURNAL hopes, learn that he owes it to the cause to assist to his utmost, with money, in the work of propaganda; and he will do this during his earth-life, not waiting for executors or administrators to exercise their discretion, nor for heirs to frustrate his wishes. The man who gives to Spiritualism when he can no longer use his wealth himself is less entitled to credit than he who acts as his own almoner. The spread of rational Spiritualism is near and dear to the heart of every individual who aspires to be a true Spiritualist; and this through no sectarian pride or interest, but from pure love of humanity and of the good. The Spiritualist of the next generation will be less of a theorizer and more of a practical worker. He will realize that he is already in the spirit-world

while yet enshrouded, and that the sooner he begins the work here which he is putting off to do in the hereafter the better it will be for him and for all he holds dear.

THE RESTRICTION OF IMMIGRATION.

From time to time the last few years THE JOURNAL has called attention to the fact that immigrants have been coming to our shores in such immense numbers that the labor market has been over-supplied and in consequence the laborer has received wages considerably less than he would otherwise have been able to command, while his social position has been lowered. Multitudes of ignorant creatures have been imported by manufacturers to take the places of self-respecting Americans who were unwilling to work for just enough to keep themselves and their families from starvation when their employers were rapidly amassing fortunes from the enormous profits of labor. Imported ignorance and superstition have helped the few to get rich in a short time, but this result has been attained by the degradation of labor. Furthermore, as has often been pointed out in these columns, the increase of the illiterate and un-Americanized element embarrasses the operations of our free system of popular sovereignty and popular education. All the wisdom of our statesmen and all the intelligence and patriotism of the American people will be required to guard the republic from the baneful influence of the half-civilized portion of its population, composed of men utterly unfit to have the franchise of a free citizenship.

The position of THE JOURNAL has been that if the American people can protect American industry by imposing duties upon the products of foreign labor, they can justly check and regulate the immigration to this country. If appeal to the law of self-preservation is allowable, it certainly holds good in the adoption of precautionary measures against peril to American institutions from an excess of ignorance and animalism from beyond the seas.

The bill of Congressman Lodge, of Massachusetts, for the restriction of immigration has for its object the solution of the problem often discussed in these columns. According to Mr. Lodge much of the present immigration is of a kind which does not benefit the citizenship of the United States. It is not readily assimilated and it tends to introduce an element of population not in sympathy with American institutions and principles. Statistics show that the average immigration for the last eight years is fifty-seven per cent. larger than the average immigration for the eight years preceding, and that fifty per cent. of this increase has been of persons without any occupation or training. And the tendency is for the least desirable kind of immigrants to increase much more rapidly than that which is more valuable. Mr. Lodge says that the annual immigration is so large that, although it seems small in comparison with the total population of the United States, it affects in a most serious way the labor market. He does not believe in reducing this influx of population by a law limiting absolutely the number of immigrants to be received annually, or by heavy capitation tax; for that would restrict immigration indiscriminately. What is needed is a law to shut out the undesirable portions of immigration and cause a restriction that would be of real value—a law under which it would be difficult for undesirable immigrants to come to the country, but which would admit industrious persons desiring to come here in good faith to become inhabitants and citizens of the United States. Such a law, Mr. Lodge thinks would lower the dangerous competition which is now produced in our labor market by the large foreign immigration, while greatly improving the quality of the actual immigration received.

Surgeon-General Hamilton, who has been making this subject one of careful investigation, for which purpose he has visited the principal European countries, has made a report which contains much food for thought. He says that as a rule immigrants bound to this country are not required to undergo any proper inspection. Most foreign governments are opposed to the immigration of their people to this country, and if in instances they seem to connive at or even to en-

courage it, the immigration so favored will always be found to be of that class which the native land, in this case, can spare to advantage. Vicious, lawless, and dangerous elements of society and all persons liable to become a public charge, are not only permitted to immigrate without check, but are encouraged to do so; and to this fact the deterioration of our later immigration is declared to be, beyond doubt, attributable.

In the last six years 2,666,276 immigrants have arrived on our shores. Dr. Hamilton says that the introduction into our political, commercial, industrial and social system of this vast number of people, most of whom are entirely unacquainted with our traditions, customs, history and laws, presents a difficult and perilous problem to the practical statesmanship of the country and constitutes a subject for careful consideration, not unmixed with apprehension on the part of serious citizens of all parties. He calls attention to the fact that a large proportion of this immigration, instead of diffusing itself throughout the country and becoming lost in the general characteristics and modes of life of the American people, preserves foreign nationalistic relations, going to the length, as has been shown in several of our large cities, of maintaining secret assassination societies, with a tribunal, obedience to which is held supreme over all our laws, national and local.

Dr. Hamilton thinks that relief from this evil must be sought in restrictive legislation and he suggests that the law should provide that an intending immigrant shall produce satisfactory evidence of an official character, before the nearest American consul, showing that he has never been convicted of crime, has never been a charge upon the country, nor received public assistance. He shall also file with such evidence a certificate from a duly qualified physician showing his freedom from chronic diseases or any disability which would make him a public charge. If satisfied the consul will then issue his certificate to be delivered by the immigrant to the proper officer at the port of arrival, and to be by him accepted as evidence that the newcomer possesses the preliminary qualifications for American citizenship, all others, according to this plan, to be excluded.

THE JOURNAL is not prepared to endorse all the details of such a law as Dr. Hamilton indicates, but it is, in the main doubtless, such a law as is needed to prevent this country being longer the dumping ground of the old world.

TREATMENT OF CRIMINALS.

The French court in which Eyrraud and Mlle. Bompard were tried for the murder of Toussaint Gouffé, listened to all the evidence adduced to show that the woman acted under the hypnotic influence of the man, but refused to permit any hypnotic experiments on the woman to be made in court. If hypnotism means the submission of a weak will to a stronger one, as is declared by those who hold that a hypnotized person may commit murder under the direction of another, the courts in all countries will probably still hold it to be good law that the person of weak will thus influenced to commit murder should be held responsible for the crime and suffer the penalty of the law. If courts and law-making bodies could know the strength and weakness of every individual who commits crime, and could, in the light of such knowledge, make special provision for the examination and trial of each case, doubtless there would be a nearer approach to justice in the condemnation and punishment of wrong doers than has ever yet been known. When society shall come to see that the only just or natural objects of punishment are the prevention of crime and the reformation of offenders, the discrimination for which the law can not always directly provide in the sentence of a criminal, may be made by the prison authorities having him in charge. An obstacle to reform in dealing with criminals is the barbarous idea that punishment is an end in itself, or rather that it should be inflicted to vindicate justice, without regard to its effects upon the criminals. Vindictiveness should have no place in criminal jurisprudence and none in the treatment of even the most hardened criminals.

Governor Fifer, of Illinois, in his message last week spoke wisely on the subject of prison reform. He suggested among other things, that sentences of imprisonment should be indeterminate as to the time of punishment, that the question for the trial court should simply be guilty or not guilty of the crime charged in the indictment, and the judgment of the court should record the result of a fair trial upon that question; but that the question of the length of punishment should be reserved for later determination in the light of the fullest developments and with due regard to the mental and moral condition of each subject to be ascertained under the wisest rules of discipline and after personal experience with each prisoner.

"All this I know," says the Governor, "pre-supposes that the prison should be made within practicable limits a reformatory, and I venture the opinion that the penitentiaries of the land are destined in the near future to become, as to all inmates except the known incorrigible, places of mental and moral discipline, looking to the assistance as well as the punishment of the criminally unfortunate."

The Governor does himself credit by directing attention to this important subject and taking such an advanced position.

THOSE PRIZE ANSWERS.

THE JOURNAL for November 24, 1888, published a list of questions to which it desired answers. A prize of ten dollars was offered for the best answer to the sixth and seventh respectively, and one of six dollars for the second best.

The questions were as follows:

1. To what church, or churches, did, or do your parents belong; and are you now, or have you been, in fellowship with a church, and if so of what sect?
2. How long have you been a Spiritualist?
3. What convinced you of the continuity of life beyond the grave, and of the intercommunion between the two worlds?
4. What is the most remarkable incident of your experience with spirit phenomena which you can satisfactorily authenticate? Give particulars.

5. Do you regard Spiritualism as a religion? Please state your reasons, briefly for the answer you give.

6. What are the greatest needs of Spiritualism, or, to put it differently, what are the greatest needs of the Spiritualist movement to-day?

7. In what way may a knowledge of psychical laws tend to help one in the conduct of this life—in one's relations to the Family, to Society and to Government?

A goodly number of responses came in, most of which were published, but there should have been a much larger number. Nothing that THE JOURNAL ever published has attracted wider interest, and the wonder to the editor has been that this interest did not stimulate a more general response. Many of the answers to the prize questions, numbers six and seven, were well written, showing matured thought and care in preparation. This being the case the committee has had no end of perplexity in making the awards. This difficulty has been aggravated by the impossibility of bringing together the widely separated members of the committee for consultation and discussion. After many delays and much correspondence, a decision has been finally reached. The shade of difference in merit between the answers receiving the prizes and some of the others is so slight that it puzzles THE JOURNAL to see how a decision was reached. Here is the award:

Answers to sixth question.

First premium, S. L. TYRRELL, Fox Lake, Wisconsin.

Second premium, PROF. PAYTON SPENCE, New York City.

Answers to seventh question:

First premium, DR. JOHN E. PURDON, Cullman, Alabama.

Second premium, MRS. LIZZIE JONES, Jacksonville, Illinois

It may be interesting to note that to the fifth question the answers were nearly equally divided; those holding Spiritualism not to be a religion slightly predominating. It should be said, however, that many of those answering that they did not consider Spiritualism a religion, expressed a belief that it was a basis for one;

and where they did not thus believe, their definition of religion was usually colored by individual bias received from the popular interpretation of the word by sectarian religionists.

Since THE JOURNAL invites discussion from different standpoints of all subjects of current interest germane to its objects, articles often appear in its columns which advance theories and ideas not in accord with those of the editor, and which he feels at liberty to criticize or not as time, space or the views of the contributors may determine. There is such an article in THE JOURNAL this week from the pen of Dr. R. W. Shufeldt, a gentleman well known and highly respected in scientific circles, and whose paper on "The Hybridization of Our Race with the Negroes in the United States" ably presents a problem that is occupying the minds of the wisest and best men of this country. It is Dr. Shufeldt's proposed solution of the problem or the remedy which he prescribes for the threatening evil that seems to THE JOURNAL objectionable, first on the ground that if feasible it would involve grave injustice to the colored people of the United States, and second on the ground that it is not practicable. We may recur to this subject in the near future.

Dr. A. V. W. Jackson, of the Philological Department, lectured at Columbia College recently on The Persian belief in the immortality of the soul, which he said is derived from two great sources, the classic and the native. The former embraces the Greek and Latin writers, such as Herodotus and Plutarch, who testify to this belief. But the native writings—the Persian "Avesta"—are full of beautiful descriptions of a future life. The lecturer read several selections from the Avesta, descriptive of the heavens of reward for good words, thoughts and deeds, ending finally with the heaven of eternity. A hell of torments and a devil also figure in the literature, but the destruction of these and the pardon of sinners by the good God is confidently predicted.

A New York journal says that the country clergyman who finds it hard to do his preaching on Sundays can procure weekly sermons, at reasonable prices, from several of the literary syndicates of that city. "He can have his choice of many kinds, the strictly edifying, the strongly hortatory, the purely expository, the highly eloquent, the very sensational, or the plain and pure. He can have sermons applicable to the affairs of the times, with illustrations drawn from the current news, or he can have sermons containing allusions to the Holy Land and the places spoken of in the Scriptures." Surely this is an enterprising age.

A Dalziel Vienna telegram says: It is rumored that the mysterious spectre, known as the White Lady, which is always believed to appear at the death of a member of the imperial family, has made its apparition at the Hofburg, and this is taken to be an indication of the fate of Archduke John. The people in the palace are said to have been greatly unnerved, and even the soldiers on guard were frightened.—*Nottingham (Eng.) Evening Post.*

Robert Chambers, author of "Vestiges of Creation," in a letter to Alfred Russell Wallace wrote: I have for many years known that these phenomena are real, as distinguished from impostures; and it is not of yesterday that I concluded they were calculated to explain much that has been doubtful in the past; and when fully accepted, revolutionize the whole frame of human opinion on many important matters.

It is said that Chauncy M. Depew treats book canvassers as politely as though they were railroad magnates. He said to one who called upon him the other day, "I am sorry I can not buy your book, for I really do not need it. Otherwise I should be delighted." The canvasser, although he sold no book to him, declared that he regarded Mr. Depew as a charming gentleman.


 MEDIUMISM AND THE CONSERVATION OF ENERGY.

By JOHN E. PURDON, M. D.

Your correspondent, Mr. Wm. I. Gill, raises the question of the possible violation of the principle of the conservation of energy during spiritualistic or spirit manifestations of so-called extra-mundane power. Even if it were a proved fact that "spirits" do work independent of all mundane living beings we need not suspect a violation of the principle of conservation. To those not very familiar with the subject of energy in relation to man's enlargement there is a very great danger in confounding the relative principle of the dissipation of energy with a violation of the principle of conservation. Upon the grounds of this statement it would be well for the reader to consult such a first-class work as that of Thomson and Tait; their "Treatises on Natural Philosophy" is exhaustive in this respect.

A limited system of bodies is said to be dynamically conservative if the mutual forces between its parts always perform or always consume the same amount of work during any motion whatever, by which it can pass from one particular configuration to another. The total energy of a system is made up of the actual or dynamic or kinetic and potential or energy of position. The former can be estimated relatively to the senses as the product of mass multiplied by half the square of the velocity, while the latter is a function of the measure relations of the several parts of the system; hence the name, energy of position. The potential energy of a conservative system, at any instant, depends solely on its configuration at that instant, being the same at all times, when the system is brought again and again to the same configuration. It is the amount of work that its mutual forces perform during the passage of the system from any one chosen configuration to the configuration at the time referred to.

Now one word as to work before going farther. There is no kind of spiritual work essentially different from physical work, and for the simple reason that work is a quantity. The work or energy of a sunbeam is different in character from that of a steam engine or a hurricane or from that employed in the elaboration of this article, but he that uses the word with the full understanding of the concept which it represents can not or need not confuse himself; while on the other hand endless perplexities arise from the slip-shod use of definite terms, or their employment in an analogical sense without being properly proven by special definitions.

In nature the hypothetical condition of complete conservation is apparently violated in all circumstances of motion. A material system can never be brought through any returning cycle of motion without spending more work against the mutual forces of its parts than is gained from these forces, because no relative motion can take place without meeting with frictional or other forms of resistance. To use the words of Thomson and Tait, the law of energy may then, in abstract dynamics, be expressed as follows:

The whole work done in any time on any limited material system, by applied forces, is equal to the whole effect in the forms of potential and kinetic energy produced in the system, together with the work lost in friction.

Up to the time of Newton it was thought that work was lost in friction, but the wording of his third law of motion made allowance for the transformation of that which others less clear-sighted regarded as lost forever.

In a former series of papers addressed to the Spiritualist public I made free use of the principle of energy in offering a theoretical explanation of most of the manifestations obtainable through the aid of mediums, bringing in the principle reversibility to account for

the reabsorption of the energy with the system which had been temporarily used in the construction of those vitalized entities which for the time parade as "spirit forms," at the expense of the normal physiological routine of the medium's organism; the reabsorption of the energy rendering it available for the accomplishment of the ordinary vital changes. I have yet to receive either a challenge or a refutation from any sensible man who has had experience of Spiritualism; for the theory being grounded on common sense and an analogical application of the principle of the conservation of energy, speaks for itself. The energy which under ordinary circumstances lies latent or potential in the nervous system may, at a slight expense of actual energy for a working expenditure, be made available for constructive or other intermediate agency and then returned to its former condition. There may be even less actual waste than when the muscular system is employed to do work.

The word "force" is used legitimately in two senses; either to express a cause of motion, or the rate at which an agent does work per unit of length. We have here involved the idea of a resistance overcome as an essential constituent of the concept force. The course of motion may be sensuous in its physical sequence for certain terms of the progression; but, whether directly or indirectly, the idea of force and its correlative cause ultimately leads us into the spiritual world or into the region of hypothesis. Now in place of the operations of spirit on the material plane involving a violation of the principle of conservation, it introduces the principle of continuity and enlarges the sphere of operation which was before bounded on the one side by a rigid verbal hypothesis, within the limits of which the human mind refuses any longer to be imprisoned. In his mind's eye the scientific Spiritualist perceives the play of a larger and more elaborately related system of forces or causes of motion when he opens up the spiritual world to the gaze of the scientific imagination, regarding the whole as the reasonable enlargement of this world and not the "Spirit-world" as a region of existence, *sui generis*, tacked on to this. The Spiritualist must regard motion as the sense language through which conditioned spirit communes with itself and its discontinuous differentiations. Unless he can deliberately accept this position the Spiritualist who uses the terms force, energy, etc., in his explanations does so at the expense of stability and truth; for the causes he introduces are merely verbal and his concepts can not correspond to the reality of nature. Hence, force in the spiritual sense means either a cause of motion to which our ordinary modes of observation are not adapted or it implies the use of the word, in an analogical sense, to express an unknown mode of operation of such a cause as we have presented at first hand, each for himself, in his own subjective experience.

I hold with all advanced Spiritualists that nature, animate and inanimate, is the embodiment and expression of spiritual cause, and I regard the inviolability of the order of nature as the outward semblance of the stability of that spiritual order which is the basis of the continuity of life, through the equilibration of opposing forces which cannot be free while there is as yet but a limited knowledge of the purpose of nature revealed unto us. Therefore, I say, that the most reasonable view of spirit intervention in earthly affairs is that which regards it as necessarily operating through the intervention of a living, nervous system, that last, highest and most fluent product of cosmic evolution. One of my strongest reasons for the adoption of this belief is the ease with which the principle of the conservation of energy steps in to explain, in terms known to physicists, the abnormal action, which they deny, through the use of very simple physiological hypothesis.

The energy contained in the blood and nervous tissues is quantitatively sufficient to account for any well established spiritualistic phenomena. The directing of that energy, the differentiation of the plan which it embodies or materializes is the real difficulty we have to encounter. This differentiation is, after

the analogy of mathematical physics, applied to more familiar objects, such as light and electricity, the derivation of certain space variations which we call forces from the potential function, a function which quantitatively embodies as planned, forecast or already accounted for, the work which is to be expended in the consummation of any design. Since this vital, though not conscious, process is constantly being carried out by all living bodies at all stages of their existence, we do not demand too much for the natural and systematic explanation of physiological and psychological miracles when we suggest, for the better understanding of the new "forces" brought into operation, a differentiation on the physical side somewhat out of the usual physiological routine, which the unstable character of nerve tissue is so well calculated to supply. Let it be understood that nervous instability is not necessarily retrograde in its tendency. All development depends upon the possibility of nervous structure adapting itself to higher forms of life; hence we can see in certain cases of spiritualistic manifestations either the backward or the forward tendency according to the constitution and character of the medium engaged in their production.

There are no catastrophic spiritual manifestations that come within the ken of our senses. There are no volcanic eruptions or planetary disruptions that we would in any way be justified in putting down to what we technically understand by the term "spirit agency;" though for all we know to the contrary there may be crises in the life of the universe and its parts, as there are in the life of its vitalized units.

We have no experience of a medium casting a mountain into the sea or stopping a railway train, and for the simple reason that there is not sufficient energy available to accomplish the feat, even if his whole material body were consumed in the act. There we would have a violation of the principles of conservation and continuity with a vengeance; but I do maintain that there need be none, and therefore that there is none in the performance of the everyday spiritualistic miracle, whether of the physical or psychical kind, both being ultimately reducible to the same theoretical laws; since the motion of matter, in ever so attenuated a state, must be postulated where mind acts upon mind as well as where matter acts upon matter at a distance, whenever we attempt to follow natural changes in terms of consciousness.

Matter and motion are the language of the spirit and we need not dread falling into the toils of materialism because we trust the mathematical truth which lies at the back of them, and which is the exclusive property of mind that can name, order and number. It is false science and it is false philosophy to suppose that mathematical truth exists in the cosmos independent of the perceiving mind. It is because man and God, individually and collectively, working according to their exclusive prerogative see mathematical truth into the universe that it is there; it was there from the beginning, as it will be there to the end, since order and duty, or the appropriate relation of parts to a whole, are the first and last words of the spirit.

In a last analysis the principle of the conservation of energy is no more than a quantitative relationship existing between cause and effect in a universe in which absolute chance has no existence. Where no connection is traceable in the sequence of events the relation of the parts to each other is said to be accidental or to depend upon chance. The laws of chance occurrence are themselves rigidly mathematical in their character, because certain suppositions which tend to bring order into the relations of the data are introduced for the foundation upon which to construct the calculus of probabilities, as it is called. The discovery, however, of any new causal relations between events must tend to modify the mental attitude with which we regard any group of occurrences, and hence, though the scientific mind might be obliged to acknowledge on formal grounds some undiscovered connection between miraculous occurrences and the presence of certain persons, it is much better prepared to accept the same as a department of human knowledge when founded upon an extension of acknowledged principles than when new ones have to be arbitrarily invented.

or a hiatus left in the chain of natural causation. In conclusion I will add that however spirits work, they must work upon human lines or upon such lines as do not involve us in contradictions. The principle of the conservation of energy is an induction from experience, but it is also the principle of causality in disguise.

THE HYBRIDIZATION OF OUR RACE WITH THE NEGROES IN THE UNITED STATES.

By R. W. SHUFELDT, M. D.

As a naturalist I study races of people precisely as I study races of other mammals or groups of mammals, or races or groups of birds or reptiles, in short, any natural genus, family, order or class of animated beings, — and from this standpoint the method is the only correct and safe one. Combining, however, the studies of the naturalist and the anthropologist, the field with respect to man widens again, and we not only include in our investigations the study of the natural history of the various peoples of the world from the biologist's point of view, as the origin of races of men in time; their probable affinities; their comparative morphology; and their evolution and geographical distribution; but to these and similar researches, we come to add the anthropologic ones, as a consideration of the civilizations of men; their arts, industries, governments, and institutions, and finally enter upon the higher plain, the philosophic inquiry into the more recondite region, researches into the question of the comparative psychologies of the various tribes of men. When one, with a thoroughly unprejudiced mind, comes in these days, to personally deal with such matters and the vast literature pertaining thereto, he quickly learns that science within the last half century has let in an enormous light upon this field, and has grasped, systematized and digested much that her torch has brought to view. Very moderate probing soon convinces the researcher, too, that man in every particular falls completely within the limits of the law which proves the fact that throughout the entire animal and vegetable kingdoms there is a fundamental uniformity of structure, of function, and, indeed, of history in time. In other words men cannot in any sense be considered apart from the natural world, but are of it, and subject to the operation of all the natural laws and their consequences, quite as much as any other group of mammals, to which class in reality he is inseparably linked.

Darwin in several of his works, notably in his "Origin of Species" and his "Animals and Plants under Domestication" has formulated with great clarity many of the laws that refer to natural selection, to interbreeding, and to hybridism. And now that he has demonstrated them, some of these are very simple, while others from the very nature of things are wonderfully complicated. The more practical ones are well comprehended and now in common use by the breeders of animals, and by the agriculturists throughout the land. Men are just as much under the dominion of these laws as are the various "stocks" of horses, dogs, pigeons, or any other group of vertebrated beings, and respond to their operation quite as quickly and in precisely similar ways.

All this being true, has any one any conception of the enormous progress our race would make were it possible to apply rightly to it some of these laws? At the end of five or six generations the entire white American race could be most completely metamorphosed and elevated to an immeasurably high sphere. Were only the perfectly healthy, the physically strong, the well educated and the cultured, and the intellectual ones allowed to bring forth their progeny into the world, it cannot be gainsaid that within the time mentioned we would outstrip every nation in the world. Crime would tend to die out; disease would almost receive its death blow; culture and the higher aspirations, and possibilities would be carried to a superlatively elevated point; and, finally, many of the finer ideas of human living, now on foot but in danger of being relegated to realms of utopianism, would quickly be realized. It is hardly to be expected that any such broad philosophic scheme will ever be car-

ried out by our people, or by any other race now on the face of this globe. Marriage and reproduction will in all probability go on very much as it does in the present day, and although we have it in our power to do it, nature will not be circumvented in any such manner. Progress of this kind for our race will long remain slow and uncertain, and although we are in full possession of a knowledge of those laws which would carry us to the highest goal with the utmost certainty, it may after all, in the centuries to come, terminate in dire failure for the whole Indo-European phylum. A race rarely realizes its condition as to advance or retrogression, at any given time, in such particulars, and it remains usually for history, in the ages that follow, to chronicle its ultimate fate.

Although we have never made the attempt to improve ourselves along the line just indicated, there still remains a great deal which we can accomplish to the same end in a slightly different direction. It is something of a prophylactic measure. Every true member of our race who holds near his very heart the perfectionment of the American people should promptly endorse it, and aid in setting the principle in speedy operation. Much has already been written upon the subject, and with a large constituency it has met with great favor.

A grand move was made when a check was given to the immigration of the Chinese into this country, and a most rigid injunction should be now placed upon the coming here of all the low, criminal, ignorant, and highly dangerous classes from Europe. They are a dead weight every year to us, and a detriment to our progress in a vast number of ways. Of our Indians, it is hardly necessary here to speak; their very natures bespeak their doom; civilization for them is impossible, and a matter of time is alone required to effect their removal.

We next approach, however, the question of the presence of the African negroes we have among us, and this is an aspect of the case of far more import than all the others just enumerated. As we well know there are several millions of these already engrafted upon our white population, and they are increasing rapidly. Here then is a mass of people, which, should they interbreed with us, will surely affect our character in one way or another, for better or for worse. To a consideration of this part of our subject the remainder of my article will be devoted. And in the first place permit me to review the characters of an average specimen of one of these people as now found in the United States. (More than the average really, for it is the exception to find anything above what I am about to depict). Structurally, he will be found to be lower in the scale than any other representative of the world's anthropofauna. Hosts of negroid cadavers have been dissected by anatomists in this country, and for one I can attest to the frequency of the discoveries in them of morphological characters indicating his low position in the scale. They are, as a rule, vestigial characters pointing to his affinities with the higher vertebrates below man; and they are of extreme rarity among the best representatives of our own race. They are quadrumanous in character, and are to be detected in nearly all parts of his physical organization; those having reference to the growth of the face, brain and skull, and their relative development are all indices of a low, very low, order of being.

This markedly low type of human structure in this negro and his race, goes to support what we find when we come to examine into his other characteristics. He is eminently non-progressive; superstitious; prone to supernaturalism; incapable of mental culture after maturity; and of a degraded type in the matter of moral and religious culture. As a race in ages past, and for all we know to the contrary they are older than the Indo-European stock, they are pre-eminently non-prosperous; non-inventive; and with instincts more brutal than many of those which characterize the best types of the apes below them.

Strip our own American race of this Ethiopcean graft; of the Mongolian; of the Indian; and of the reeking mass of the lower forms of our imported European pessantry, and we have remaining a race equal in all respects to the highest of those

now existing. It requires no characterization here.

Is hybridization going on between these Afro-American millions and the whites in this country? I answer most emphatically yes,—and is on the increase. What will be the outcome of it? An ultimate fusion of the two races if the presence of the negro is still tolerated among us. (Mind you, we are speaking of increasing millions now, and the effects they will produce upon our kind). This fusion will be to the decided detriment of the Indo-European stock, and to the high attributes which now characterize it, and which have taken many centuries of time to produce. Naturalists will all agree with me, that the experiment is one of extreme danger for the integrity of the higher branch,—a hybrid race will surely be produced which may inherit the prevailing characters which prevented the success in history of the lower stock. And sometime in the remote future this resulting hybrid race will probably have to give way before the advent of some better, incoming one which has evolved in another quarter of the globe. History has no such other case to offer us; and, be it observed that we now represent the only powerful nation with such a danger in active operation at our very doors.

Germany and England are not thus handicapped, and they are both pushing nations. We have to instill but very little bad blood into an otherwise fast breed of horses to produce a hybrid stock in time, which will fail when brought into competition with non-contaminated breeds from other quarters. They are soon side-tracked and go to the wall.

As this hybridization betwixt these Africans and our race proceeds, some very interesting types are produced. There is a well authenticated case on record of a Congo woman bearing twins, one of which exhibited all the characters of the mother,—the other was white with flaxen hair and blue eyes. Washington, D. C., is a city which affords a vast material of this description for study. To the speculative, thoughtful naturalist, versed in a knowledge of species-characters as evolved in vertebrates, yet, who at the same time has a high regard for the future prosperity of his,—the American—race, the picture presents more aspects than its purely scientific one.

I have recently collected a case of a respectable couple who married,—the man, white, and holding a good station in life, of thorough American descent,—the woman, also white, petite, pretty, and no apparent trace in her features of any Congo stock whatever. The husband was unacquainted with her ancestry prior to her grandparents. A child was born to them before the close of the first year of their marriage,—to some extent it resembled the father, but in apparently all other particulars it was a negro, and as black as any Congo child ever born. Atavism? Probably,—and it will come more common as the crossing proceeds. Is there no remedy for it?—yes, by the removal, complete and thorough removal, of the inferior stock; and this sole remedy should be promptly applied.

PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

By WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

(CONCLUDED.)

The momentous results arising from a scientific demonstration of the verity of the phenomena of Spiritualism and of the philosophy based thereupon, in the matters of religion and ethics, being beyond question, the importance of the work undertaken by the Society for Psychical Research is evident. The consequences of the establishment, by it, in the affirmative, of the claims of the Spiritualists to communion with the so-called dead, are of such far reaching import, that it is natural that the society should be very careful in its investigations of mediumistic phenomena, and very cautious in adopting its conclusions as to the true nature of said phenomena. It may be that, in some cases, some of the members of the society have been somewhat over-cautious or ultra-skeptical regarding some of these phenomena; but in scientific investigation, particularly in matters of this character, into which enter so many elements of uncertainty, dissimulation and pretence, over-caution and extreme skepticism are to be preferred to in-

sufficient carefulness and lack of proper vigilance. Much better be too skeptical than not skeptical enough. Even though the demonstration of the truth may be delayed for a time through excessive precaution against mistake, and over-zealousness in guarding the citadel of scientific truth from the encroachments of error, still the delay is only for a time. No truth in nature has aught to fear from science in the long run. Though conservative, cautious scientists may for a little while look askance at new truths, those truths are destined to prevail; and this is as true in psychological science as in other branches of knowledge. Therefore, even though the Society for Psychical Research seems to have "made haste slowly" in its examination of the phenomena manifested in mediumship, let us be thankful that it has accomplished as much as it has. For the complete fruition of our hopes at the hands of science, we Spiritualists can patiently wait. Everything that is true and of value in Spiritualism, phenomenally and philosophically, is sure to stand the test of the most rigid investigation. Whatever will not stand that test must fall, and it is certain that there is very much in so-called Spiritualism that will not endure under the searching analysis of exact science. All such refuse and dead lumber ought to be carefully segregated from the substantial verities in Spiritualism, and destroyed *in toto*; and the sooner this is done, the better for the cause of rational, scientific Spiritualism. That the Society for Psychical Research will be a valuable auxiliary in the much-needed work of segregation, I have little doubt; and I accordingly am thankful for the good work already done by this society, and am hopeful of still better and more important work to be done by it in the future.

It is worthy of note that those who declaim against the importance of scientific recognition of Spiritualism are not slow to refer with pride to the eminent men of science who have accepted the truth of the mediumistic phenomena, such as Professors Hare, Crookes, Wallace, Mapes, Zöllner, Butlerof, *et al.* If little value attaches to the acceptance, by scientists, of the genuineness of spiritual phenomena, as a certain school of Spiritualists allege, why then be so ready to quote, in defense of the truth of Spiritualism, the opinions and conclusions of these men of science, rather than those of John Smith or Thomas Jones?

As I have intimated, I have no sympathy with the adverse criticisms and sneers so freely bestowed upon the Society for Psychical Research by various Spiritualists, any more than I have for the ridicule and harsh criticism leveled at this society by conservative churchmen, radical freethinkers, and materialistic men of science. These latter classes, as a rule, pooh-pooh the idea of the existence of apparitions, haunted houses, prophetic presentiments, etc., etc., and they regard the society as engaged in a silly and fruitless work. It seems strange that churchmen, who profess to believe in the supernatural and the spiritual, should deride the objects of the society; but some of the most sarcastic ridicules of the Society for Psychical Research that I have read have appeared in journals that stoutly sustain orthodox Christianity. This society has therefore been between two fires,—one from those who regard the society as having no valid *raison d'être*, that the subjects engaging its attention are all the outcome of hallucination, imposture, delusion, and illusion, and have no scientific objective basis; and the other from those who berate the society for not having long ere this established the truth of the reality of the phenomena of Spiritualism. I think the latter class of critics as much in error, and as unjust to the society, as the former. Unmindful of the carpings of both, the Society for Psychical Research pursues the ever tenor of its way, calmly and patiently seeking to find the truth concerning the peculiar and obscure phenomena (obscure in causation, I mean) presented for its consideration. Instead of showering upon it doubt and discouragement, as many Spiritualists are wont to do, I am sorry to see, it deserves all our sympathy and encouragement.

The admirable article by Mr. Dodge, in THE JOURNAL of December 18th, has shown the readers of this paper what a quantity of valuable work has already been done by this society; and it is hoped that its

publication may have had a beneficial effect upon some of those who may have been inclined to underrate the labors of the Society for Psychical Research. Had it done nothing else, its exposition of the fraudulent character of the alleged mahatmic and other occult phenomena of the Theosophical Society would entitle it to the lasting gratitude of mankind. The exhaustive report of Mr. Richard Hodgson in this matter is one of the most conclusive and comprehensive pieces of work, in analysis of fraud and credulity, that it has ever been my privilege to peruse. In my judgment it is a master piece. The American branch of the society is to be congratulated upon having as its chief working functionary, so careful and thorough an investigator and so rational and logical a thinker as Mr. Hodgson. *In re* the theosophic phenomena, I was sorry to see, by the report in *Light* of November 29th last, of an address recently delivered before the London Spiritualist Alliance, that that association had suffered itself to be the instrument for the attempted rehabilitation, at its meeting as above and in the columns of *Light*, of Madame Blavatsky as a genuine worker of occultic marvels, through mahatmic assistance and with her own power. This entire address was a statement of certain alleged feats of magic which the speaker had witnessed, produced by Madame Blavatsky, and they included many of the identical phenomena, so-called, that Mr. Hodgson proved to have been due to fraud and trickery. The lecture, as it happens, furnishes additional evidence to a judicial mind of the fraudulent character of the tricks described, and the whole address betokens the incapacity of the narrator to form a scientific judgment upon the character of the juggling feats of which she was a witness. Her testimony regarding the phenomena seen is worthless as evidence of the genuineness of what was done, owing to the entire absence in her of the critical faculties of observation and judgment indispensably requisite for a scientific solution of the true nature of what the lady saw or thought that she saw. I repeat that I am sorry that an association of the character and standing of the London Alliance has aided in the promulgation of this most recent attempt to whitewash a demonstrated trickster and impostor.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

WHY UNITARIANISM CANNOT PREVAIL.—III.

BY E. S. HOLBROOK.

In my former articles I gave my reasons for the proposition that "Unitarianism could not prevail," to-wit: because it could give no proofs in a scientific sense to the agnostics of a continued life; and on the other hand why Spiritualism could prevail with the agnostics, namely, because it could give some proofs now, and as it grew in strength would give such proofs as would be satisfactory to all. I will now give one or more such demonstrations as I have known.

Of the following I had knowledge so far as I could have of a matter so personal. Mrs. J. C. was left a widow with an only son, about six years of age. At her husband's death she mourned deeply, for they were very congenial. He was a materialist, and had taught her that he would die, as he should, and make room for others, and that would be all. She supposed it was so; but, if a truth, it was a most unwelcome truth to her womanly heart. But as she saw no evidence of a continued life, she became reconciled and came to be about as bright and cheerful as ever. Some time afterward her son was drowned in a shipwreck, and the sad event overwhelmed her. She groaned in spirit continually: "Oh, where, where is my Willie? Gone; lost in the cold waters; food for sharks, and shall I never see him any more! Oh, where, where is my child?" She was very despondent, and what her religious friends could tell her but made her shudder the more. She called on the liberals, and they could only talk of likelihoods and beliefs. She said, "Tell me why you believe that my Willie still lives and that we shall meet again. Tell me what you know." They admitted they did not know, but argued and drew inferences from man's high position, etc., etc., as to a future life, the probabilities, etc., and the hopes she should cherish, and all that. This was all

so remote and so faint withal that her anguish was not assuaged.

Then a Spiritualist lady, seeing her calamity, invited her to go with her and see a medium. She consented and went; yet with reluctance, for she had heard of the extravagances and foolishness of pretended spirit-communication, and like most people had taken no pains to know the facts. But now she would do anything for her lost Willie. Encouragement was given by her Spiritualist friend, yet all to little avail, so strange was the thought of learning of her lost son. Imagination, fear, doubt and dim hope were all on tiptoe.

The medium, when seen, was not an angel, but an indifferent personage, not speaking even, but in a deep sleep, and her heart sank within her. But the friend said, "Do you not hear those little sounds—tick, tick, tick?" and explained the use of the alphabet. This done, she observed the letters spelled "Willie." And she said, "Willie! is it my Willie?" Forthwith the chair of the medium flew out from under her and she fell upon the floor and went through the motions of one drowning. Mrs. J. C., not understanding, was much astonished, even frightened, and turned away, almost disgusted. But the friend said, "It seems to me she is personating some one in water, drowning. Have you not lost some friend by drowning?" She cried out, "Oh, yes, I have, I have, my boy, Willie!"

The medium, now restored to her seat and seemingly still in a trance, said: "I see by you a little boy [describing him, and the lady saw it was a correct description of her boy] and he says his name is Willie, and he calls you mamma, and says, 'dear mamma, I am so glad you have come here so I can talk with you. Oh, yes, indeed I do live and am with you. The water took my body and the medium was made to show you, so you might know it was I. But no matter for that; I am living now and am here, and so is papa.'" Whereupon the medium said, "I see a man standing by you with his hand upon your shoulder, and he says you are his wife." Then a correct description of the husband was given, and the medium continued: "He says, 'my dear wife, I indeed do live, and I rejoice; for I am happy, and you soon will be with me. I was mistaken in earth-life as to the future and the impossibility of continued existence.'" The medium stated further that Willie said, "Oh, mamma, put away, won't you, that black stuff that you have on; it makes you so sad—put on bright things. Don't weep for me; I am happy, only that you are not happy and weep for me. Be happy, for I am with you and papa, too." The power now failed, and a shower of raps came for "Good-bye."

The lady was overjoyed at such a revelation, yet bewildered, too. So unexpected, so full and by such strange methods! Could she be mistaken? She continued to go to the medium, getting more and more every time. Then she went to other places for confirmation by further and different proofs. She came, therefore, to feel that she had knowledge of a continued spirit-life and she rejoiced in the blessings of spirit-communication. And so lived, she was quite sure, a happier life.

I saw her some years later at a musical séance. It was my first opportunity of the kind. "Behold, I show you a mystery." So said Paul; but 'tis not he alone that can say it. Our mysteries increase day by day. There were in the room musical instruments of various kinds. When the lights were out and the medium in a dead trance, there were more instruments played than there were persons in the room. In fact, there was only one person in the room that did play, and that was this same lady, Mrs. J. C. She sat by herself apart by the window and played a guitar. The sound of another guitar above her head was heard playing a second to her tunes, and very nicely. After the séance was over I questioned her, and she answered, "Oh, yes, this is my husband. We play the same tunes we used to in his lifetime and in the same way. Oh, certainly, I sense it to be him. I come often; I am happier. I feel as though I had had a visit," etc., etc.

The foregoing is but one case among thousands. It seems to me I have known personally of hundreds equally strong. I have had four great chapters o-

experiences, besides the lesser ones. First: the religious tyranny of dogmatic Calvinism; second, a relief from this by a study of the pretended "Word of God" as authority, when I came to the conclusion that it was all man-made; third, as no other pretended authority, or information as to spirit-life was shown, I lived an agnostic many years, certainly without knowledge, and with hope and faith so small that they could not be counted as a fixed quantity, though doubtless they were a great deal better than nothing; and fourth, under Spiritualism, demonstration of the fact of spirit-life. I can say to all the world that it has been and is very valuable to me. At the third stage I knew fairly well what Universalism was. I tried it on. I could not be a Bible Universalist, for I had got through with the Bible, and Universalism then was almost all based on the Bible—pure orthodoxy, with redemption; only the redemption was actually and practically full and perfect. I could be a natural Universalist—but here was the rub, how do you know that there are any souls to save?

I knew of Unitarianism and tried it on. All nice enough, as far as it goes. But the same question arose, continued, and remained unanswered, as I have stated—what about a future life, any how? First find the fact before you talk about it; reason on it, and prepare for it. The proof with them is not forthcoming. So I am here, whence I started out: "Unitarianism cannot make the conquest of the world." Spiritualism as a power far excels it, and has evidence to convince. It is all that Unitarianism is, plus its physical and spiritual demonstrations here and now. The greater that contains the less (and is it not a thousandfold more?) must be the power that will prevail. The one is comparatively negative and rests; the other is comparatively positive and moves and causes motion. Nevertheless, as I have said, if any are satisfied to live by faith simply as to another life, it is well. And if there are those who prefer to know, I say it is better that they should know, and I point the way always as best I can.

Spiritualism, if true, as it is now understood, with its present actualities and future possibilities, is most surely the greatest thing that ever came to humanity, whether you call it an invention, a discovery, a step along the line of progress, a revelation, or what not.

PROFESSOR JAMES'S EXPERIENCE WITH A MEDIUM.

In the *Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research* for December, 1890, is published a letter from Professor William James, of Harvard University, to Mr. F. W. H. Myers, which, since it gives interesting facts such as men of science have hitherto denied or ignored, is here reproduced:

You ask for a record of my own experiences with Mrs. Piper, to be incorporated in the account of her to be published in your *Proceedings*. I regret to be unable to furnish you with any direct notes of sittings beyond those which Mr. Hodgson will have already supplied. I admit that in not having taken more notes I was most derelict, and can only cry *peccavi*. The excuse (if it be one) for my negligence was that I wished primarily to satisfy myself about Mrs. Piper; and feeling that as evidence for others no notes but stenographic notes would have value, and not being able to get these, I seldom took any. I still think that as far as influencing public opinion goes, the bare fact that So-and-so and So-and-so have been convinced by their personal experience that "there is something in mediumship" is the essential thing. Public opinion follows leaders much more than it follows evidence. Professor Huxley's bare "endorsement" of Mrs. Piper, e. g., would be more effective than volumes of notes by such as I. Practically, however, I ought to have taken them, and the sight of your more scientific methods makes me doubly rue my sins.

Under the circumstances, the only thing I can do is to give you my present state of belief as to Mrs. Piper's powers, with a simple account from memory of the steps which have led me to it.

I made Mrs. Piper's acquaintance in the autumn of 1885. My wife's mother, Mrs. Gibbens, had been told of her by a friend, during the previous summer, and never having seen a medium before, had paid her a visit out of curiosity. She returned with the statement that Mrs. P. had given her a long string of names of members of the family, mostly Christian names, together with facts about the persons mentioned and their relations to each other, the knowledge of which

on her part was incomprehensible without supernormal powers. My sister-in-law went the next day, with still better results, as she related them. Amongst other things, the medium had accurately described the circumstances of the writer of a letter which she held against her forehead, after Mrs. G. had given it to her. The letter was in Italian, and its writer was known to but two persons in this country.

[I may add that on a later occasion my wife and I took another letter from this same person to Mrs. P., who went on to speak of him in a way which identified him unmistakably again. On a third occasion, two years later, my sister-in-law and I being again with Mrs. P., she reverted in her trance to these letters, and then gave us the writer's name, which she said she had not been able to get on the former occasion.]

But to revert to the beginning. I remember playing the *esprit fort* on that occasion before my feminine relatives, and seeking to explain by simple considerations the marvelous character of the facts which they brought back. This did not, however, prevent me from going myself a few days later, in company with my wife, to get a direct personal impression. The names of none of us up to this meeting had been announced to Mrs. P., and Mrs. J. and I were, of course, careful to make no reference to our relatives who had preceded. The medium, however, when entranced, repeated most of the names of "spirits" whom she had announced on the two former occasions and added others. The names came with difficulty, and were only gradually made perfect. My wife's father's name, Gibbens, was announced first as Niblin, then as Giblin. A child Herman (whom we had lost the previous year) had his name spelt out as Herrin. I think that in no case were both Christian and surnames given on this visit. But the facts predicated of the persons named made it in many instances impossible not to recognize the particular individuals who were talked about. We took particular pains on this occasion to give the Phinuit control no help over his difficulties and to ask no leading questions. In the light of subsequent experience I believe this not to be the best policy. For it often happens, if you give this trance-personage a name or some small fact for the lack of which he is brought to a standstill, that he will then start off with a copious flow of additional talk, containing in itself an abundance of "tests."

My impression after this first visit was that Mrs. P. was either possessed of supernormal powers, or knew the members of my wife's family by sight and had by some lucky coincidence become acquainted with such a multitude of their domestic circumstances as to produce the startling impression which she did. My later knowledge of her sittings and personal acquaintance with her has led me absolutely to reject the latter explanation, and to believe that she has supernormal powers.

I visited her a dozen times that winter, sometimes alone, sometimes with my wife, once in company with the Rev. M. J. Savage. I sent a large number of persons to her, wishing to get the results of as many first sittings as possible. I made appointments myself for most of these people, whose names were in no instance announced to the medium. In the spring of 1886 I published a brief "Report of the Committee on Mediumistic Phenomena" in the *Proceedings of the American Society for Psychical Research*, of which the following is an extract:

"I have myself witnessed a dozen of her trances, and have testimony at first hand from twenty-five sitters, all but one of whom were virtually introduced to Mrs. P. by myself." Of five of the sittings we have verbatim stenographic reports. Twelve of the sisters, who in most cases sat singly, got nothing from the medium but unknown names or trivial talk. Four of these were members of the society, and of their sittings verbatim reports were taken. Fifteen of the sitters were surprised at the communications they received, names and facts being mentioned at the first interview which it seemed improbable should have been known to the medium in a normal way. The probability that she possessed no clue as to the sitter's identity was, I believe, in each and all of these fifteen cases, sufficient. But of only one of them is there a stenographic report; so that, unfortunately for the medium, the evidence in her favor is, although more abundant, less exact in quality than some of that which will be counted against her. Of these fifteen sitters, five, all ladies, were blood relatives, and two (I myself being one) were men connected by marriage with the family to which they belonged. Two other connections of this family are included in the twelve who got nothing. The medium showed a most startling intimacy with this family's affairs, talking of many matters known to no one outside, and which gossip could not possibly have conveyed to her ears. The details would prove nothing to the reader, unless printed *in extenso*, with full notes by the sitters. It

*I tried then, and have tried since, to get written accounts from these sitters, in most cases in vain. The few written statements which I have got are in Mr. Hodgson's hands, and will doubtless be sent you with the rest of the material which he will submit.

reverts, after all, to personal conviction. My own conviction is not evidence, but it seems fitting to record it. I am persuaded of the medium's honesty, and of the genuineness of her trance; and although at first disposed to think that the "hits" she made were either lucky coincidences, or the result of knowledge on her part of who the sitter was and his or her family affairs, I now believe her to be in possession of a power as yet unexplained."

I also made during this winter an attempt to see whether Mrs. Piper's medium-trance had any community of nature with ordinary hypnotic trance. I wrote in the report:

"My first two attempts to hypnotise her were unsuccessful. Between the second time and the third, I suggested to her 'control' in the medium-trance that he should make her a mesmeric subject for me. He agreed. (A suggestion of this sort made by the operator in one hypnotic trance would probably have some effect on the next). She became partially hypnotised on the third trial; but the effect was so slight that I ascribe it rather to the effect of repetition than to the suggestion made. By the fifth trial she had become a pretty good hypnotic subject, as far as muscular phenomena and automatic imitations of speech and gesture go; but I could not effect her consciousness, or otherwise get her beyond this point. Her condition in this semi-hypnosis is very different from her medium-trance. The latter is characterized by great muscular unrest, even her ears moving vigorously in a way impossible to her in her waking state. But in hypnosis her muscular relaxation and weakness are extreme. She often makes several efforts to speak ere her voice becomes audible; and to get a strong contraction of the hand, for example, express manipulation and suggestion must be practised. The automatic imitations I spoke of are in the first instance very weak, and only become strong after repetition. Her pupils contract in the medium-trance. Suggestions to the 'control' that he should make her recollect after the medium-trance what she had been saying were accepted, but had no result. In the hypnotic-trance such a suggestion will often make the patient remember all that has happened.

"No sign of thought-transference—as tested by card and diagram guessing—has been found in her, either in the hypnotic condition just described, or immediately after it; although her 'control' in the medium-trance has said that he would bring them about. So far as tried (only twice), no right guessing of cards in the medium-trance. No clear signs of thought-transference, as tested by the naming of cards, during the waking state. Trials of the 'willing game,' and attempts at automatic writing, gave similarly negative results. So far as the evidence goes, then, her medium-trance seems an isolated feature in her psychology. This would of itself be an important result if it could be established and generalized, but the record is obviously too imperfect for confident conclusions to be drawn from it in any direction."

Here I dropped my inquiries into Mrs. P.'s mediumship for a period of about two years, having satisfied myself that there was a genuine mystery there, but being over-freighted with time-consuming duties, and feeling that any adequate circumnavigation of the phenomena would be too protracted a task for me to aspire just then to undertake. I saw her once, half-accidently, however, during that interval, and in the spring of 1889 saw her four times again. In the fall of 1889 she paid us a visit of a week at our country house in New Hampshire, and I then learned to know her personally better than ever before, and had confirmed in me the belief that she is an absolutely simple and genuine person. No one, when challenged, can give "evidence" to others for such beliefs as this. Yet we all live by them from day to day, and practically I should be willing now to stake as much money on Mrs. Piper's honesty as on that of anyone I know, and am quite satisfied to leave my reputation for wisdom or folly, so far as human nature is concerned, to stand or fall by this declaration.

As for the explanation of her trance-phenomena, I have none to offer. The *prima facie* theory, which is that of spirit-control, is hard to reconcile with the extreme triviality of most of the communications. What real spirit, at last able to revisit his wife on this earth, but would find something better to say than that she had changed the place of his photograph? And yet that is the sort of remark to which the spirits introduced by the mysterious Phinuit are apt to confine themselves. I must admit, however, that Phinuit has other moods. He has several times, when my wife and myself were sitting together with him, suddenly started off on long lectures to us about our inward defects and outward shortcomings, which were very earnest, as well as subtle morally and psychologically, and impressive in a high degree. These discourses, though given in Phinuit's own person, were very different in style from his more usual talk, and probably superior to anything that the medium could produce in the same line in her natural state. Phinuit himself, however, bears every appearance of being a fictitious being. His French, so far as he has been

able to display it to me, has been limited to a few phrases of salutation, which may easily have had their rise in the medium's "unconscious" memory; he has never been able to understand my French; and the crumbs of information which he gives about his earthly career are, as you know, so few, vague, and unlikely sounding, as to suggest the romancing of one whose stock of materials for invention is excessively reduced. He is, however, as he actually shows himself, a definite human individual, with immense tact and patience, and great desire to please and be regarded as infallible. With respect to the rough and slangy style which he so often affects, it should be said that the spiritualistic tradition here in America is all in favor of the "spirit-control" being a grotesque and somewhat saucy personage. The *Zeitgeist* has always much to do with shaping trance-phenomena, so that a "control" of that temperament is what one would naturally expect. Mr. Hodgson will already have informed you of the similarity between Phinuit's name and that of the "control" of the medium at whose house Mrs. Piper was first entranced. The most remarkable thing about the Phinuit personality seems to me the extraordinary tenacity and minuteness of his memory. The medium has been visited by many hundreds of sitters, half of them, perhaps, being strangers who come but once. To each Phinuit gives an hourful of disconnected fragments of talk about persons living, dead, or imaginary, and events past, future, or unreal. What normal waking memory could keep this chaotic mass of stuff together? Yet Phinuit does so; for the chances seem to be, that if a sitter should go back after years of interval, the medium, when once entranced, would recall the minutest incidents of the earlier interview, and begin by recapitulating much of what had then been said. So far as I can discover, Mrs. Piper's waking memory is not remarkable, and the whole constitution of her trance-memory is something which I am at a loss to understand. But I will say nothing more of Phinuit, because, aided by our friends in France, you are already systematically seeking to establish or disprove him as a former native of this world.

Phinuit is generally the medium of communication between other spirits and the sitter. But two other *soi-disant* spirits have, in my presence, assumed direct "control" of Mrs. Piper. One purported to be the late Mr. E. The other was an aunt of mine who died last year in New York. I have already sent you the only account I can give of my earliest experience of the "E. control." The first messages came through Phinuit, about a year ago, when after two years of non-intercourse with Mrs. Piper, she lunched one day at our house and gave my wife and myself a sitting afterwards. It was bad enough; and I confess that the human being in me was so much stronger than the man of science that I was too disgusted with Phinuit's tiresome twaddle even to note it down. When later the phenomenon developed into pretended direct speech from E. himself I regretted this, for a complete record would have been useful. I can now merely say that neither then, nor at any other time, was there to my mind the slightest inner verisimilitude in the personation. But the failure to produce a plausible E. speaks directly in favor of the non-participation of the medium's conscious mind in the performance. She could so easily have coached herself to be more effective.

Her trance-talk about my own family shows the same innocence. The skeptical theory of her successes is that she keeps a sort of detective bureau open upon the world at large, so that whoever may call is pretty sure to find her prepared with facts about his life. Few things could have been easier, in Boston, than for Mrs. Piper to collect facts about my own father's family for use in my sittings with her. But although my father, my mother, and a deceased brother were repeatedly announced as present, nothing but their bare names ever came out except a hearty message of thanks from my father that I had "published the book." I had published his "Literary Remains;" but when Phinuit was asked what book? all he could do was to spell the letters L, I, and say no more. If it be suggested that all this was but a refinement of cunning, for that such skilfully distributed reticences are what bring most credit to a medium, I must deny the proposition *in toto*. I have seen and heard enough of sittings to be sure that a medium's trump cards are promptitude and completeness in her revelation. It is a mistake in general (however it may occasionally, as now be cited in her favor) to keep back anything she knows. Phinuit's stumbling, spelling, and otherwise imperfect ways of bringing out his facts is a great drawback with most sitters, and yet it is habitual with him.

The aunt who purported to "take control" directly was a much better personation, having a good deal of the cheery strenuousness of speech of the original. She spoke, by the way, on this occasion, of the condition of health of two members of the family in New York, of which we knew nothing at the time, and which was afterwards corroborated by letter. We have repeatedly heard from Mrs. Piper in trance

things of which we were not at the moment aware. If the supernormal element in the phenomenon be thought-transference it is certainly not that of the sitter's conscious thought. It is rather the reservoir of his potential knowledge which is tapped; and not always that, but the knowledge of some distant living person, as in the incident last quoted. It has sometimes even seemed to me that too much intentness on the sitter's part to have Phinuit say a certain thing acts as a hindrance.

Mrs. Blodgett, of Holyoke, Mass., and her sister, devised, before the latter died, what would have been a good test of actual spirit return. The sister, Miss H. W., wrote upon her deathbed a letter, sealed it, and gave it to Mrs. B. After her death no one living knew what words it contained. Mrs. B., not then knowing Mrs. Piper, entrusted to me the sealed letter, and asked me to give Mrs. Piper some articles of the deceased sister's personal apparel, to help her to get at its contents. This commission I performed. Mrs. P. gave correctly the full name (which even I did not know) of the writer, and finally, after a delay and ceremony which occupied several weeks on Phinuit's part, dictated what purported to be a copy of the letter. This I compared with the original (of which Mrs. B. permitted me to break the seal); but the two letters had nothing in common, nor were any of the numerous domestic facts alluded to in the medium's letter acknowledged by Mrs. Blodgett to be correct. Mrs. Piper was equally unsuccessful in two later attempts which she made to reproduce the contents of this document, although both times the revelation purported to come direct from its deceased writer. It would be hard to devise a better test than this would have been, had it immediately succeeded, for the exclusion of thought-transference from living minds.

My mother-in-law, on her return from Europe, spent a morning vainly seeking for her bank-book. Mrs. Piper, on being shortly afterwards asked where this book was, described the place so exactly that it was instantly found. I was told by her that a spirit of a boy named Robert F. was the companion of my lost infant. The F.'s were cousins of my wife living in a distant city. On my return home I mentioned the incident to my wife, saying, "Your cousin did lose a baby, didn't she? but Mrs. Piper was wrong about its sex, name, and age." I then learned that Mrs. Piper had been quite right in all those particulars, and that mine was the wrong impression. But, obviously, for the source of revelations such as these, one need not go behind the sitter's own storehouse of forgotten or unnoticed experiences. Miss X.'s experiments in crystal-gazing prove how strangely these survive. If thought-transference be the clue to be followed in interpreting Mrs. Piper's trance-utterances (and that, as far as my experience goes, is what, far more than any supramundane instillations, the phenomena seem on their face to be) we must admit that the "transference" need not be of the conscious or even the unconscious thought of the sitter, but must often be of the thought of some person far away. Thus, on my mother-in-law's second visit to the medium she was told that one of her daughters was suffering from a severe pain in her back on that day. This altogether unusual occurrence, unknown to the sitter, proved to be true. The announcement to my wife and brother of my aunt's death in New York before we had received the telegram (Mr. Hodgson has, I believe, sent you an account of this) may, on the other hand, have been occasioned by the sitters' conscious apprehension of the event. This particular incident is a "test" of the sort which one readily quotes; but to my mind it was far less convincing than the innumerable small domestic matters of which Mrs. Piper incessantly talked in her sittings with members of my family. With the affairs of my wife's maternal kinsfolk in particular her acquaintance in trance was most intimate. Some of them were dead, some in California, some in the State of Maine. She characterized them all, living as well as deceased, spoke of their relations to each other, of their likes and dislikes, of their as yet unpublished practical plans, and hardly ever made a mistake, though, as usual, there was very little system or continuity in anything that came out. A normal person, unacquainted with the family, could not possibly have said as much; one acquainted with it could hardly have avoided saying more.

The most convincing things said about my own immediate household were either very intimate or very trivial. Unfortunately the former things cannot well be published. Of the trivial things, I have forgotten the greater number, but the following, *rare nantes*, may serve as samples of their class: She said that we had lost recently a rug, and I a waistcoat. [She wrongly accused a person of stealing the rug, which was afterwards found in the house.] She told of my killing a grey-and-white cat, with ether, and described how it had "spur round and round" before dying. She told how my New York aunt had written a letter to my wife, warning her against all mediums, and then went off on a most amusing criticism, full of *traits vifs*, of the excellent woman's character. [Of course no one but my wife and I knew the existence of the letter in question.] She was wrong on the

events in our nursery, and gave striking advice during our first visit to her about the way to deal with certain "tantrums" of our second child, "little Billy-boy," as she called him, reproducing his nursery name. She told how the crib creaked at night, how a certain rocking-chair creaked mysteriously, how my wife had heard footsteps on the stairs, etc., etc. Insignificant as these things sound when read, the accumulation of a large number of them has an irresistible effect. And I repeat again what I said before, that, taking everything that I know of Mrs. P. into account, the result is to make me feel as absolutely certain as I am of any personal fact in the world that she knows things in her trances which she cannot possibly have heard in her waking state, and that the definitive philosophy of her trances is yet to be found. The limitations of her trance-information, its discontinuity and fitfulness, and its apparent inability to develop beyond a certain point, although they end by rousing one's moral and human impatience with the phenomenon, yet are, from a scientific point of view, amongst its most interesting peculiarities, since where there are limits there are conditions, and the discovery of these is always the beginning of explanation.

This is all that I can tell you of Mrs. Piper. I wish it were more "scientific." But, *valeat quantum!* it is the best I can do.

A DREAM.

January 6th, 1889.

In an early morning nap, about ten years ago, I dreamed that a servant rushed to my room in a state of great excitement, telling me that Mr. S. had sent me a present of a pair of lions! They had been shut up in one of the parlors, and were rushing wildly about, trying in every way to escape. The start and fright woke me, but the whole scene had been so real that I could not at first believe it was only a dream.

At dinner I said to Mr. D., "Mr. S. sent me a present of a pair of lions this morning"—not speaking of it as a dream, and you can imagine my astonishment when he quietly said, "Mr. S. ought not to have sent you those. They belong to Park. He bought them for you, and they have been in the store for some days, waiting to be sent out!"

It seemed that Mr. S. and my son had recently been sent to a small factory in the country to examine accounts, and had found there some very funny-looking hearthrugs, representing all sorts of strange animals, which had taken the fancy of the people about, who were buying them up eagerly. My son bought one as a curiosity, meaning to send it out to me, and, as I said before, had forgotten to do so. It came the next day after my dream, and although the lions were very queer-looking animals, they had really been made and meant to represent the "things of the forest."

Mr. S. was a salesman in Mr. D.'s employ, who was almost a stranger to me. I had not seen him, nor heard him spoken of for months. I had neither been reading nor thinking of lions or any other wild things, and heard not one word of the expedition to the country factory, nor what was seen there. M. C. D.

January 11th, 1889.

Your letter has suggested to me a possible explanation of the cause of my dream.

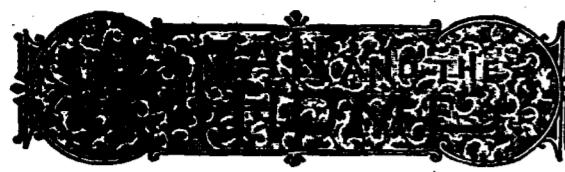
In the last 25 years of Mr. D.'s life he was a very early riser, getting up at half-past five o'clock and breakfasting at half-past six. The quiet morning hour, he has often told me, was the only time in the whole day he could really call his own. He had a pleasant dressing-room, which he always enjoyed, and he liked to move about at his leisure, thinking over and planning the work for the day. After breakfast he was driven into town, and the first thing he did there was to give to the coachman any articles which had been sent to the office the day before which were to be brought out to the house. These packages were always carefully arranged by him the last thing before he left the office in the evening.

While my husband was planning in his room I was having my morning nap in mine, the nap in which the strange dream came to me, and I believe that he thought of that queer rug, which had been lying within his sight for several days, waiting to be sent to me, and that he felt annoyed at my son's neglecting to attend to it. Such little acts of carelessness always troubled him, as his own habits were very methodical.

My son, Park, does not remember much about it, as it made little impression upon him. M. C. D.

—Journal of Psychical Research for December

The following unique advertisement appeared in the London *Times* in 1842: "To Widowers and Single Gentlemen—Wanted, by a lady, a situation to superintend the household and preside at table. She is Agreeable, Becoming, Careful, Desirable, English, Facetious, Generous, Honest, Industrious, Judicious, Keen, Lively, Merry, Natty, Obedient, Philosophic, Quiet, Regular, Sociable, Tasteful, Useful, Vivacious, Womanish, Xantippish, Youthful, Zealous, etc. Address X. Y. Z., Simmond's Library, Edgware Road



ANNUAL MEETING OF THE ILLINOIS WOMAN'S PRESS ASSOCIATION.

The Illinois Woman's Press Association which was organized in January, 1886, at the house of Dr. Julia Holmes Smith by a score of ladies, the object of which was declared to be "to provide a means of communication between women writers, and to secure all the benefits resulting from organized effort," held its annual meeting on January 8th in Chicago in the parlors of the Palmer House. The meeting was called to order by the president, Miss Mary Allen West. Reports were read, officers elected and committees appointed. In the evening a banquet was held at which 250 persons were present. A dainty dinner was served, toasts offered and addresses made. Mrs. Myra Bradwell responded to the sentiment, "The World's Fair and the Fair World." Miss Julia P. Leavens read a poem by Mrs. C. B. Sawyer in response to the toast "Womanhood and Progress." Mrs. Helen E. Starrett spoke to the toast "The Rejected Manuscript," and Mrs. Elizabeth Boynton Harbert responded to the sentiment, "A Long Pull, a Strong Pull and a Pull All Together." Mrs. Pratt responded to the toast, "Every Life Song as a whole is Sweeter for the Variations." Miss Mary H. Krout, not a member of the Association, read a poem on behalf of "The Outsider." Mrs. M. R. M. Wallace spoke briefly to the toast, "Girls Good the World's," which was followed by a practical talk to the sentiment, "Life Proves the Supremacy of the Beautiful," by Miss Josephine Locke. Rev. Forence Kollock made remarks on the press, Dr. Alice B. Stockham spoke to the toast, "The Pen Conducive to Health," and Mrs. Mary Catherwood responded to the toast, "Women in the Professions." Room is made here for the poem in response to the sentiment, "Womanhood and Progress," by Mrs. C. B. Sawyer, whom our readers will remember as an occasional contributor to THE JOURNAL.

WOMANHOOD AND PROGRESS.

I.

Backward thro' dim countless ages,
Thro' the strange mysterious past,
Seek we for the faintest glimmer
That old records o'er it cast.
Whereso'er the veil is lifted,
So its history we can trace,
Woman is of home the center,
Mother-helper of the race.

II.

Gazing down this pictured vista,
See them standing tall and fair,
Womanhood's grand, glorious statues,
Showing virtues, genius rare;
Women with deep wisdom gifted,
Ruling hearts, homes, church and state;
Known as martyrs, patriots, warriors,
Preachers, prophets, poets, fate!

III.

Through this changing panorama,
Nothing could her cause destroy,
Tho' despised or honored, treated
As a tool, a slave, or toy;
Tho' in bondage, weak and trifling,
Held by ignorance and might,
Helpless oftentimes, almost hopeless
That her wrongs would be made right.

IV.

Womanhood—the highest, purest,
Has at times seemed blinded, dead;
But it lives—a force unbounded,
Blindness, lifelessness has fled!
Leave the past—she is awaking,
Casting off each slavish chain,
Asking for her right in all things,
Pleads that truth and justice reign.

V.

What a great and grand uprising
Womanhood can show to-day!
This strong moral tide is rising;
Naught its onward course can stay;
Every home shall feel its blessing,
Every heart its cleansing power,
Till the world with joy is radiant,
Peace and plenty crown each hour!

VI.

Women of the press and pulpit,
Be ye leaders, thoughtful, wise;
May each voice and pen be guided
By the highest thoughts that rise,

And the deepest inspirations,
Tho' you find expression free,
"Much is given" you, "much required;"
Let the world your mission see.

VII.

Women lawyers and physicians,
Teachers, home-makers and all
Business women, all who answer
Labor's sharp insistent call,
Must arise and work together,
For the rule of love and right.
What an army comes responsive,
Seeking for more life and light!

VIII.

Hear humanity now calling
Loudly, urgently for aid!
Are we ready to extend it?
Or of ridicule afraid?
We are ready! Nothing fearing,
By our works, our faith we show
That the poor, weak, erring, tempted,
Shall a better future know.

IX.

As the world's most powerful forces,
Holding secrets yet untold,
Silent, viewless, ceaseless, boundless,
Are by human art controlled,
So the spiritual forces,
Hid within each human heart,
Can control all warring passions,
Constant, needed strength impart.

X.

Thus throughout life's moral conflicts,
Truth and love must never fail,
Woman's quick, clear intuitions
Aid her as its powers prevail!
By its teachings, guided, guarded,
Conquer errors, follies, ills;
See intemperance and vices
Loose their hold of mortal wills.

XI.

In this age of wondrous progress
Old beliefs are cast aside;
Clearer, broader views are claiming
They are truth and not denied!
Equal rights for men and women,
In the house, the church and state,
In the schools, all halls of learning,
For this end we work and wait.

XII.

Work in every field of labor,
With the hand, head, voice, or pen,
Glory in our power to do so,
Equally as well as men!
Seek life's highest prizes, take them
As the just reward they bring;
"No disgrace in honest labor,"
Is the sweetest song we sing!

XIII.

We as mothers, wives and daughters,
Must be fearless, earnest, brave,
And our erring sisters, brothers,
Strive to teach, aid, bless and save;
Then just laws for men and women,
Laws both human and divine,
These will close the paths of error,
And o'er all truth's clear light shine.

XIV.

O! ye women, earnest, faithful,
Working for this blessed day.
Take fresh courage, it is coming,
Speeding swiftly on its way.
Then rejoice—wrongs will be righted,
Justice rule with mighty sway,
Banishing unequal judgments,
All the highest laws obey.

Among the Tibetans a man marries only one wife whom he purchases from her parents, a belle often costing as much as ten ponies and thirty yaks. The price to be paid for a wife is arranged by a relative or a friend who acts as go-between, and the only marriage ceremony is a grand spree lasting as long as the bridegroom can afford to keep it up. The life of a Tibetan woman in this part of the country can not be deemed a hard one. She makes the tea, it is true, but with that the housekeeping ends; for no one ever dreams of cleaning the kettle afterwards, and every one has to mix his own tsamba and lick his bowl clean when he has finished. Every four or five years she may have to sew a new sheepskin gown for herself or some one of the family, but certainly not oftener. She can not herd the cattle or sheep; men must do that, as there is danger from marauders. She passes her time spinning yarn, weaving a coarse kind of cloth, out of which bags are made, turning a prayer wheel, and—destroying too voracious vermin. The toilet needs rearranging only four or five times a year—when she visits Kumbum or some other fair; she never washes herself or her garments, and her children can not outgrow their clothes; they have only to

let out a little of the folds of the gown, their unique garment, tucked up around the waist, and it will fit them until they are grown up.—*The Century*.

During the recent illness of Street Commissioner Beattie, of New York City, his department was controlled for a fortnight by his private secretary, Miss Cynthia Westover, who superintended 1,500 men. Miss Westover went around personally to decide which streets were in worst condition, and assigned every day the dump-carts and sweepers. Knowing just how much money she could spend daily, she engaged or discharged hands accordingly, having harrowing experience with Italians who sought to move her by bringing sick babies in their arms to prove that they must have work whatever the state of the department's treasury. Miss Westover is a woman of great executive ability. When no one was there to attend to it, she would herself measure a dump-cart's capacity. She is young and handsome, and is one of New York's four women notaries.

Mathematical honors multiply for women. Miss Julia Rappicourt, of Melbourne, Australia, took honors in Greek and French at Melbourne University at the age of sixteen. Now at the age of nineteen, in the examination for the clerical division of Victoria civil service, with 195 competitors, the young woman secures 495 marks out of a possible 500 in mathematics—the highest rank ever taken in such a competition. She hopes to take her degree of M. A. and to study law.

The most valued printed document in existence in relation to Columbus is that in the possession of B. Quaritch, of London. It is the first printed copy of the first letter of Columbus, written from Lisbon to Ferdinand and Isabella when the court was in Barcelona, and printed there. This is held for £1,600.



WHAT RANG THE TELEPHONE BELLS?

TO THE EDITOR: Last fall A. M. Taylor of Summitville, Ind., put up one of his mechanical telephone lines connecting two houses on my farm one hundred rods apart. One of the houses is occupied by the family of A. G. Hill and the other by John Lemasters. The diaphragm of this telephone is enclosed in a frame of wood six or eight inches square, which frame is attached to the side of the room by a stiff spring shaped like letter V, the lower end of the frame being screwed to one of the upper ends of the spring, and the other end of the spring screwed to the wall. It will be seen that a blow upon the upper part of the frame will force the two ends of the spring nearer together, and the recoil of the spring causes a sufficient vibration of the wire attached to the diaphragm to ring the bells which are attached to either frame by a short stiff wire.

A musical instrument played in either house, can be faintly heard at the other. The call is made by a slight blow of the hand upon the upper part of the frame—the more forcible the blow, the louder and longer the bells ring.

Last month, one night between 12 and 1 both families were quickly aroused from sound sleep by a violent ringing of the bells, which continued to ring until Lemasters got to the telephone. He asked Hill what he was ringing for. Hill, who had also gone to the instrument at his end of the line replied that he had not rung, and after a remark or two passed expressive of surprise, as there was no wind stirring, both returned to bed. No sooner had Lemasters lain down, than he heard a crackling sound, which he attributed to a horse in a lot near by rubbing against the fence; but the continuance of the noise caused him to get up and go out and in the direction of the animal, when he discovered his house was on fire. Two of the rafters had already burned in two and the flames had reached a distance of six or eight feet from the flue where it began. The moon and stars were shining brightly so he had not noticed the light of the fire or any reflection of it, until he got out into the yard. At one

time before this, the bell of the telephone rang lightly, and the cause was discovered to have been the flying of a bird against the wire, the result being the death of the bird. If a large bird had become entangled in the wire, its fluttering might have caused the ringing, but this theory is not a likely one. The statement of the occurrence is perfectly reliable—neither of the men has any explanation to suggest.

VIRGINIA, ILL. J. N. G.

SOUL-COMMUNION OBSERVANCE.

TO THE EDITOR: If the people who, on the 27th of every month, in all parts of the world, simultaneously devote one-half hour to silently invoking universal peace and spiritual illumination—the time at Chicago, and, with but very little variation throughout the Mississippi Valley being from 2:20 P. M. to 2:50 P. M.—may be termed a denomination, the word must be broadened in significance to include the most spiritual natures of all the religious organizations, whether technically called Christian or not, who, recognizing the golden rule in moral conduct, are living examples that all mankind are brothers under one divine Fatherhood.

That vast numbers participate in these consciousness-expanding observances who have not risen to the high ideal embodied, but enter the communion with the hope and purpose of promoting selfish ends, is true; but as the lowest roots are as much a part of the tree as the highest branches—the essential good of the latter gradually being drawn up and transmitted into organic energy for higher structural uses—so the least soulful who come within the monthly soul-communion influence are quickened in spiritual consciousness. Whole-world soul-communion is an organism—a more perfect organism than any material structure. It harmoniously combines into unific force, to operate with perfect unanimity in the direction of the realization of the highest aspirations involved, all the spiritual grades and conditions it embraces. The evidence of this, for those who are prepared to receive it, is the divine power that inheres in it.

Good alone, and on higher and broader planes than ever before manifested, has resulted from soul-communion. Those who shall upon entering communion, become imbued with the true spirit of the call, will not fail to be illuminated, to know that from it, as from a great spiritual sun, are radiating the fraternizing influences that are being felt and manifested in all schools and systems of thought, in nations, in alliances of nations and throughout the world. The truth that all entering monthly soul-communion and becoming identified with it in the true spirit of the call become constituents or vital parts of an organic expression of intelligence, like all spiritual truths, has its correspondence in the natural world. Thousands of individual bees work together, within and without their hive, as a single intelligence; birds take wing for migratory flights simultaneously over extensive districts, as a single intelligence; fishes gather under a common impulse of intelligence to certain feeding banks from dispersions throughout the ocean depths and the earth; an intelligence constituted of myriads of minor intelligences, turns and circles to the sun as a unit.

That the nature of anything is determined by the life-impulse of intelligence within it, which may be called the central thought of individual being, is not a metaphysical abstraction, but one of the simplest conclusions of the reasoning mind. To the unerring spiritual perception of Jesus the crime of adultery was already committed in the lustful thought. The stately pile no more expresses outwardly the preceding intelligent thought of its structural plan than does the tiniest flower, or any other natural object. The desire of the caterpillar to move faster is the evolutionary force that at last gives it wings to fly. But in no stage of the soul's progress can it rise and expand in consciousness above and beyond its ideals, its aspirations. The soul-principle or central life-thought of whole-world soul-communion is the desire for a world of peace and harmony, of love and wisdom; and true to the universal law, it will evolve and is evolving this happy environment—just as naturally as the soul of the bird evolves its plumage and song, as the soul of the flower evolves its hues and odors. Thus, while whole-world soul-communion is not, in any positive or direct way, iconoclastic, it is pre-eminently constructive on the higher planes of thought, its aim and object being to bring to the life realization of humanity the sublime truth promul-

gated by Paul at Athens—that “God dwelleth not in temples made with hands, neither is He worshipped with men’s hands as if He needed anything, seeing He giveth to all life and breath and all things, and hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth.”

The question has been asked, “Who are the leading ministers of whole-world soul-communion?” Every man, woman and child, wherever eyes first opened to the light of heaven, free or bond, whose soul strives for freedom from lower seekings, for that interior light that alone can give true freedom—whose sympathies, unconstrained by the dividing walls of men’s planning and construction, flow out into the whole universe of good—is a minister of whole-world soul-communion. Though within and through them it largely operates, the soul-communion influence is and forever will be high above local and sectarian schemes and systems. As a mere money power all the millions of the national treasury could not have carried soul-communion around the world and established it as has been done. Money, and all all earthly things and affections, are subordinate to the power that has done this. The proposition submitted by Professor Tyndall, some years ago, to establish test of the efficacy of prayer of a universal character is still fresh in the minds of students of moral philosophy. In soul-communion, as simultaneously observed on the 27th of every month, among all the nations and the adherents of all the great religious systems, we have such a “prayer-gauge” as was called for by Professor Tyndall—on a broader and more perfect plan than he suggested—and there can be no doubt of the result in any mind, religious or scientific, of unbiased judgment. Monthly soul-communion is for all faiths, tongues and peoples, and is transforming the world. Never in all the annals of time, were the nations so pacific as now, so disposed to policies of peace. The inhabitants of the earth never before manifested such ardent desire and determination to patronize and learn and live up to the divine standard, individually and as social members. And this advanced moral condition, unknown before its institution, it is fair and reasonable to assume to be resultant from whole-world soul-communion observances—of prayer that is unselfish and sincere—of thought-forces concordently evolved and directed to accomplish specific objects.

H. N. MAGUIRE.
PORTLAND, ORE.

THE COUES-JACKSON DISCUSSION.

TO THE EDITOR: I have been interested, not to say amused, at this “war of the giants,” although it contains but one feature in which I feel that I have a right to intervene, and that is, astrology. It has been my favorite study, and for a quarter of a century its practice has been my profession. Prof. Coues does not pretend to a knowledge of astrology, and for his frankness I commend him. Mr. Jackson proves by his writings that he is profoundly ignorant of the science, yet claims to know that “Belief in symbolism is the first symptom of that invertebrate ancient rabies called astrology.” Such assurance, deduced from his ignorance, commands my highest admiration.

“Saturn has no symbolism,” dogmatically declares this debater who makes his deductions from what he don’t know. “The earth does not revolve on its axis,” dogmatically declared the pope and his cardinals. Like Mr. Jackson, they made deductions from what they did not know. It would be a waste of time and space to adduce evidence in contradiction of Mr. Jackson’s assertion, for neither he nor the reader would accept the evidence as true. I therefore extend to him, and all the world, the following challenge:

I will meet in public debate in Chicago, any person who merely knows the rudiments of astronomy and is sufficiently accustomed to public speaking to give an extemporaneous address of one hour. I stipulate for this proviso, because I am too old to waste time with an ignoramus. But great learning and eloquence of speech on the part of my opponent will be no objection. In the debate I will affirm the following proposition:

That the configurations of the heavenly bodies at the moment a person is born indicate, or “symbolize,” the strength of constitution; location of the most important diseases; the quality of intellect; the fortunate and unfortunate periods of life, and other points unnecessary to mention, more fully than phrenology, psychometry, mesmerism and clairvoyance combined.

During each discussion, or at its close, as my opponent and the audience may

elect, I will submit to tests before the audience, by delineating some person or persons whom I shall not know nor see—with out having a lock of hair or any other substance to bring me *en rapport* with the person—from being furnished only with the data of birth, showing that the method is scientific. I will even allow the greatest mind-reader to be pitted against me, and all others who make a claim of any kind to occult power. This challenge is to the whole world. I shall demand that my opponent does not know nor see the person delineated, but may have the data of birth or a lock of hair, or other substance whereby to be brought *en rapport*.

I am in earnest, and hope some one will accept it. I feel more free to make this offer than ever before, because I have pretty much given up the practice of astrology and enlisted on the side of America against the evils and dangers of Romanism.

W. H. CHANEY.
2128 CLARK Ave., ST. LOUIS, MO.

POLITICAL ROBBERY.

TO THE EDITOR: All our gigantic monopolies chartered by national or state legislature are left open at one end which should have been closed in every act of incorporation, so that not a dollar in stock or bonds could be issued that did not represent cash capital invested in the plant and strictly under public inspection. Instead of this we have the Goulds, Vanderbilts, and hundreds of others, in our large cities or trading in Europe, with incomes from \$10,000 to \$100,000 on what did not cost them a dollar of cash capital, but issued in stock from this open end of the charter, secured on purpose in the act of incorporation. They tax the public in travel and transportation, sufficient to pay interest on this watered stock and whenever they want to use money it is kept at a price by which they can realize the cash from the stock gamblers in New York. These monopolies control Congress and all the state legislatures by employing the ablest lawyers in and out of both, and if it is not political robbery of the people I do not know what it is. The recent awakening among the farmers and mechanics somewhat alarms the monopolists, but they have the best legal talent ready to divide, distract and destroy this influence, and probably will do it. The streaks of daylight are very dim in politics.

WARREN CHASE.

COBDEN, ILL.

EMMA HARDINGE BRITTEN TO AMERICAN FRIENDS.

TO THE EDITOR: I see in a recent issue of your paper an intimation that inquiries have been made in regard to whether I purpose returning to the United States to resume lecturing and literary work. Within the last year I have received a great many semi-private letters reiterating the same questions, three business communications, offering me very favorable terms for a series of lectures through the states and service connected therewith. The latter communications and matters of business I have replied to in the negative. Your own query, together with friendly letters designed to be persuasive in regard to my return to America I have delayed answering till now, chiefly on account of excessive pressure on my time and attention. While I, personally, dearly love America and consider that my realization of time and well proven spirit communion on American soil, is analogous to a spiritual, and therefore to a higher birth;—explaining the occult mystery of my own life from infancy and the realities of man’s origin and destiny; I am still surrounded by circumstances which impress me with the belief that my work in the dear and much loved “land of the West” is ended on this side of the grave. In the first place, my beloved companion, my good and kind husband, is in very ill health and realizes in his pleasant home that peace and rest which he could never obtain in a homeless life, especially in my absence, or still less, in accompanying me in my far and wide missionary wanderings.

In the next place the circle of loved kindred, once so extensive in my family, has narrowed down to such a minimum point that I scarcely feel justified in breaking the last links by a voluntary absence. Finally, no country in the present generation more completely than England illustrates the saying that “the harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few.” Life on earth is at best but very brief; work for those who will and can work is even more abundant than the power of fulfillment; hence, unless the word of command from the beloved masters and guides of

my life should reach me to move onward, I dare not abandon my host of present duties. If the word “nevermore” seems to sound in my ears it may be an echo from voices unconnected with my own life; it may be reverberation of a solemn charge from the arbiters of my own destiny. Strong predisposition to be with you again interfered with the assurance of whence the ominous sound proceeds.

Remember me kindly. Judge me as one who only labors according to her best light for the service of humanity, and be assured if not here on earth, in the morning of the day whose sun shall know no setting we shall all meet again.

EMMA HARDINGE BRITTEN.
MANCHESTER, ENGL., DEC. 1890.

“UPWARD STEPS.”

In a notice of *Upward Steps of Seventy Years* by Giles B. Stebbins *The Unitarian* for December says:

Few if any sincerer, gentler, braver souls has this generation known than the author of this interesting book. And a long, varied and instructive history he has had, involving participation in many of the events of most significance of the past half century in this country, and personal relations with a large number of the men and women of the land best worth knowing. This book tells in a very delightful way the story of it all. We are shown a childhood passed in New England sixty or seventy years ago, and then a life-path running in the midst of transcendentalism, Brook Farm and Hopedale experiments of socialism, anti-slavery, the war for the Union with its problems, sufferings and heroisms, temperance reforms, Quakerism, work for the emancipation of woman, Spiritualism, psychic research, liberal Christianity. The book contains much valuable history, and its reminiscences of prominent anti-slavery pioneers, temperance workers, spiritualists, quakers and leaders in religious reforms, are full of interest and admirably told.

The price of the book is \$1.25 and we are promised a supply before this paper goes to press.

Mrs. Elizabeth Oakes Smith, who is well known in literary and reform circles by her writings, is in her old age living at Hollywood, N. C. Mrs. Smith made valuable contributions to literature and wrote brave and noble words for many a good but then unpopular cause, when most of the American women now prominent were unknown and even unborn.

Her mind continues active and she still writes articles and poems occasionally, which are always marked by the author’s characteristic spirituality and literary ability. Bereft years ago of her husband, Mr. Seba Smith—popularly known as a writer by the name of Major Jack Dowling—and in later years of sons who were a comfort to her in declining years, Mrs. Smith yet keeps up courage, looking upon life philosophically, full of faith in the spiritual destiny of all mankind and in the re-union of all whom death has here separated. In

answering till now, chiefly on account of excessive pressure on my time and attention. While I, personally, dearly love America and consider that my realization of time and well proven spirit communion on American soil, is analogous to a spiritual, and therefore to a higher birth;—explaining the occult mystery of my own life from infancy and the realities of man’s origin and destiny; I am still surrounded by circumstances which impress me with the belief that my work in the dear and much loved “land of the West” is ended on this side of the grave. In the first place, my beloved companion, my good and kind husband, is in very ill health and realizes in his pleasant home that peace and rest which he could never obtain in a homeless life, especially in my absence, or still less, in accompanying me in my far and wide missionary wanderings.

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that these questions are ably discussed. I am glad you have so many friends who appreciate your paper, and I cheerfully renew my subscription.

J. B. Cone, Gonzales, Texas, renewing subscription to *THE JOURNAL* says I cannot well dispense with it, being, as it is, a channel of communication with the best thought of the age. Heavy bodies inevitably move slowly, yet the pendulum of time marks, with its measured beat, the decades as they pass, and *THE JOURNAL*, poised upon this pendulum swings steadily toward a more healthy and conservative religious tone, and thus becomes more and more adapted to the natural, soul wants of man—a naturally religious being. May its editor ever stand firm at the helm of truth, as it presents itself to his mind, and thus continue to merit the confidence and esteem he has already so justly won from the best minds of this advanced and rapidly advancing age.

No we don’t care to discuss the Topolobampo scheme any further. The more we know of it the more it looks like the work of knaves and fools. Cruel deception practiced on ignorant and weak people is a crime which must be answered for by the guilty parties sooner or later. Keeping out of the clutches of the law of this world will not insure immunity to such offenders. There is a higher court where exact justice is meted out to every individual and before whose bar all must appear. Spiritualism teaches that each person must work out his own salvation. We had rather be the lowest Mexican peon who looks with wonderment upon the American victims of Topolobampo than one of the promoters of that wild and heartless undertaking.

The editorial notice of Mrs. Adeline Eldred, in last week’s *JOURNAL* announcing her to the public as a psychometrist, clairvoyant, etc., has already brought her so much attention that she is obliged to economize time. We again publish her terms, for the benefit of those who may not be able readily to refer to the first announcement:

She will give “parlor evenings” at private residences on reasonable terms. Her fee will be \$2. for a sitting at her office, or for a psychometric reading or diagnosis by mail. In case an exhaustive, extended reading is required the fee will be \$5. For psychometrizing ore, the fee will be from \$5. upward. Mrs. Eldred can be consulted daily, except Sunday, from 1 to 5 p. m., at Room 4, Number 2138 Michigan Boulevard, Chicago. Correspondents may address her at the same place.

Mr. Wm. Carpenter of Upper Montclair, New Jersey, a long-time reader of *THE JOURNAL* and well known to many of our English readers lies very low with pneumonia complicated by heart trouble. But with the grave yawning before him this worthy brother remembers that his subscription expires this week. A friend writing for him says: “He also wished me to tell you what a deal of satisfaction he has always taken during the past seventeen years in the perusal of *THE JOURNAL*, and to wish you success and a happy new year. I was also to tell you he is tenderly cared for by his niece and nephew.”

Mrs. M. C. Morrell writes that she has removed her residence from 310 West 40th street, New York city, to 151 Lexington avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., where she will be pleased to see friends and patrons. She will hold public seances every Tuesday and Thursday evening. Private sittings daily from 10 a. m. to 5 p. m. She adds: “Go on, you are doing a good work, following out what the originator of *THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL* would have you do. You are being pushed by

powers outside of yourself. The time will come when you and your work will be appreciated. You can afford to wait."

A woman sends fifty cents with the request that for it THE JOURNAL be sent to Mr. —, who, she states, is a Spiritualist and a man of wealth, and therefore if interested in the paper might influence others to subscribe for it. The sender of the money adds: "I am a poor woman and want to do a great deal, but poverty will not allow me." A poor woman in her zeal for the spread of the gospel of truth, supplying with intellectual and spiritual food one who is known as a Spiritualist and who is abundantly able pecuniarily to scatter broadcast the best Spiritualist literature!

In another column Mr. Maguire has a communication on a work which he has been enthusiastically promoting for several years. That there is nothing wild or visionary about it, and that it has a rational scientific basis to warrant the effort no student of psychics will deny. Mr. Maguire, however, in his closing sentences claims vastly too much in the way of results. Like other enthusiasts he fails to take account of a thousand other factors far more potent than as yet is his stated soul-communion observance in lifting the world to higher levels. It were well for him to be more humble and less sweeping in his claims.

The cutest bit of advertising THE JOURNAL has seen of late is a souvenir match box made of aluminum and presented to editors and patrons by The Michigan Stove Company. The Company is using aluminum in the manufacture of castings for the "Garland" stoves and ranges, mixing it with the best grades of iron. This process makes smooth castings, adds strength, lessens weight and prevents cracking.

Peter Svenson writes: Please find enclosed money order for a new subscriber to take the place of that stockholder in the Credit Foncier of Sinaloa who writes from New Birmingham, Texas, to stop his paper. May you keep on with your good work and all seekers after truth lend you a hand to enable you to go ahead "with a step firm and strong and strike for the right, and be marching along."

Mark Twain may always be depended upon to get the maximum of pleasure with the minimum of expenditure. On last Sunday his mother-in-law's funeral sermon was preached at Elmira, N. Y., by the Rev. T. D. Beecher. The humorist did not attend, but listened to the discourse through the telephone at Hartford, 450 miles away.

Mr. T. J. Skidmore, Lilly Dale, N. Y., in renewing his subscription, says: Mrs. Skidmore thinks she could not keep house without the THE JOURNAL. Our camp is very pleasant this winter. Good sleighing and very pleasant weather add to the enjoyment. The sound of hammer and saw is heard every day as new cottages go up.

A contributor to THE JOURNAL writes: Everything which has appeared in the paper from me has brought about results in the shape of correspondence; and in advertising I have observed the same thing, receiving answers every time I have used THE JOURNAL as a medium. The paper is a great pleasure to me always.

Mrs. L. M. Palmer, Deansville, N. Y.: I could hardly get along without THE JOURNAL. When the cares and trials of life come thick and fast I take up THE JOURNAL, no matter how old, and read it; it gives me light and joy, hope and strength to battle on with the world unto the end.

Mrs. A. B. Copeland, Legansport, Ind.: The sermon of Mr. Crooker is well worth the price of the paper, without all the other valuable information it gives. I heard Mr. Crooker in Madison, Wis., several times last summer and consider him a very able man.

Next Sunday, the 18th, "The Moral Element in Marriage" will be the theme of Mr. Salter's discourse before the Ethical Society in the Grand Opera House, at 11 o'clock a. m. On the 25th he will give his views on "The Ethics of the Apostle Paul."

The premium of *Our Flag* was offered to subscribers under certain conditions, one of which was the limit of time during which it would be given. That time expired November 30th, as may be seen by referring to the advertisement.

William Hodgson, Hutchinson, Kansas: As for THE JOURNAL, I consider it by far the best paper in the spiritual field, and am heartily in sympathy with you in your endeavors to bring the movement up to a higher spiritual plane.

Mary L. Mineer, in renewing subscription, writes: Please accept thanks from an appreciative reader for a journal full of good things, both of current events and spiritual matter.

Mr. Giles B. Stebbins spoke for the Spiritualists of Owasso, Mich., on the first two Sundays of this month. On the 18th and 25th he speaks in the Unitarian church at Mount Pleasant, Mich.

Mrs. Emma Miner of Clinton, Mass., is filling an engagement this month with the First Society of Spiritualists of Philadelphia. Mrs. Miner is a bright and talented woman.

Dyspepsia

Makes many lives miserable, and often leads to self destruction. Distress after eating, sick headache, heartburn, sour stomach, mental depression, etc., are caused by this very common and increasing disease. Hood's Sarsaparilla tones the stomach, creates an appetite, promotes healthy digestion, relieves sick headache, clears the mind, and cures the most obstinate cases of dyspepsia. Read the following:

"I have been troubled with dyspepsia. I had little appetite, and what I did eat distressed me, or did me little good. In an hour after eating I would experience a faintness or tired, all-gone feeling, as though I had not eaten anything. Hood's Sarsaparilla did me an immense amount of good. It gave me an appetite, and my food relished and satisfied the craving I had previously experienced. It relieved me of that faint, tired, all-gone feeling. I have felt so much better since I took Hood's Sarsaparilla, that I am happy to recommend it." G. A. PAGE, Watertown, Mass.

N. B. Be sure to get only
Hood's Sarsaparilla
Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only
by G. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

Tutt's Pills CURE CONSTIPATION.

To enjoy health one should have regular evacuations every twenty four hours. The evils, both mental and physical, resulting from

HABITUAL CONSTIPATION
are many and serious. For the cure of this common trouble, Tutt's Liver Pills have gained a popularity unequalled. Elegantly sugar coated.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, with a VALUABLE TREATISE on the disease to any subscriber who will send me their Express and P. O. address.

W. A. Gleason, M. C., 181 Fourth St., N. Y.

FREE FOR 20 DAYS

from date of this paper. Wishing to introduce our **CRAYON PORTRAITS** and at the same time extend our business and make new customers, we have decided to offer this special offer. Send us a sketch of your loved ones dead, and we will make you a **LARGE SIZE CRAYON PORTRAIT PICTURE OF YOUR LOVED ONE** provided you exhibit it to your friends as a sample of our work, and use your influence in securing us future orders. Place name and address on back of picture and it will be returned in perfect order. We make any change in picture you wish, not interfering with the likeness. Refer to any Bank in New York. Address all mail to **PACIFIC PORTRAIT HOUSE, Broadway Theatre Bldg., New York.**

The humble receive advantage, the self-sufficient suffer loss:—If you will

LISTEN TO ADVICE
it will pay you to use
SAPOLIO
try a cake in your next house-cleaning.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

Grocers often substitute cheaper goods for Sapolio to make a better profit. Send back such articles, and insist upon having just what you ordered.

ENOCH MORGAN'S SONS CO., NEW YORK.



To cure Biliousness, Sick Headache, Constipation, Malaria, Liver Complaints, take the safe and certain remedy, SMITH'S

BILE BEANS

Use the SMALL SIZE (40 little beans to the bottle). They are the most convenient; suit all ages. Price of either size, 25 cents per bottle.

KISSING at 7, 17, 70: Photo-gravure panel size of this picture for 4 cents (coppers or stamps).

J. F. SMITH & CO., Makers of "Bile Beans," St. Louis, Mo.

100, 200, 300, 400, 500,

per cent. realized for our clients, in **REAL ESTATE** investments, and we will guarantee to do it again. During the past 12 months we have invested for 55 men who have made variously, from 25 to 600 per cent. Will furnish their names if desired. All this is the result of advertising. Send for full information to **EUGENE D. WHITE & CO., Portland, Oregon**

OPIUM HABIT CURE.
DR. J. C. HOFFMAN, JEFFERSON, WISCONSIN.

To Those who "Do Not Care for a Religious Paper."

Would it make any difference to you if you knew of one that does not advocate the doctrines of everlasting punishment, vicarious atonement, infallible and an infallible Bible?

One that does stand for common sense in religion, "truth for authority", believes that religion should be friendly to science, and advocates a religious fellowship that will welcome all of every belief who are willing to work for truth, righteousness and love in the world?

One that does not fill its space with learned or ignorant discussions of scripture texts, but does give every week 32 columns of fresh and rational reading, including a sermon on some living topic, editorials and contributions on current events; and news of the progress of liberal religious thought? If you think you might care for such a paper, send ten cents in stamps for ten weeks.

UNITY JENKIN LLOYD JONES, SENIOR EDITOR, CELIA PARKER WOOLEY, ASSISTANT EDITOR.

Seventeen editorial contributors, from five different religious organizations. CHARLES H. KERR & CO., Publishers, 175 Dearborn Street, Chicago.

D. D. HOME.

His Life and Mission.

BY MADAME DUNGLAS HOME.

Within the compass of an advertisement no adequate description of the interesting contents of the book concerning a most remarkable medium can be given; it must be read before its importance can be realized.

The work is a large 8vo of 480 pages, printed from large type on fine, heavy, super-calendared paper, and strongly bound in cloth. The price put on it is less than value, but Mrs. Home is desirous that this work should have an extended reading in America; hence the book will be sold at a low

Price, \$2.00; gilt top, \$2.25, postage free to *Journal* subscribers; to all others, 15 cents.

For sale, wholesale and retail, by Jno. G. STURGEON, Chicago.

BOOK REVIEWS.

[All books noticed under this head are for sale at, or can be ordered through the office of THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.]

From Soul to Soul. Poems, by Emma Rood Tuttle. New York: M. L. Holbrook, pp. 222. Price, \$1.50.

Every reader of this book of true poetry will conclude that its title is felicitous, for while strung through its pages may be found gem-like bits of verse historic, dramatic, esthetic, or purely domestic in subject, yet the altruistic and ethical spirit mainly dominates the whole volume. Words of sympathy, love, cheer, and inspiration sent out from the clear depths of a strong and tender soul to all other souls in need are clearly in the ascendant. The many readers who have found comfort and inspiration from the stray poems of this writer scattered through THE JOURNAL and other periodicals, will with a sense of satisfaction renew acquaintance with these treasured friends, and find an added joy in the new poems bound together with them. Mrs. Tuttle evidently makes verse not for the mere love of musical rhyming, but because she has something to say, a story to tell, a lesson to enforce, a helpful hint to convey, a word of cheer to give, a note of guidance to utter wherewith to lead some doubtful, stumbling soul toward the light; and born a singer it is easiest for her to do this in rhythmic form. Her poetic sympathy is very broad, taking in a wide range of subjects. Among the poems in which historical facts are woven into rhyme by Mrs. Tuttle's versatile pen, are such as "The Soliloquy of Fulvia at Sicyon," "Giordano Bruno," "Parson Smith's Prophecy" and "The Holy Maid Of Kent." In poems like "The Indian's Prayer Test," "Pet Yourself" and "Omniscience," her quick sense of humor is clearly shown, while her deeper spiritual nature and belief in the unseen shines forth through all, but most distinctly in "Beautiful Claribel," "The Highlands of Heaven," "Two Pictures," "Thou Knowest," "The Coming Of Our Gospel," and "Delusion—Who Shall Declare It." With the sweetest, deepest words from Soul to Soul we class "The City of Sorrow," "God Grant Me This," "Masked Robbers," "Be True to the Dreams of thy Youth," "Friends for the Journey," "A Day Close," "Keep Glad Songs Intoning," "A Song of Life and Death." The book is one which has something appropriate to every mood and every mind.

The fine portrait of the author that adorns the front page of the volume is very satisfying to those who admire the poems, for it is in harmony with them. The book is prettily bound, well printed, and will make a gift of real value from Soul to Soul.

Prudens Futuri or Jaunts off the High Road. By Alfred Bull. Privately printed Chicago, 1891. pp. 115.

This little work "dedicated to those friends whom it may concern" is made up mainly of short articles which appeared originally in THE JOURNAL, the *Spiritualist* of London, the *Interior*, the *Chicago Tribune* and other papers and from a projected book on "Heterodox Chicago". Interesting psychical and spiritual experiences are related, including a narrative of strange events which occurred near the E shaft of the Chicago, Wilmington and Vermillion Coal Company at Braidwood, Ill., on the nights of August 14th and 15th, 1877. The author was at the time a guard at the mine. This is a remarkable narrative, indicating like thousands of others, the return of the so-called dead under certain circumstances to the places familiar to them in earth life. Mr. Bull's writing is marked by intelligent, discrimination, modesty and good sense.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

Selections from the Poets. Caleb S. Weeks, and the Philosophy of Evil in a New Gospel lesson from the Apple Trees. Caleb S. Weeks. New York: S. C. W. Byington & Co.; Appendix to Third Edition of the Evolution of Immortality. C. T. Stockwell. Chicago: Chas. H. Kerr & Co.; Annual Report of the Postmaster-General of the United States. Washington: Government Printing Office; The Three Scouts. J. T. Trowbridge. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Price, 50 cents; The Idea of a Re-Birth. Francesca Arundale. London: Kegan Paul, French, Trübner & Co.; The Teachings of Jesus, not adapted to Modern Civilization, with the true Character of Mary Magdalene. Geo. W. Brown, Rockford, Ill.: Published by the Author. Price, 10 cents; The Elixir of Life, or Robert's Pilgrimage. Eleve. Chicago: Christian Science Pub. Co.; The Genius of

Galilee. An Historical Novel. Anson Uriel Hancock. Chicago: Chas. H. Kerr & Co. Price, \$1.50; Prudens Futuri, or Jaunts off the High Road. Alfred Bull. Chicago: From Soul to Soul. Poems. Emma Rood Tuttle. New York: M. L. Holbrook & Co.

MAGAZINES FOR JANUARY.

The Atlantic Monthly. (Boston.) Mr. Percival Lowell has, as the opening article for January, a description of his journey to Noto, an unexplored corner of Japan. A New University Course by Cleveland Abbe will attract attention. The House of Martha, by Frank R. Stockton continues to interest the readers. Compulsory Arbitration; Boulanger and Lessons of the Pennsylvania Election are good reading.

The Eclectic. (New York.) For January, Professor Huxley contributes a paper on Pre-Historic Man, which students will take pleasure in reading. Development of Tropical Africa under British Auspices, is a subject of timely interest. Ouida talks of Modern Florence, and Mrs. Lynn Linton has something to say about social tendencies. The article on Customs, is entertaining and suggestive.

The Century. (New York.) A striking feature of the January *Century* is the first installment of Talleyrand's Memoirs. Minister Whitelaw Reid prefacing this installment by a sketch of Talleyrand. The Series of papers on early California are replete with incidents familiar to many through actual experience or from heresy. A description of the old mansions along the lower James is interspersed by picturesque illustrations. There is also a variety of short articles and stories.

The North American Review. (New York.) Gen. Nelson A. Miles, deals with the future of the Indian problem, and the distinguished historian, W. E. H. Lecky, writes upon Ireland in the Light of History. Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge sets forth his views on the restriction of immigration in this country. Madame Adam finds a congenial topic in The Dowries of Women in France. Dr. Wm. J. Rolfe vigorously contests Ignatius Donnelly's theory that Bacon wrote Shakespeare. Admiral Luce, U. S. N., furnishes a brief, but sufficient answer to the question, How shall we man our ships?

The Forum. (New York.) A review of the colonization and division of Africa to date, opens the January *Forum*. The Coming Billionaire by Mr. Thos. G. Shearman shows some startling facts. President J. C. Price, of Livingston College, North Carolina, discusses the question whether the Negro seeks social equality with the whites. Other good articles complete a valuable issue.

Current Literature. (New York.) With the January (1891) number, *Current Literature* is issued in a new form with double the number of pages, in size and style of the standard magazines. Readers will probably be pleased with the change as being more compact and easier handled. The best selections on a variety of subjects are always to be found in this monthly.

The Arena. (Boston.) Are there Objective Apparitions? by Prof. Alfred Russell Wallace, will be read with much interest by the readers of *The Arena*. Prof. Wallace is well known in the liberal world as well as the scientific. An unusual array of talent is represented this month as such names as Rabbi S. Schindler, Felix L. Oswald, Ph. D., Wilbur Larimore and others appear.

Popular Science Monthly. (New York.) An account of Iron Making in this Country is continued. Dr. Andrew D. White contributes The Warfare of Science; Prof. Huxley writes on The Aryan Question and Prehistoric Man, and Prof. S. Sheldon on The Storage of Electricity. Elementary Botany in general education is a suggestive study.

St. Nicholas. (New York.) The usual amount of good stories with occasional reminders of Christmas fill this number, and will delight the young readers.

Cardinal Gibbons, Dr. Mary Jacobi, Dr. Olser (physician in chief of John Hopkins Hospital), Miss Thomas, (Dean of Bryn Mawr), and Dr. Folsom, of Boston, all take part in a most interesting series of Open Letters to be published in the February *Century*, on the opening of the John Hopkins Medical School to women.

Benj. R. Tucker is about to publish the first English translation of Count Tolstoy's latest work "The Fruit of Culture," which

has never been published in Europe. It is a satire on the "culture" of the higher social classes, and as some of the aristocratic class in Russia have given attention to modern Spiritualism, that is assigned a prominent place among the fads and mental freaks of the characters exhibited in the book.

Funk & Wagnalls. New York, have in preparation "The Standard Dictionary of the English Language". It will place the most important current definition first, and the obsolescent and obsolete meanings last, that is, it will substitute the order of usage for the historic order usually followed in dictionaries. One valuable feature of the work will be the "location" of 50,000 quotations, giving the name of the book and of the author and of the number of the page where the quotation can be found.

Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research for December, 1890, contains an address by the president, Professor Sidgwick, on "Census of Hallucinations", his

second address on the subject and "A Record of Observation of Certain Phenomena of Trance, by F. W. H. Myers. Prof. O. J. Lodge F. R. S., Walter Leaf and Professor William James. The supplementary part of the volume contains: "Second Ad Interim Report on the Census of Hallucinations", "Reviews of A. Aksakov's Animismus and Spiritualismus" by F. W. H. Myers, "Supplementary Catalogue of the Edmund Gurley Library," "List of Life Members," and "List of Members and Associates of the American Branch." The Society for Psychical Research, it is evident from this report of its proceedings, is investigating spiritual phenomena in a truly scientific and candid spirit and is accumulating a mass of facts thoroughly attested, which must command the attention of the most stubborn skeptics—facts which clearly show that mind leaps, so to speak, over all material barriers and which, as some of the leading members of the Society evidently believe, admit of no other rational explanation than that of communication with the so-called dead.

A RELIABLE FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

That is the Character Almost Universally Given to

THE WEEKLY INTER OCEAN.

So great is its popularity that for years it has had the LARGEST CIRCULATION of any Chicago weekly newspaper.

It is ably and carefully edited in every department with a special view to its usefulness in THE HOME, THE WORKSHOP, and THE BUSINESS OFFICE.

It is a Consistent Republican Newspaper,

But discusses all public questions candidly and ably. While it gives fair treatment to political opponents, it is bitterly OPPOSED TO TRUSTS AND MONOPOLIES as antagonistic to both public and private interests.

THE LITERARY DEPARTMENT of the paper is excellent, and has among its contributors some of the MOST POPULAR AUTHORS of the day.

THE FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC CORRESPONDENCE, SERIAL AND SHORT STORIES are equal to those of any similar publication in the country.

The Youth's Department, * Curiosity Shop, * Woman's Kingdom, * and * The Home ARE IN THEMSELVES EQUAL TO A MAGAZINE.

In addition to all this the NEWS OF THE WORLD is given in its columns every week. In all departments it is carefully edited by competent men employed for that purpose.

THE PRICE OF THE WEEKLY INTER OCEAN IS \$1.00 PER YEAR.

THE SEMI-WEEKLY INTER OCEAN is published each Monday and Thursday morning, and is an excellent publication for those who can not secure a daily paper regularly and are not satisfied with a weekly.

THE PRICE OF THE SEMI-WEEKLY INTER OCEAN IS \$2.00 PER YEAR

By Special Arrangement with the Publishers o

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

That Magazine and The Weekly Inter Ocean are

Both Sent to Subscribers One Year for Two Dollars and Ninety Cents.

TEN CENTS LESS THAN THE PRICE OF THE MAGAZINE ALONE.

LIBERAL COMMISSIONS given to active agents. SAMPLE COPIES sent whenever asked for. Address all orders

THE INTER OCEAN. Chicago.



HOW DO YOU FEEL AFTER YOU EAT

Millions of American people feel badly after they eat? In fact it has been said that we are a race of dyspeptics. What caused it? Over eating! Over drinking! Over working! If you are losing flesh; have no appetite, or voraciously eat without satisfaction, feel gloomy, morose, sleep poorly, it is all because your stomach is lacking some of the active properties needed for good digestion.

STERLING DIGESTER furnishes all the gastric ferments in the same proportions as they exist in a healthy human stomach, and by the use of Sterling Digestor the food is digested in a natural manner, allowing the worn out stomach to rest, without impairing the work of nutrition.

A WEAK STOMACH IS MADE STRONG

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Weary I sit 'mid the tumult and strife,
That crowd evermore into man's busy life,
Watching the billows on time's turbid stream,
Bearing the future of youth's golden dream,
Into the gulf-wave, burdened with care,
Tinted with sorrow, and sometimes despair.

Thus was I watching the ebb and the flow,
Where human life ever in waves come and go,
Thinking the hopes and promise of youth,
Seldom, if ever, had predicted the truth:
Since the happiest tell you their visions are dead,
E'er they could reach them the brightest were fled.

And thus even so did the proof seem to be,
For such were the lessons that life had taught me;
When silent and sudden, like blossoms in spring,
There burst on my pathway a wee little thing,
With eyes soft and brown, and bright golden hair,
All dimpled with smiles, or their shadow was there.

Stirring the life-blood to youth's ardent glow,
Witching with heart-strings thought dead long ago,
Down to the core of my life's hidden prayer,
Where want ever vibrates twixt hope and despair:
This wee little thing, a wave from the shore
Of love's deepest ocean to ebb never more.

Came into my life, this baby girl mine—
Resistless her power, her love so divine
That into my heart-strings tangled with care,
Like meteor's flash her star-beam was there,
Laughing to scorn philosophic creed
Teaching a language unwritten indeed.

A language so eloquent, tender and sweet,
That even my soul fondly bowed at her feet,
To confess that Hope's fancies, and Youth's wild-
est dream,
Are crowded at last into life's turbid stream,
Turning to crystal the waters below,
To murmur forever in musical flow.

For love, human love, like the long promised bow,
Encompassed my being, and gave me to know
All life is immortal, as love has divined,
And its halo of beauty my spirit enshrined,
Till life's rankling cares and regrets only seem
As white fleecy clouds, or the shade of a dream.

Thus into my life, from the boundless unknown,
This miniature world, this monarch, alone
Came up from the mists, which way and from
where?

The ages just whispered, God's finger was there,
With His structural law so minutely defined,
That even my baby most surely could find,
The pathway to light, leading on to the shore
Of life everlasting that ebb nevermore.

This measureless joy, this light from the skies,
This promise fulfilled of complete paradise;
This star newly born, in its bright orbit set,
Yet the gem without price in my own coronet.
And more, an infinite truth, from this lesson we
draw
That life waits responsive on love's potent law.
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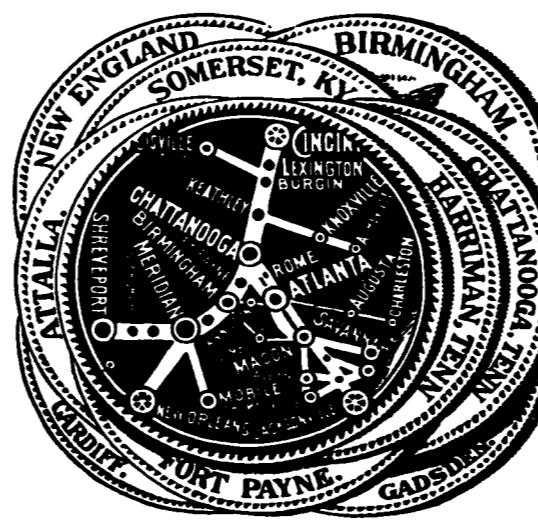
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Nay, you wrong her, my friend, her love she has simply outgrown;
One can read the whole matter translating her heart by the light of one's own.
Two summers ago when you wooed her you stood on the self same plane;
Face to face, heart to heart, never dreaming your souls could be parted again.
She loved you at that time entirely in the bloom of her life's early May,
And it is not her fault, I repeat it, that she does not love you to-day.
Nature never stands still, nor souls either; they either go up or go down;
And hers has been steadily soaring, but how has it been with your own?
She has struggled, and yearned, and aspired, grown purer and wiser each year;
The stars are now farther above you in your luminous atmosphere.
For she whom you crowned with fresh roses, down yonder five summers ago,
Has learned that the first of our duties to God and ourselves is to grow.
Her eyes are sweeter and calmer, but their vision is clearer as well;
Her voice has a tender cadence, but is pure as a silver bell.
Have you, too, grown purer and wiser as the months and the years have rolled on?
Did you meet her this morning rejoicing in the triumph of victory won?
Nay, hear me—the truth cannot harm you, when to-day in her presence you stood,
Was the hand that you gave her as white and clean as that of her womanhood?
Go measure yourself by her standard, look back on the years that have fled,
Then ask, if you need, why she tells you that the love of her girlhood is dead.
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"Within my earthly temple there's a crowd: There's one of us that's humble, one that's proud; There's one that's broken-hearted for his sins, And one who, unrepentant, sits and grins; There's one who loves his neighbor as himself, And one who cares for naught but fame and self. From much corroding care would I be free if once I could determine which is me.

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I once knew two brothers, writes Joseph Brown in the St. Louis *Magazine*, who had always lived together, and were greatly attached to each other, so much so that they were seldom seen apart, and who depended greatly on each other's opinion, and indeed one would hardly decide any matter of importance without first consulting the other, and yet, neither one lacked individuality or force of character when circumstances made it necessary, as the sequel will show. When they both had become elderly men and still living together, it became necessary for one of them to be absent from home for some time, and during the absence the other brother was taken dangerously sick, was given up by his physicians, and the absent brother was telegraphed for, and when he arrived the brother was so low that to determine that he was still living a glass had to be held to his mouth and nostrils to determine whether he was still breathing, and it was believed he could not live through the night as nothing could be administered to him to sustain life for several days. His brother stood by the bedside for some time seeming to suffer intensely, when all at once his countenance took on a sudden look of great yet calm determination, and he said, "No, he is not going to die; I won't let him." And taking him in his arms and imparting his magnetism and vitality to him he revived. The consequence was that from a state of unconsciousness bordering on death he slowly but surely rallied from that moment and lived many years after. Was it magnetism or was it will-power, or both?

In the death of Justice Charles Devens of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts the country has lost an honorable and distinguished citizen, who served faithfully and well as a general during the war of the rebellion, and after the war sustained and increased his reputation as attorney-general of the United States and on the Supreme Court bench of his native State. His dignified and vigorous figure, his fine thoughtful severe face, his commanding presence and cordial manner will not soon be forgotten by his soldiers or his friends. His last noteworthy public appearance was on the occasion of the reunion of the Devens' brigade in Springfield, Mass., when he said: To-day we remember those that fell. If I recall them it is not to sadden this occasion, but I recall their memory as I would like to be recalled had I left my bones on a southern field. If it is possible for disembodied spirits to return to this world they are about us now. Brave, tender and true then, it cannot be that they are other than brave, tender and true now. And so comrades, I ask you to rise with me in silent communion with the dead.

Emma Abbott, although not a great artist was one of the most popular singers in the English opera, a woman of pure life, of a wholesome joyous nature, and of industry, energy, and pluck. She added by her singing to the happiness of thousands who read the announcement of her death last week with a pang of regret.

General Spinola gives us a sample of mixed metaphor as "she is spoke" in Congress. In declaiming on the apportionment bill the other day, he said: "But there is an unpleasant rumor afloat." Here the Speaker interrupted, saying: "The gentleman's time has expired." when Mr. Burrows remarked, good naturedly, referring to the rumor, "Let it float." General Spinola replied: "It will float, and it will come home to roost." Another good example of metaphor more vigorous than exact is sent by a correspondent. At a large temperance meeting held last Fourth of July, the orator, a man of wide reputation, was speaking of the magnitude and extent of the rum power; he told in strong terms the

influence it now has, and concluded his description with the following words: "They (the rum power) are now generating a current of electricity which will one day rise up and smite you with a sword of dynamite."

Light: The following is communicated by a personal friend: I was asleep in my own room in my mother's house within a week of my proposed marriage, and dreamt that I was in a room in a strange house in which an old man lay dying. I have no such picture of the accessories of the room as enables me to describe it, but I should recognize it. I was sorry for the old man but no one about him seemed related to me, and the scene was strange. He died in my presence. Then the dream broke off. As my dreams had often had some import, I was anxious in the morning, and wondered how this could concern me. I was still thinking, and was expecting my intended husband to go and choose furniture. He knocked at the door, and I saw that something was the matter. He put a telegram into my hand which announced his father's death that morning. I had never

seen his father, but on seeing a photograph of him recognized the face as that seen in my dream.

In some places in Europe the number of telephone subscribers, in proportion to the population, far exceeds the ratio in America. This is said to be due to the low rates charged by the government, which owns the telephone plants.

In a recent sermon on "Heaven" Mr. Moody, the celebrated evangelist, said: "When Christ taught His disciples to pray He said, 'Our father which art in heaven.' I have no sympathy with the idea that heaven is everywhere and nowhere. I believe heaven is a place just as much as Chicago, New York, London, and Paris. It is a city that has foundations whose builder and maker is God. He is there on His throne. Christ is there." Mr. Moody is more devout than spiritual.

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THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

TRUTH WEARS NO MASK, BOWS AT NO HUMAN SHRINE, SEEKS NEITHER PLACE NOR APPLAUSE: SHE ONLY ASKS A HEARING.

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For Publisher's Announcements, Terms, Etc, See Page 16

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

The gymnastic Talmage makes more money, doubtless, than any of the Presbyterian pastors who do not sink the clergyman in the clown, says the *New York Sun*. He collects from his congregation about \$10,000 a year, and gets at least as much more for his editorial work and from the publication of his sermons in the form of telegraphic despatches, apparently sent on the day of delivery, but in reality prepared previously and transmitted by mail.

The *New York Tribune* complains that when Congress was making the new tariff law, self-seeking men who "knew that new duties were designed to benefit the whole people, nevertheless set themselves at once in some instances to contrive combinations and trusts by which to deprive the millions of all participation in those benefits." Can nothing be done with these conspirators against the public welfare under the law against trusts? If there is no other way should not the duties used by them be at once reduced?

Mr. Joseph B. Sargent, a successful hardware merchant, now mayor of New Haven, believes in case of municipal monopolies not only in public control but in public ownership. In his inaugural message he said the other day: "Works of a public nature, carried on mainly within the bounds of a municipality and for the purpose of supplying the inhabitants with certain daily requirements of civilized life, and requiring special rights of eminent domain to distribute their products, should be owned and operated by the people and in the sole interest of the people." Mayor Sargent would include electric lighting, gas, and water among "works of a public nature."

According to the statement of Rev. Dr. Lloyd, pastor of the late D. B. Fayerweather, and of the physician in charge, both the medical and spiritual doctors were shut out from the presence of the dying man, while the only person in his sick room was one of the three executors and beneficiaries of his will, under the codicil, and that he induced Mr. Fayerweather to sign the codicil which another of the three had drawn up, and that the testator at the time was in a half conscious condition. If this statement is true and can be proved the will is likely to be annulled by the Surrogate Court. Whoever wishes to do good with his wealth should do it in his own lifetime, when he is in health and can be the executor of his own will.

The Century has this bit about the famous "Brook Farm" of a generation ago, where philosophers like Emerson and *literati* like Hawthorne tried in vain to realize the ideal brotherhood on a coöperative farm: "It was a delightful gathering of men and women of superior cultivation, who lead a charming life for a few years, laboring in its fields and philandering in its pleasant woods. It was a little too much of a picnic for serious profit. The enterprise failed pecuniarily, after seeming for some years to have succeeded, and Brook Farm became the site of the town poorhouse. Hawthorne, who lost all his savings in the

enterprise, has sketched it, in some respects faithfully, in his "Blithedale Romance." While he was a member he was chiefly engaged in taking care of the pigs, that being found by experiment to be the branch of farm labor to which his genius was best adapted."

In Houlton jail, Aroostook county, Maine, is a young man who, by some legal technicality under the debtors' law, was imprisoned at the instigation of a wealthy merchant whom he owed and refused to pay a sum of money. The prisoner remained stubborn for six months, the creditor paying \$2 a week for his board, when he said that he would pay the debt. But under the law he must pay all the costs and his board. This he could not do, and still remains in jail, and his creditor, who seems to be a revengeful wretch, says that as long as he lives he will pay the man's board, and has made his will, according to which \$2,000 will be set aside to keep the prisoner in his cell until he shall be released by death. "The harshness of the creditor," it is stated, "causes considerable excitement and sympathy for the doomed man." A man should be compelled to pay his honest debts when he is able to do so, but a life imprisonment for debt ought not to be possible in this country.

There is no doubt that the transfer of the Indian troubles which have arisen, from the Indian Bureau to the War Department would result in pacifying the Indian, but the transfer is persistently opposed by politicians because the bureau in the Interior Department is a civil organization and its agents change with the administration. Places are thus kept at the changing command of spoils hunters, which under the War Department would be unchangeable. The present Indian agent, knowing that his lease of official life is probably no longer than the term of the administration under which he is appointed, cares nothing whatever about the relations of the Indians to the government beyond his term of office, and is constantly calculating how he can make the largest amount of money from his opportunities. The army control of the Indian bureau would compel the Indian by force to forget all thoughts of war, to enter on occupations of peace, and to save himself from annihilation by becoming part of the civilization of the day. Congress should direct the transfer of the Indian bureau to the War Department and so end the Indian troubles which are an anomaly in our modern civilization.

It is now said that the Indians of Mexico are victims of a messiah craze very much like that which prevails among the Indians in the Dakotas; that all the tribes scattered throughout Mexico expect a messiah soon to appear to restore to them their old domain. He will cause a great volcanic eruption which will overflow much of the country and destroy all but the Aztecs. At Cholulu, where are the ruins of an old Aztec temple, hundreds of believers in the coming savior are engaged in performing mysterious religious rites, accompanied with a flower dance. It is further reported that there is much excitement among the most ignorant class of the colored people, which has been brought about among them by a man claiming to be a messiah. The Kansas City chief of police

was called upon lately by a delegation of negroes from two of the lowest neighborhoods in the city, and asked for permission to hold ghost dances in those localities, declaring that the messiah had appeared and told them to prepare for the supremacy of their race. This messiah business having run its length among enlightened people, still persists among savage and half civilized races.

It is estimated that eighty per cent. of the population of New York City is of foreign birth or parentage. In 1885 Boston had 245,000 foreign born and of foreign parentage, out of a population of 390,000 and the population has since then probably increased. In all large cities the loss from death and removal far exceeds the natural increase, so that a continual inflow from outside alone prevents depopulation. In the eastern sea-board cities the larger portion of the increase is made up of immigrants. More than half of the 450,000 immigrants who came to this country in the year ending June 30th last, remained upon the eastern sea-board. The character of the immigration is changing for the worse. The immigration from Great Britain, Germany, Scandinavia and Switzerland fell off in the year ending June, 1890, nearly 48,000 from the previous year, while the immigration from Hungary, Poland, Italy, Russia, Southern and Eastern Europe and Asia has increased about 60,000 in the same time. We are drawing half our immigrants from countries which twenty years ago sent us none, and the proportion of these undesirable immigrants is increasing. Three-quarters of them are unskilled laborers, a large percentage are on the verge of pauperism, nine-tenths are ignorant and a fraction are criminal. The whole tendency of such accessions to the population of the United States, is to increase illiteracy and pauperism, degrade labor and produce general deterioration.

The immediate future of equatorial Africa is a subject of great importance; a large and fertile country which spreads as far north as the Nile Cataracts and as far south as the great Nyanzas, and which includes the Upper Nile and the populous regions of Uyoro and Uganda, is in the hands of natives who are savage and of Arab slave-traders who are so destitute of the instincts of humanity as almost to range with the brutes. If these occupants evinced the smallest capacity for improvement, or the least indication of ability to turn to account the resources of their country, they might safely be left to work out their own destiny without foreign interference. But they seem to be as barbarous as they were in the days when the Shepherd Kings made war upon the Pharaohs of Egypt. They starve in a country whose fertility is unexampled. They go naked in regions where cotton and flax grow wild. They fight with spears and poisoned arrows. Their normal condition is one of internecine war; their principal products are the spoils of the chase. They have no respect for truth or honor, or the rights of property. They are on a par with those prehistoric savages who hunted the mammoth in the swamps of Missouri, and disputed holes in the ground with the bear of the Sierras. It is impossible that the paradise which is called Equatorial Africa can long be left in such unworthy hands as these. Some nation is sure to stretch out a long arm to seize it.

GOOD METHODISM.

The following article which appeared in the editorial columns of THE JOURNAL some time ago, is reprinted at the suggestion and by the request of a friend interested in the cause of woman suffrage and opposed to the domination of the movement by theological influences:

Rev. W. V. Turnstall has been ably exposing the heresy of Woman Suffrage in the *Methodist Recorder*. From the standpoint of old theology he is logical and unanswerable. Would that space permitted quoting his able argument in full. Here is a part of his indictment, though not the strongest:

"3. For seeking to hold office (displacing Moses) Miriam, but not Aaron, was given the leprosy. And may Frances and Susan profit by the sample, as Patrick Henry said of George III. Under the New Testament, she is only permitted to pray or prophesy, yet with her head covered; and this accounts for wearing of bonnets in public to this day,—to symbolize subjection to her husband under the curse. She is expressly prohibited by Paul (I. Tim. ii, 11, 14) to rule in the church or to usurp authority over the man.

"4. Now to vote is to rule. Voting carries with it all the collaterals of making, expounding, and executing law; and if the Bible, Old and New, is clear, harmonious, and consistent upon any one point, it is that God hath withheld from woman the right to rule either in the Church, the State, or even in the family; and this he did strictly on account of her having 'brought sin and death into the world and all our woe.' For, if there had been no sin, there had been no governments. Pride prompted her to this act, and humiliation is the result. God has seen to it that woman, in the fall, did not gain even equality, much less supremacy, but greatly lost."

Now it is of no use, nor is it consistent and Christian, for a woman of the evangelical faith to curl the lip in scorn at this good preacher's words. His language and arguments are strictly orthodox. If Christian dogmas are soundly based and authoritative, then is he correct. He cannot be successfully met without fatally weakening the "Christian Plan of Salvation." He speaks by the card, and is backed up by the God of orthodoxy. We know what sister "Susan" thinks of Turnstall and his allegations. With her splendid head thrown back, her eyes flashing fire and her form quivering with mingled feelings of contempt and indignation, Susan B. Anthony, in the language of another, might say, "I deny the allegations and I defy the allegator"—and she would throw a double meaning into the last word. She could do this consistently and without explanation or apology, for she is not of Turnstall's fold. Sister "Frances," how do you like it? We know that you have spoken your piece on this topic before, but as you are a Methodist and as such bound not to speak contrary to what has been taught you by the Methodist God's representatives on earth, your arguments have always seemed like special pleading; lacking consistency and handicapped by Bible interpretations not warranted in a good Methodist. In a word,—we say it with the most profound admiration for you and your works—your speech squares not with your theology, and thus, seeking the jewel of consistency, carries not with it the fire of conviction to your sisters in the church. Theologically you may be a Methodist, but practically you are, in the sight of the "anointed," a most dangerous heretic; and but for the free-thinkers who guarded your rights in framing the constitution of your country, you would to-day be suffering tortures worse than Knox and Calvin inflicted upon those who dared to think for themselves. According to Turnstall and the theological dogmas which invest his decision with authority, you are a moral leper! You, Frances Willard, whose magnetic presence, burning words, convincing arguments, and great organizing and executive abilities have done more good, saved more homes from ruin, brought peace, comfort and happiness to more forlorn hearts than any thousand preachers of your theology in America! Look this vile moss-covered monster, Old Theology, square in the face with your eyes undimmed by hereditary tendencies or

early training! Either you must give up your theology and be consistent, or retain it and be grossly inconsistent; daily defying the law of God and deepening your damnation by teaching doctrines declared to be false and pernicious by the "consensus of the competent" in Methodism. Dr. Turnstall belongs to the "regulars;" you must either take his medicine or leave behind the Methodist hospital with its fetid odors, hellbroth, and female slaves and come out into God's fresh, wholesome bracing air where intellectual freedom, untrammeled religious aspiration, and love of humanity are carrying the world upward and away from the putrid reminiscences so dear to theologians.

REMINISCENCES OF BUCKLE.

A gentleman who was favored with an opportunity to make the acquaintance and to learn the views and personal habits of Henry Thomas Buckle, says that in speaking of religion he affirmed that there was no doctrine in Christianity that had not been announced before, but that Christianity was by far the noblest religion in existence. The chief point of its superiority, he said, was the prominence given to the humane and philanthropic element; and in giving this prominence was its originality. He believed, he said, in a Great First Cause, but had not arrived at the belief by any process of reasoning satisfactory to himself. Paley's argument from the evidence of design he regarded as futile. He expressed belief in a future state, and declared most impressively that life would be unsupportable to him if he thought that he were to be separated forever from one person, alluding it is probable to his mother, to whose memory he dedicated the second volume of his History. He had, he said, no doubt that in a future state we shall recognize one another. He declared himself unable to form any judgment as to the mode of future existence. Religion he thought on the increase in the world, but theology was declining.

Buckle spoke about his education. He had been truly self-taught. When he was a boy he was so delicate that it was thought he could not live; the celebrated Dr. Abernethy, who was a particular friend of his father, saw how important it was to keep him from mental excitement, and begged that he might not be troubled with lessons. Accordingly he was not sent to school at any time, except for a brief period to a clergyman, who had directions not to make him study; and he was not regularly taught anything. Until eight years of age he hardly knew his letters, but at fifteen he read Shakespeare with great zest. At seventeen he conceived the plan of his book, and resolved to do two things to fit himself to write it: first he resolved to devote four hours a day to the study of physical science, in order that he might be fully able to understand and to unfold its relations with history; secondly, he resolved to devote an equal portion of each day to the study of English composition and practice in writing in order that he might be able to set forth his opinions with force and perspicuity. To these resolutions he adhered for twelve years. Every day after breakfast, he shut himself up for four hours with his experiments and his investigations; and afterward devoted four hours to analyzing the style of the best English authors, inquiring, as he said, "where it was that I wrote worse than they." He studied, not only in England, but in Germany and other European countries. He learned all the languages that he knew, and he knew all that I ever heard of, says the gentleman who jotted down in his journal recollections of the historian, without the aid of a master in any excepting German, in which he began with a master, but soon dismissed him because he hindered more than he helped. He read Hebrew with a Jewish rabbi, but that was after he learned the language. He considered knowledge of languages valuable only as a stepping stone to other learning, and spoke with contempt of a person in Egypt who was mentioned as speaking eight languages familiarly. "Has he done anything?" "No." "Then he is fit only to be a courier."

Buckle had a library of 22,000 volumes, all selected by himself. He spent eight or nine hundred pounds

a year upon his library. He owned copies of all the books referred to in his history. When he engaged in composition he walked about the room, his mind engrossed with his subject, until he had composed an entire paragraph; then he sat down and wrote it, never retouching nor composing sentence by sentence, which he thought tended to give an abrupt and jerky effect to what was written.

These, and other reminiscences by Mr. Buckle's acquaintance, present a very familiar and home-like picture of the brilliant historian, whose early death was a loss to the world.

MORE SPIRITUALIZATION, LESS MATERIALIZATION.

For nearly a score of years the Spiritualist movement has been racked and torn by dissensions over materialization. Vital force and money sufficient to have established the biggest publishing house and missionary bureau in America, have been expended in patronizing and defending dark room and cabinet exhibitors and the exhibitors. What is there to show for all this vast outlay? Absolutely nothing of value to the world or to Spiritualism. The only point clearly settled is that more than ninety per cent. of what has been presented as spirit materialization is made up of downright, premeditated humbug, fortified in some instances by a slight psychical coloring. Probably if a census were practicable it would be found that a majority of Spiritualists to-day is composed of those who are still dissatisfied with the claims of materialization, and of those who sweepingly deny the validity of the proofs.

Is it not time that this great volume of money and energy were turned into another channel? Would it not be well for those claiming the name of Spiritualist to expend their surplus forces in stimulating the spiritualization of the so-called Spiritualist movement? Supposing that for the next score of years the same amount of ardor and money were to be utilized in spiritualizing Spiritualists, will any one dare to question the grand and beneficent results? The materialization craze has spent its force; and, it is to be hoped, is passing into innocuous desuetude. Now let there be a revival of real spirituality, a quickening of the finer qualities of the spirit, an aspiration for inward development that shall overflow in acts and deeds which will mark the movement as the world's greatest benefactor in the opening years of the twentieth century.

GHOSTS.

A writer in the *London Quarterly Review* who discourses in regard to ghosts and the belief in them which prevailed two or three hundred years ago in England, and especially at a time when the bard of Avon was writing his masterpieces for the stage says: "We can not doubt that Shakespeare, like his contemporaries, believed in ghosts, while we do not. How, then, can we say that he is true to nature, when he makes Hamlet or Brutus or Macbeth see ghosts, talk with them, and thereby in all respects believe in them? Skeptical arguments against the reality of ghosts were not unknown to Shakespeare's contemporaries. He must have read them himself in Plutarch's Brutus, but we can not suppose that those arguments had more effect on him than on Brutus himself. And we can not escape from the difficulty by saying that the superstition being natural to the poet, and to the men of his time, it was natural that he should make the personages of his plays subject to it. For the ground-work of all our study of Shakespeare assumes that he was not merely of an age, but for all time. What we do say is that the men of Shakespeare's age believed in ghosts because they had seen them, and we for the same reason disbelieve in them. We have, like Coleridge, seen to many. Plenty of ghosts have been and still are seen, but the sight has been verified by investigators with habits of mind derived from the practice of the Baconian method of examining facts."

This writer says that ghosts have been verified like many other phenomena, once so mysterious as to be supposed to be supernatural, and have been found to

have their place under natural laws, that they are subjectively real and do not come under the laws of the physical eyes and of optics. "It is true," says the writer, "that in many authenticated ghost stories, of our own times even, there is an element of unexplained coincidence which still seems to give them a supernatural appearance; but these, too, the friends of psychical research believe that they shall one day bring under ordinary natural law."

Undoubtedly all apparitional phenomena come under natural laws even though such phenomena, because the laws are not understood, are imagined to be supernatural. That such phenomena are purely subjective would seem to be disproved by the simultaneousness of the appearances to two or more persons. There is evidently something objective to the percipients to produce upon them at the same time similar vivid impressions giving rise to a distinct form or image, as real to them as any ordinary object presented to the sense of sight. That the apparition is the actual spirit, or that the spirit is objective in fact in the sense that matter is cannot be affirmed, but it has to be so conceived owing to the limitations of sense perceptions; and practically the individual that perceives what, under material and mundane conditions corresponds with or represents a human being no longer in the flesh, perceives what to him or her is an objective and not merely a subjective reality. In earth life we do not actually see one another, but we see that which corresponds with and symbolically represents the deeper reality—the spirit. Every individual spirit has to be thought of if conceived at all, as objective to every other spiritual being.

WOMEN AND THEOLOGY.

Those who try to identify the cause of woman's rights with the Christian theology overlook the fact that Christianity is an orientalism, that only where it has been modified by Roman and Germanic influence and by modern anti-Christian and extra-Christian thought do its representatives regard woman's position as other than one of subserviency and subordination. Every effort to improve the condition of woman has been opposed by appeals to the Scriptures, which plainly teach that the position of woman is secondary to that of man, for the reason that man was made first and woman sinned first. During the decay of ancient institutions Christianity put itself in opposition to a strong tendency of the times by emphasizing the duty of chastity and marital fidelity; but its teachings in regard to the inferiority of woman and her responsibility for the introduction of sin into the world and for the consequent fall and depravity of the race, caused her to be regarded as impure, and led to an unhealthy asceticism which proclaimed war upon nature and produced a revulsion toward the opposite extreme. At the same time the independence and intellectual culture of woman were discouraged and for centuries she ceased to figure in history except as a devotee. It is as true of the advancement of woman as of progress in general that during the last three hundred years, as Lecky says, "the decadence of theological influence has been one of the most invariable signs and measures of our progress."

Recognizing this fact, some make a distinction between Pauline Christianity and the moral precepts of Jesus; but the influence of the system must be judged not so much by its precepts of virtue as by its doctrines, which have been widely accepted and which have been favorable or otherwise to the practice of these precepts. That Christianity, like the older religions, has been necessary to the attainment of the present social condition is undeniable. It has met certain wants and contributed some valuable elements to human progress. It has, in certain respects, on the other hand, been reactionary and retarded progress. Only where the theological teachings of the Bible in regard to woman have been outgrown or greatly modified is woman's position one of elevation and independence.

Talmage, the Brooklyn jumping-jack of the pulpit, in one of his recent sermons addressed seamen as follows: "All you in the forecastle and all you who run up and down the slippery ratlines, take to sea with

you Him who with a quiet word sent the winds back through the mountain gorges. Some of you Jack Tars to whom these words will come need to tack ship and change your course if you are going to get across the sea of life safely and gain the heavenly harbor. Belay there! Ready about! Helm a-lee! Mainsail haul!" Talmage has no more knowledge of the tacking of a ship than of many other subjects on which he talks glibly, all unconscious of his ignorance. The general orders for tacking are, as one acquainted with terminology says, "Ready about—ease down the helm—haul the spanker boom amidship—helm's alee—rise tacks and sheets—mainsail haul—let go and haul—down tacks and aft sheets—brace up—full and by." Talmage's nautical blundering is almost as bad as that of George M. Towle in "The Voyages and Adventures of Vasco da Gama." In that work the navigator, in a heavy gale to the eastward of the Cape of Good Hope, is made to shout: "Make the masts fast with ropes, my men! Pass the shrouds over the yards! You two take the panels off the tops and sails! Strike all sails except the fore-sails; we'll weather the storm with them." A writer who calls this a trespass on the seaman's domain, says: "It is hardly necessary to add that it soon fell to a flat calm. No self-respecting gale would consent to remain in a locality where such language was used." The language of the sea is simple but so precise that only those who have followed a seafaring life are likely to use it correctly.

Mr. McQueary in his speech before the ecclesiastical court, defending himself against the charge of heresy, said, "I am willing to bow to the authority of the council at Nice, that great council that formulated and established the great Catholic creed of Christendom. Will this court bow to this august and venerable authority? Surely the church of Ohio will not have the courage to reject the decree of the greatest ecclesiastical council that ever assembled." Why should Mr. McQueary, who insists on the right of private judgment, "bow to the authority of the council of Nice," which was composed of men who knew less than he does, less than the average preacher of to-day knows? Why should he, from the standpoint of a Protestant and a rationalist, appeal to a creed formulated by fallible men who lived in a pre-scientific and superstitious age? Why does he not step out into the sunlight of free thought and declare that he recognizes no authority higher than human reason, and that every man must judge for himself what he shall accept, and if he is a preacher what he shall preach. It is more than likely, it is stated, that Rev. Howard McQueary, if the ecclesiastical court that heard his case, shall give a verdict against him, will find an avenue for his views through the pulpit of the Unitarian church, which would doubtless welcome him, and in which he would find an ample field of usefulness.

The heart hungers for the real presence of the dear departed. The tenderest sympathies and affections, the deepest demands of the soul, and the loftiest range of the intellect, all reach toward the life beyond, and would make it interblend naturally and beautifully with our own daily life. Spiritualism meets these desires, and calls into action all these faculties in a harmonious search for truth. The facts of spirit presence and power are the proof positive of immortality—outward experiences verifying the voice, within says: Thou shalt never die. They come in a hour when they are needed, to confound materialism; to save all that is worth saving in dogmatic theory; to give us a new Bible exegesis, giving significance to the spiritual truths, the visions and the experiences of the book; to open the way for a more perfect psychology, a natural religion, full of inspiration, and a more perfect spiritual philosophy.—G. B. Stebbins.

At the gathering of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers at Pittsburgh last fall, Chauncey M. Depew said: "To close a line like the New York Central, and inflict the attendant hardships upon hundreds of thousands of people, and the enormous losses upon business men and wage-earners alike, is so great a calamity

and near a crime that those who are responsible and in the wrong are bound to suffer." Mr. Depew does not overstate the truth. That congress and the legislatures of the several states have the right to regulate the business of railroad corporations is now beyond dispute. There is evidently the same constitutional right to control and regulate the employees of a public corporation who cannot justly imperil the lives or interfere with the business of thousands of citizens. The employees and the corporation have relations not simply to each other, but to the community which also has rights. There is needed legislation which will compel the settlement by arbitration of the differences that arise between railway companies and their employees, without permitting any action that may jeopardize the lives of people or interrupt the transportation of property.

The following extraordinary phenomenon took place at 237 Elgin street, on a recent Sunday evening, writes H. J. Brun, of Melbourne, Australia, in a letter to *The Two Worlds*. As the family were sitting round the fire the lady of the house saw a portrait of an old lady friend of hers—Mrs. Smith—appear on the side of the stove quite distinctly. She called her husband and daughters to witness it; they also saw plainly the portrait, and were very much startled. On the following Thursday, about 1 p. m., while at dinner, an old clock, quite out of order, struck "one" very loudly, which caused great commotion among the members of the family. On Friday afternoon the lady sent her son to request me to call upon her. I did so, and she then related the above circumstances. I advised her to mentally call the spirit of the lady friend, which she did; and then and there appeared the same distinct portrait. I stooped down toward it and saw it quite plainly; it appeared of a brownish tint, but changed to a pale and deathly hue. Her friend was about eighty years old.

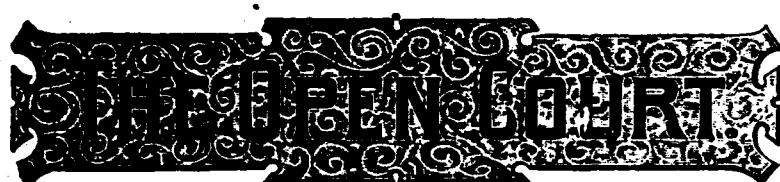
"Preaching is not essay-making, nor theologizing, nor championing sects, nor an apology for religion," says the *Boston Advertiser*. "It is the heart of a man who has a message out of life for life, who reaches up toward God and out toward man, who is filled with an inexpressible yearning toward and love for both; it is the heart of such a man filling a human voice and speaking through it to men. It is the greatest of opportunities. When it speaks, men listen."

The *Observatore Romano* assails the authorities of Rome for allowing an organization known as the "Jesus Christ Republican Socialist Club" to exist, on the ground that the bearing of such a title by a political organization is an offense against religion. "Why not," some one asks, "look toward Brazil, where they have 'The Brewery of the Holy Ghost,' and no priest has ever protested against such a profanation of the name of the third person of the Trinity."

Dr. Edward W. Emerson, son of the late Ralph Waldo Emerson, delivered a lecture lately on "Henry Thoreau" before the Concord Lyceum, in which he contradicted the idea so generally accepted that Thoreau was an echo of Emerson. Those who knew Thoreau or have carefully read his works will recognize his original, powerful individuality, and know that he was never conscious of imitating anybody.

The widow of Lawrence Oliphant—Rosalind Dale-Owen—who some months after his death married a young assistant in his business, at Haifa, in Syria, is now engaged with her present husband and with a lady of fortune from New York in writing out, under the dictation of the spirit of Oliphant, a novel of a mystical and psychical sort.

Professor de Morgan, President of the Mathematical Society of London: "I am perfectly convinced that I have both seen and heard, in a manner which should make disbelief impossible, things called spiritual, which cannot be taken by a rational being to be capable of explanation by imposture, coincidence, or mistake. So far I feel the ground firm under me."



HYPNOTIC MONOPOLY--TOE JOINTS--TRILOBITES

By G. B. STEBBINS.

The last specimen of professional assumption is before me. The Medical Society—old school and “regular,” of course,—of Illinois wants healing by hypnotism (the new-fangled name for magnetism) put into the hands of “the faculty”—nobody to hypnotize without sheepskin diplomas, nobody to practice mind-cure and its like without a sheepskin.

If these medical pundits were experts in hypnotism there might be some shadow of reason in their wish, but they are confessedly ignorant, only gleaning a little light from their brief experience, admitting the healing virtue of what they sneered at yesterday, refusing even to gain light from those who know more than they do, and have had more experience, and yet coolly asking the monopoly of hypnotic healing! There are not, probably, in the whole state a score of physicians of the old school, and not many of any school, who know enough of the philosophy or the practice of hypnotism to safely be trusted to magnetize any person or to deal with trance conditions without peril to the patient. Yesterday they were mocking at what they would ignorantly monopolize to-day.

Not a chair or a professor of hypnotism in any medical college; no means, such as they hold indispensable, for knowledge of this healing art, no disposition to learn from experts in magnetism who have no sheepskin certificates, but can show long lists of cures from their practice. George Francis Train is a modest man compared with these. Wait a little, gentlemen, until you learn the A, B, C of the matter. I know the first four letters of the Greek alphabet. If I should set up as a teacher of Greek my ridiculous assumption would approach yours in this case. If I should ask that nobody save those who only knew these first four Greek letters should teach the language I should stand by your side, as your equal in coolness as well as absurdity.

How many spies and police will it take, gentlemen of the medical profession, to stand guard at every house while we hypnotize our sick? How can your police get in if we chose to bolt our doors? “Every man’s house is his castle,” is an old law saying; we can keep you out and heal our own sick as we please, and you can not seize our medicine and implements. You had better give it up, as many sensible physicians judge it best to do.

If one looks into a geological cabinet and sees a petrified trilobite his thought goes back a long way to a crude mold in antedeluvian days. I had a like sensation lately. In a late medical journal I saw an article on “The Revolution in Medicine,” by Dr. Austin Flint. Either this writer, or a remote ancestor of like name, propounded the “toe-joint” theory, whereby the whole spirit-rapping delusion was to come to an end. The theory was a grand success. It made its author a good laughing-stock, and his fellow medicos could not accept it, even from a learned professor. The raps were, literally, “heard round the world,” while the toe joints limped a few miles and gave out. His “revolution in medicine” is the microbe and the lymph—the last injected with keen lancet by a regular doctor. Koch is king, and in his train the typhoid lymph, the diphtheritic lymph, the lymph for measles, that for scarlet fever, and so on will promptly arrest these diseases in the bright future. Middle aged persons, duly submissive to the medico-legal powers that are to be, will be lanced and scarified from head to heel, marked and scratched all over like tattooed New Zealanders, but will be healthy—provided they are not poisoned by bad lymph, as they very likely will be, which will send rottenness to their bones.

This all may be, but nobody knows yet, and it is not at all probable. Dr. Flint knows as little about lymph

as he did about toe joints, and the whole faculty know as little about it as they do about hypnotism. Sensible doctors will go slow. The working hypothesis of the medical faculty is materialistic. Some stuff from the outside must be got into the body in some abnormal way, hence the great Koch, with his foul lymph. Hypnotism is a glimpse at the *vis medicatrix naturae*, the invisible healing potency, and it is “all Greek” to the old-fashioned doctors. They see it as the blind man in the parable, with his newly-opened eyes, saw “men as trees walking.” But enough. I want to pull myself back into this closing decade of our century, or I shall mumble about toe-joint raps and feel as though a trilobite shell was closing around me. The moral of all this is, that, with due respect to sensible and large-minded physicians, “we, the people,” have some rights, and intend that they shall be respected.

SPIRITUALISM FROM DIFFERENT STANDPOINTS.

By T. W. DAVENPORT.

I am more than ever interested in the contents of the progressive RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, but I presume that while some consider the change in form, type and matter an improvement, others will deem it retrogression. It is well known that there is quite a large body of enthusiastic Spiritualists who are so fond of exciting manifestations that they cannot bear to hear mediums criticised, much less to hear them condemned, and I presume that no amount of humbuggery will cure them. Such Spiritualists do not and never did like THE JOURNAL, and it is to be presumed that they are not subscribers to it. But what THE JOURNAL has lost in this direction, has been more than made good by the accession of those sedate minds not satisfied with a heavy admixture of falsehood with truth, and another class who are more or less inclined to doubt everything that does not bear the stamp of rigid scientific investigation. It cannot be doubted that the latter is largely increasing in numbers as a result of the application of scientific methods in every department of human enquiry. Even the church, formerly considered the repository of faith, cannot afford to be unscientific. That preacher is a very bold and rash man who, presuming upon the ignorance or bigotry of his hearers, launches out into the scientifically condemned vagaries once so popular with true believers.

We hear no more of the personal Devil or anthropomorphic God, of infant damnation or total depravity, no more of the special creation six thousand years ago, or the halting of the sun and moon as a verity; very little of the fall of man and the Garden of Eden; nothing at all of the material resurrection or the universal deluge, or the unventilated ark stuffed full of unfed, untamed, uncared for beasts. Upon them science has written the word myth, and even the church now receives them with that estimate. And what the church has had to undergo in the way of scientific supervision, Spiritualism cannot avoid. Whatever of the alleged spiritual phenomena that is false or incongruous and explainable without such agency, will be segregated and lopped off, and true Spiritualism will be all the better for it; as much better as the church for the loss of its monstrosities of faith.

While I presume many Spiritualists accept, and will continue to accept Spiritualism in the same way that church members accept their religion, viz.: by faith, it should be borne in mind that the distinction between Spiritualism and the older religions, is that which must forever be found between faith and knowledge. The question to the faithist is, properly, what do you believe? To the true Spiritualist it is, what do you know? And hence, though scientific methods will curtail the domain of faith, they will only extend, and diversify that of knowledge. By the word knowledge is meant more than mere material things; it includes the imponderables of whatever name or nature, and that scientist who cannot follow scientific methods in his search among the imponderables, is a mere partialist, who should settle back to his proper place among the fossils that he can both feel and see.

It must be remembered by Spiritualists who evince

some nervousness at the non-acceptance, or partial acceptance, of spiritual truth by members of the Society for Psychical Research, that the test of all knowledge is in the investigator himself, that the principal difficulties in the way of concurrent opinion are those which pertain to the percipient. How can we expect a proper decision, as to colors, from one color blind, or our piano tuned by one who does not perceive the difference of tones; or our children properly trained by those wanting in affection, or the truth told by those who have no feeling of moral obligation? For all these to be well performed, requires not only natural adaptation, but special training, and as the incompetent in all these callings are weeded out and excluded by the testimony of those who are competent to judge, so will the spiritually blind, deaf and dumb members of the psychical society fail to convince those who can see, contrary to the verdict of their own faculties.

Agassiz, though oblivious to his own want of fitness to judge in matters pertaining to Spiritualism, was fully cognizant of the general truth that long continued practice of methods adapted to one branch of knowledge unfits one for successfully pursuing another branch, and hence in his famous school he desired to exclude from membership the old scholastics who had become fixed in their methods. The homely old maxim that it is hard to teach an old dog new tricks, is based upon this general truth. People get so accustomed to certain lines of thought, that it is almost impossible to move them into new and different ones; it is so impracticable to get them out of the ruts which have become a part of their existence, and until this moving out is done no change is possible. What is to be expected of a mathematician who has a life-long habit of dealing with quantities, except that he will be dissatisfied with every investigation mixed with uncertainty. Such a one, investigating commercial mediumship, would from sheer habit throw it all away as fraud, when there was the finest opportunity offered for the exercise of genuine scientific research. Logically, the scientific incredulous and the non-scientific over credulous, are full brothers, the former throwing all away because of some error, and the latter accepting it all because of some truth.

If our spiritualistic brethren only knew it, we have in the doings of the Society for Psychical Research a rare opportunity for studying the effects of previous training upon the minds of those who are admitted to be eminent in their several professions. The mathematician from habit, become instinct, is inclined to treat the phenomena mathematically, and when he comes across anything new and strange he must symbolize it with a character or word, and in his thoughts afterwards, which always take a mathematical turn, he involves and evolves his symbol with great satisfaction, as though symbols ever expressed anything more than quantitative relations. Indeed, how suggestive and explanatory is the symbol “*odic force*” as a substitute for a really scientific report upon the phenomena!

Or the mathematician includes the manifestations by number, within his formula, and calculates the probabilities of thought transference and unconscious cerebration. The physicist is differently affected: his bent is to refer everything, which his eyes do not discover, to an attribute of matter. He does not, however, recollect that while Sir Isaac Newton expressed the force of gravity by the symbol “*g*” and attributed it to matter as an inherent quality, yet his mind was busy pondering how a quality could act where it was not, and he said it was inconceivable to him.

Let the Psychical Society print and circulate their ponderous reports; they are doing a needed work.

With all of their inventions and discoveries the materialistic scientists have never explained away one genuine spirit rap; they have never satisfactorily accounted for the phenomena upon any of their ingenious hypotheses for the reason that nothing short of a continuous spiritual existence can account for them. Odic force, hypnotism, thought transference, mind reading, unconscious cerebration, like guide posts all point toward the true source, but all of them separated from and disconnected with the spiritual factor.

incompetent to answer the question of the little Fox girl: "How is this, mama; old Split Foot can see as well as he can hear?"

SILVERTON, OREGON.

SPIRIT, NOT ETHER, THE MEDIUM OF HEAT, LIGHT AND ELECTRICITY.

By WM. I. GILL.

Ether, through all the ages, has been an ethereal foundation for many things in the region of romance supposed to be science. It has now attained a dignity of function and authority it never before enjoyed. It has risen from a very tenuous gas to the rank of a solid, though more tenuous than any known gas, yet more compact than any known solid, but lighter than all, perhaps entirely weightless. It is indeed a most wonderful invention—too wonderful even to be a discovery. It was invented as an hypothesis to explain the phenomena of light, and has been applied to heat, magnetism and electricity, and as it is supposed to render these phenomena conceivable according to other known material laws, it is considered as established beyond all reasonable doubt. For modern materialism it is, probably, the acme of conjecture in this line. But it involves insurmountable logical difficulties, and thence results in agnosticism, which is a soft nebulous pillow for the tried brains of cosmic monists of all sorts. Hard, unyielding logic carried out straight without a curve would not be half so nice—to them. But there are people to whom this is the most agreeable, and an absolute need of their intellectual nature, developed by exercise and confirmed by habitual practice. They demand that hypothesis shall be self-consistent. Only the self-consistent conception is real or answerable to any possible part. On this ground they have never been able to yield assent to the hypothesis of an undulating universal ether as the medium of light. To explain things by the invention of what contradicts itself in the utterance, is no credit to science. The explanation is the darkest part. It is as if one should explain footprints in the sand by saying they must have been made by a three legged biped. Just as inconsistent as this are the most authoritative descriptions of this famous ether. It is honored with the performance of achievements which require it to be both ponderable and imponderable. It can not be both. It must be one or the other.

If it is ponderable, it cannot be universally and equally diffused. For it must obey the law of gravitation, for that is the meaning of being ponderable; and in accordance with that law it must collect in spheres with axial and orbital motions, with wide spaces between its condensed and orbiculated portions; and it will also in the process be likely itself to develop heat, light and electricity. Hence it cannot perform the task assigned to it as a medium immutable yet impossibly shiverous.

On the other hand, if it is not ponderable, it cannot be made to shine by the stroke of a ponderable body; nor could it retard the motion of any body. It cannot in any degree resist or react, and so can have no frictional force. From this lack of all possible reactive agency it cannot be made to shiver and transmit either light or heat by undulation. Its function requires it to be neither ponderable nor imponderable, and yet both all the time.

The theory is also otherwise self-contradictory. It affirms that this ether is everywhere homogeneous and indivisible, an absolutely continuous substance. But the atoms of matter are always described as impenetrable and occupying space, as a characteristic of all matter. Therefore, homogeneous jelly cannot be in the occupied spaces, but only between and around them. Hence it must be continually dividing and uniting and changing places with the incessant relative local changes of material atoms and their aggregates; and in such motion it would generate heat if not light, and inequalities, perhaps stormy as in our atmosphere, and could not be an unchanging medium for light or anything.

Still, this appears to be the best that cosmic monism can do; and no one can deny that it is eminently agnostic; and for minds to an agnostic turn it must be

supposed satisfactory. The marvelous element in this great complex phenomenon is that this impossible monstrosity has been approved and lauded as a sublime product of the scientific uses of the imagination, in which there is neither distinct image nor scientific consistency nor possible use.

Still, it is not enough to criticise the hypothesis. A better one should be furnished. Nature hates a vacuum, even among agnostics, and this will live till superseded by a better one. Such an one can be furnished by a philosophical Spiritualism developed and consistently carried out, on the basis of modern psychology, as taught or allowed even by these agnostic cosmic monists and materialists. All these when they turn their attention to psychology confess that all phenomena are subjective states. In that case the medium of their connection must be their subject. This subject ties them all together in a potent unity, and no other connection is necessary. All that either science or philosophy here demands or warrants is that the orderly sequence of phenomena shall be observed with the consideration of the subject as comprehending all, and the background of all, instead of an impossible ether, this unchanging subject itself being commensurate with its own modes (all phenomena), and filling with its unconscious ethereal presence all intermediate spaces.

This doctrine of psychology that all phenomena are subjective states, if thoroughly comprehended and intelligently utilized would give to Spiritualism a perfect philosophy in which spirit is all in all, and would inaugurate the practical as well as speculative era of the reign of spirit, through the larger and higher working of its unfolding laws. It will be long before this is generally attained; but it is the coming event whose shadow is now appearing.

HUMAN IMPONDERABLES—A PSYCHICAL STUDY

By J. D. FEATHERSTONHAUGH.

XII.

IN THE DARK.

The three following experiments are introduced, principally to illustrate the manner in which suspicions may be reasonably overcome:

In a strictly private circle of five gentlemen, and a lady acting as a medium, I was granted the very unusual favor of being present at their meetings. The society was composed of two lawyers, a physician, a merchant and a banker, all men of good education, seriously earnest in their investigation, and of the highest moral reputation in the community. There was no pecuniary advantage sought for by any of them, their meetings being held solely for their own gratification and instruction.

We all joined hands, except the medium, who was securely bound down to her chair, hand and foot, by myself, with wax-ends. In this situation a number of trifling and unmeaning acts were done, which could be sufficiently well accounted for by the supposition that some one had broken the circle to effect them; but when in a dark interval of ten seconds, a ponderous and bulky object, which not less than two of the party could possibly have lifted up, was raised over my head, and placed upon the table without the slightest noise, within five inches of my face, the explanation was not so obvious. This conclusion seemed inevitable, that not less than four of these five men must have joined in effecting the fraud, if fraud it was, namely; the two who perpetrated it and the adjoining two who loosed their hands to enable the others to do it.

I thus find myself driven by the supposition of fraud to a very unsatisfactory and irrational judgment; that five earnest and intelligent men, without any assignable motive but the one they profess, are to be found gladly willing to subject themselves to public ridicule, giving their time and thought month after month, to a series of tricks most absurd and childish in the abstract, when from the circumstances of the case, they must execute these apparently foolish things themselves, or be perfectly certain that others of their number are performing them.

Again, I seated myself at a small pine table in the fourth story of a house, where I selected a room, with

but one entrance to it. The shutters were closed, but the open door, opposite to a window in the hall, threw sufficient light for exact vision. Taking the two young boys, who were the mediums on this occasion, and grasping their four hands firmly in mine, I made sure that we were alone. A table and four chairs constituted the furniture. Placing a friend on the outside of the room, with instructions to open the door at a given signal, I took my seat with the boys, still holding their hands, and crossed my legs over theirs. The door was shut to, and we were in darkness. At once the table, at which we were sitting, began a frantic dance, and a speaking trumpet loudly shouted in my ear, "what shall we do?" I replied bring me my hat, which, on entering, I had placed in a distant corner of the room, and at once heard the trumpet striking something in that direction, then felt an object as if pushed up my arm to my head, on which it was slapped down with considerable force, and a bell, after ringing violently, placed on the top of it. I instantly shouted, "open the door." It was flung open, and I gladly found myself in the familiar light, still holding the boys, my hat on my head, a hand bell upon it, and not another soul in the room.

On one occasion, having missed a train, a stoppage of three hours occurred before my journey could be resumed. Purchasing some newspapers to help me through the weary time, in one of them there was an account of a medium, Mrs. Maud Lord, of whom I had never before heard. As the place was not far off, and the relief was great to get away from the wooden benches and iron elbows of the station, I forthwith went to the address. Everybody there was a stranger, yet the light had not been extinguished a minute when my open hand was violently slapped in a manner that indicated exact vision, and then energetically and painfully shaken, as if by some unusually strong man, after a long separation, whilst a voice in my ear called me by a boyish nick-name I had not heard for forty years. This name was distinctly heard and remarked upon by those in the immediate vicinity. The medium also addressed me by my christian and sur-name, described relatives of mine correctly, their right relationship to each other, and gave their names in three instances. Those whose names, personal peculiarities, habits and relationship she spoke of, in no instance were living, and it is most remarkable that no mistake was made with respect to this.

She apparently had an intimate knowledge of myself and five relatives who had lived in many parts of the world, and some of whom had died fifty years before she was born. It was not only the relationship between the dead and myself, which she so positively knew, but the relationship of the dead to the other invisibles, said to be present, of no kinship to me. It was, in fact, an accurate transcript of my secret knowledge and associations connected with it, coming out without any suggestion or conscious thought on my part.

Innumerable scintillating sparks rose from the floor, and oval shapes of phosphorescent light floated about, resting occasionally on the persons or heads of those present. On covering the light, with their hands, it still continued to shine on underneath them, as if not coming from any exterior source.

Almost everybody was touched by fingers of different sizes, for which no cause could be ascertained, but generally in a furtive and momentary way, that carried with it the idea of human dexterity, corrected, however, by the fact that the hands, arms and manner of accost were sometimes those of small children, when certainly there were no children in the room and none could have gained admittance. The touches were so quickly made and so evasive that there was no opportunity to grasp the hand. To bring the operator, whoever it was, a little nearer to me, I asked to be kissed, as a trap to seize her, if she acceded to it. Immediately arms were thrown around my neck and I was kissed repeatedly on the face. There was no one there that I could feel or grasp. What, however, I did not ask for or expect, was a sentence whispered to me by the same lips that kissed me, which had no meaning unless it came from the alleged source, and could be understood by no living person but myself.

Names were called of several persons present, and

names given of those said to be addressing them, which were stated to be correct. There could be no absolute proof of the genuine character of the physical acts, but their various degrees of personal familiarity, simultaneous with the communications, awakened so many reminiscences, and were so naturally appropriate to the relationship between the persons, that it was difficult to resist a hasty sense of identity. Sometimes, also, the peculiar form of the physical demonstration enabled me to recognize the personality represented by the intelligence, as clearly as if a name had been given.

When there was no immediate recognition of the intelligence assuming to be present, the form of manifestation was changed, until it compelled an acknowledgment. There was much ingenuity and persistence shown in this. This medium must have had some occult method of getting at your thoughts and at facts connected with your history. It would be too glaringly irrational to hold her consciously responsible for this minute knowledge of the life associations and domestic trifles of fifteen or twenty strangers, repeated, perhaps, every day for many years.

Much more vigorous conditions than we can apply to a number of people in the dark, are necessary to establish in the strictest way the phenomenal character of the objective acts; the mental ones, however, in which it is not possible to be deceived, bring their own proof and give the co-incident occurrences a substantial value. Even when arms are about our neck, or when we are being kissed, the sense of touch can detect no human form in the act, and we are forced to the conclusion that the arms and lips are bodiless, yet directed by perfect vision in the most profound darkness.

Finding myself on one occasion in a closely crowded circle of noisy and discordant people, and as usual in such an assembly, nothing personal falling to my share, after two hours of patient waiting, it became exceedingly wearisome. At length, intending to withdraw quietly and brave the odium of disarranging the proceedings, a voice spoke to my unuttered thought, "stand up and it will rest you." As a noisy guitar was at the time swiftly sailing around, I hesitated somewhat to put myself in its way. Nevertheless, being reassured by the voice, I stood up silently, and when the instrument came to my neighbor on the right, it tapped her on the head, and rising up, passed over me, ruffling my hair, and descended to the person on my left. This was repeated three times. No human adroitness could have compassed this feat in the profound darkness. The voice had kept faith with me.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SEVEN MONTHS OF SPIRITS.

The recent death of Prof. Austin Phelps, of Andover, brings to mind the noted pamphlet which he, many years ago, wrote upon modern Spiritualism, and the facts which led to his interest in the matter. Those of us who are old enough, well remember the great excitement that was caused by transactions of a remarkable character which were continually taking place at the residence of Dr. Eliakim Phelps, a Congregationalist minister settled over an orthodox church at Stratford, Ct., and the father of the Andover professor. These occurrences were witnessed by large numbers of people, who visited the house from all over the state, and, indeed, from many places far beyond the borders of Connecticut. There was never the slightest reason to suppose that Dr. Phelps was himself other than perfectly honest in the matter, both in his relations of what took place, and in his endeavor to trace the phenomena to a legitimate cause.

Mrs. Phelps was a widow, with children, at the time of her marriage to the Stratford clergyman, and when these remarkable and, to him especially, annoying manifestations began to demonstrate themselves, he was disposed to attribute them to mischievous tricks on the part of the members of her first family. Having become convinced that this was not the case, and the matter having excited public curiosity to an extent that was very annoying, he challenged the strictest investigation, even going so far as to offer his house and all that it contained to any one who should discover a natural law for the disturbances of the household peace. These phenomena continued during a period of seven months, and, although property to the value of several thousand dollars was injured or destroyed by the turbulent demonstrations of an

unknown and undiscoverable power, there did not appear to be, at any time, an attempt to do violence to the person of any member of the household or of any one who visited the family for the purpose of investigation.

Bells were rung about the house, even in rooms and other places where no bells were hung, and the servants were continually disturbed and frightened while in the performance of their domestic duties. Silver spoons were bent double in the presence of various witnesses, and window panes were broken without visible agency. The spirits seemed to have some reverence for the plate, which was not shared by the glass; for, in every instance in which a piece of silver was put out of shape and rendered useless, it was afterward restored to its original form; but I do not remember that a pane of glass was ever replaced. Seventy-one panes of glass were broken, and of these the owner stated that he had himself been a witness to the destruction of over thirty, and that he had seen numberless articles in motion when there was exerted no physical power by which the motion could be produced. He further stated the agents by which, in many instances, the glass of the windows had been broken. "I have seen," he is made to say in a letter written by Dr. Hayward to the *Transcript* in February, 1881, "I have seen objects, such as tumblers, candlesticks, snuffers, etc., which but a few moments before I knew to be at rest, fly against the glass and dash it in pieces, when it was utterly impossible from the direction in which they moved that any visible power could have caused the motion. As to the reality of these facts, they can be proved by testimony a hundred-fold greater than is ordinarily required in our courts of justice in cases of life and death."

Some of the manifestations took very strange forms. Trunks and wardrobes would be mysteriously emptied of their contents, which would afterwards be found in various attitudes in different parts of the house. Different articles of clothing would be brought together and arranged so as to make it appear that human bodies were encompassed by them, and thus were found in different rooms, the contents of the chests representing effigies of human beings; but in no instance did it appear that the clothes themselves were destroyed or in any way injured. The spirits were not quite so tender in their dealings with them as with the spoons—they did not restore them to their original shapes and places. The servants and the members of the family had to fold them up again and return them to the places from which they had been removed. On one occasion, it was said, that when the whole family was at church, and the house seemingly locked, the front door was opened. Upon returning and finding things in this condition, they naturally concluded that a robbery had been committed; but the strictest search failed to find that any article had been removed from the house. They had, however, been greatly disturbed. Furniture was thrown about in disorder; chairs were found upon the beds, and tables with their legs in the air. The fire irons were scattered about, some in rooms and places where they did not belong. A tea-kettle, which had been left in the dining room, was found behind some boxes in the cellar. In one bedroom a sheet had been taken from beneath the blankets and placed outside the counterpane, and upon this were arranged a pair of stockings and a nightdress, with arms crossed upon the breast, representing a corpse lying upon the sheet, while upon the walls of the room were found undecipherable characters, said by some to belong to a spiritual language which certain mediums could interpret. The interpretation was, however, so far as I remember, never attempted. Next day the sheet was found upon the floor of the room, with a wash-stand lying full length upon it. The wash-bowl and pitcher had been removed, and were found standing, one on each side of the wash-stand, while the articles used to represent the dead body of the day before were found stuffed into the bowl and pitcher.

The spirits seemed to entertain a very strong affection for this nightgown and these stockings, for however carefully they might be locked away in a trunk and the key concealed, they were day after day found in various parts of the house, while the key remained in its hiding place and the trunk was always found locked as it had been left. Day after day these things went on until at length Dr. Phelps decided to call in the aid of some reverend friends to help him unfold the mystery. But their presence seemed to make no difference. Knives and forks were thrown about; spoons were bent and again straightened, and furniture was endowed with vital energy as before. Lamps were taken from the tables and placed upon the floor, and upon their chimneys were suspended hats and caps; nails, pieces of iron, keys and other things were placed upon the mantel; books were opened, and screams were heard from empty rooms, and an iron stand containing the fire-irons jumped from its place to the middle of the room, and began pounding the floor with a violence sufficient to jar the whole house. All these things took place in the presence of members of the family and visitors, and no clew could be found to the phenomena. It was, however, taken for

granted that some spiritual agency must be at work to produce the marvels that were being witnessed day after day, and it was further concluded that no good self-respecting spirits would be guilty of transactions so trivial and unmeaning in their character. Science did not seem able to render any aid in the investigation, and it was therefore regarded as a settled fact that everything that had transpired must be the work of the devil. This appeared to be supported by letters which the spirits were said to have written at the request of diverse individuals. One of these was signed "H. P. Devil." But there soon afterward appeared one with the subscription, "Your faithful brother in Christ, R. A."

No wonder Prof. Phelps writes to the *Congregationalist*: "I do not hold to the hypothesis that Spiritualism is of satanic origin, without qualification . . . It is not wise to find more of the demoniacal in the universe than we are compelled to find. But so long as science gives us nothing better, my mind falls back upon the biblical demonology, as being the most probable thing we have within the range of human knowledge, in explanation of the mystery."

The son Austin, who had just commenced his theological studies at Andover, was now called home to assist in the investigation. He seems to have accepted at once the theory that the whole disturbance was the work of satan and his imps, and he determined to call in superior aid and put a stop to the unruly demonstrations. It was all, however, of no use. They neither recognized his authority nor paid the slightest respect to the wishes of his venerable father. Prayer was resorted to, with unswerving faith in the promise that "whatever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive." Faith was certainly strong, for one morning, after having spent the night in prayer, the aged minister told his daughter, with all confidence, that they would not be troubled any more, a voice having declared to him, in answer to his prayers, that from that time all these demonstrations should cease. They did not cease, however, but faith did not waver, and prayer was continued. This only seemed to incense the unseen visitants, who even went so far, on more than one occasion, as to hurl the Bible at the head of the venerable clergyman as he was engaged in the pious exercise. It does not appear that any actual harm was ever done in these attempts to show their displeasure at his proceedings, though in several instances the sacred book would brush his whiskers in its hurried flight through the air.

This was taken as additional evidence that the spirits engaged were followers of his satanic majesty, and they were therefore questioned as to their estimate of the truths contained in the volume. One of them is said to have replied that "there was a good deal of truth in it, and also considerable that was nonsense."

From other questions, to which answers were received by means of raps, it was ascertained that their disrespectful treatment of the book did not arise from any opinion of the contents, but that they had no superstitious reverence for the material components of the book, whatever might be the nature of the lessons and doctrines which it taught.

Nothing whatever had any effect in imposing even a temporary check upon the daily and nightly performances of the undesirable guests. The young divinity student, fresh from the halls of theological lore of the most brimstonian kind, was set at defiance and utterly baffled, as had been all others engaged in the investigation. As they began without notice or apparent cause, so they ceased. No means that were attempted had any effect whatever in mitigating the unpleasantness. The only effect that was ever experienced from the attempts to obtain a cessation of the phenomena was an irritation, which, for the time being, was manifested by an increase both in number and in force of the demonstrations. After about seven months the manifestations ceased, and the family was again left in peace.

One peculiar feature of the matter was that some of the spirits seemed to be personally attached to the son Henry. When he left home they would accompany him, and manifest themselves in various ways to him. On these occasions some of the power seemed to be drawn from the house, and the demonstrations became less violent. When, for instance, this boy was at school he would on occasions be pinched and pricked with pins, his clothes and his books would be torn, and knockings would be heard about his room. Once, while taking a walk in the neighborhood of the school, his cap was lifted from his head, without any visible agent or apparent cause, and thrown to the ground. Almost at the same instant some one fired off a gun which was pointed toward him, and, as he stooped to pick up his cap, the bullet passed over him and buried itself in a fence by his side. In relating the event to his father, he said that he had been informed, by means of raps, that the removal of his cap was a measure taken by a friendly spirit for the preservation of his life. As was very natural the proprietors of the school in which he had been placed, declined to allow him to remain with them, unless he could dismiss his invisible and unde-

sirable companions. As, however, he had no power over them, he was unable to comply with this reasonable requirement, and he was taken away. He returned with his father to Stratford, and from this time the power appeared to wane. The disturbances began to subside, and about the middle of December, 1851, they ceased altogether.

Several accounts were given of these weird manifestations during the life of Dr. Phelps, but he said, on several occasions, that no verbal description could do justice to the scenes that were enacted in his house during the months that these manifestations lasted. An idea of the stupendous force that was at times evinced could not be imparted in words, because it was beyond anything with which we are familiar in our study of natural law. After the death of the venerable divine, his son, who, at this time, was one of the professors at Andover, wrote to the *Congregationalist* a series of articles entitled "A Pastor of the Last Generation." In these were contained a statement of the case, in which, as I have mentioned, he attributed the whole thing to demoniac agency. He further maintained that his father, long before his death, had renounced all interest in spiritual phenomena. It is probable that in this he was wrong. I do not think that he would be guilty of a wilful misrepresentation, but in his ardor to vindicate his strong religious views, he was probably led unconsciously into a somewhat stronger coloring of the facts than the circumstances warranted. At any rate some of the friends and personal acquaintances of the reverend gentleman have taken exception to the son's statements regarding this matter. It must be remembered, however, that these were all firm believers in, and advocates of, the spiritualistic theory, and were thereby, perhaps, as strongly biased in favor of the views of their school as I have supposed that the Andover professor was in those of his.

I have already mentioned a letter which Dr. Hayward wrote upon this subject to the *Boston Evening Transcript*, in February, 1881. In this he makes the following reference to the articles in the *Congregationalist*:

"In part III., Prof. Austin Phelps speaks of his father's belief in Spiritualism in a manner that does not seem to me to convey the views of that gentleman correctly, and having had myself some facts from Dr. Phelps, the father, as late as 1875, which facts Prof. Phelps, the son, had no means of knowing, and believing that they should be made public at this time, in order that he (Dr. Phelps) should be put on record correctly, and that Spiritualism may have, openly, the benefit of this good man's privately cherished opinions concerning its truthfulness and use, I desire that you will give these facts publicity in your columns." He then states the facts and assumes that though Dr. Phelps looked upon the manifestations as a "visitation from God," as stated by the professor, he did not regard them as an affliction, but considered rather that he had been blessed by them, inasmuch as they had been the means of convincing him of the unity of the material and the spiritual worlds. He maintains that he had it from the reverend doctor himself, that he regarded the destruction of his property as a small matter compared with the benefits that he had received from the invisible powers, and that his spirit relatives were in communication with him, keeping him continually apprised of coming events, "sometimes years before they took place." The son, however, maintained his position to the last, unshaken by the rejoinders to his statement, and now that he, too, has passed away, I suppose that the matter will have to rest where it at present stands.

Of the authenticity of the facts as recorded, there has never seemed any reason for doubt. Of the laws which operated to produce the phenomena, there will probably be, for a long time, a wide divergence of opinion.—*J. S. C., in Boston Herald.*

HYPNOTIZED INTO TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

Mr. Wells Drury, of San Francisco, sends to THE JOURNAL the account given below,—clipped from the *Examiner* of that city, of how a young man was hypnotized into total abstinence. Mr. Drury writes: "Mr. Cook, the person mentioned, I know very well. I know that he was at one time addicted to the excessive use of stimulants and I know that for two years he has not touched them. He has never vouchsafed an explanation to me, but I have frequently heard the story as told in the publication which I send you."

Many strange things have been done by hypnotism, but none so remarkable as the hypnotizing of Carroll Cook's palate by Kennedy the mesmerist.

It is a wonderful thing for one man to be able to say to another you shall not eat nor drink of a certain thing so long as you live, and be able to enforce his command though thousands of miles away, yet that is what Kennedy did to Carroll Cook, and though the latter is an unrestrained white American citizen, in all

other things able to do as he pleases, he can not disobey Kennedy's order.

And this was the way in which the spell was put upon him. Cook has been for years a free living man about town. He had some law practice, inherited an estate from Mrs. Shillaber, and married the daughter of W. W. Stow, who is a very rich and liberal man. Cook was fond of good company—a trifle too fond, perhaps—liked a cocktail, and did not often stop at one, wore his hat on the back of his head and was inclined to be gay and convivial. People spoke of him as a rising young man and hoped that he would steady and settle down. A few hoped that he would settle up, for he was free with his money and spent it rather faster than it came to him.

There was nothing evil about the young fellow, but he was not living up to the promise of his youth and his friends were inclined to be fearful for his future.

He was a trifle too fond of saloons and the company he met there, and his patronage enabled at least one saloon man to buy diamonds and pictures of the nude from the Paris Salon—at least he said they came from the Paris Salon, though a jealous rival declared they were copies by Charles Rolla Peters.

You could not say that Carroll Cook was going to the bad from over-indulgence because he always showed up with a clean shave next day, but he would often have to stretch his hat to get it on, and he has been heard to remark that his hair pulled. He spent more time in saloons than is good for a man to do when he has a nice family to care for and a law practice to build up, and he did some other things that made his brother, W. Hoff Cook, ask that some one else be put in charge of their joint interest in the Shillaber estate.

All this was rather more than two years ago.

Suddenly about that time a remarkable change was noticed in Carroll Cook's habits.

He ceased to visit saloons, dropped most of his fast companions, devoted himself to his business and his family and could never be induced to take alcoholic liquors of any kind. The street said that Carroll Cook had sworn off, and men winked at one another and suggested that he must have got a bad scare. Others offered to bet that his good resolutions would not last.

But time passed and Cook did not fall back into his old ways. His practice improved, his appearance showed the benefit of a change of habits and his friends felt a great load had been taken off their minds. His old-time quickness of perception came back to him, and in every way he showed that abstinence was good for him and that his habits had completely changed. This went on until it ceased to be a matter for comment. The new barkeepers did not know Carroll Cook and the old barkeepers had forgotten him. Occasionally some one would speak of the wonderful nerve of that young fellow Cook, who had "quit" all of a sudden and kept it up for more than a year, for the bibulously inclined who know their own weakness are apt to look with awe and admiration on one of their old friends who had the will power to cut down his allowance.

Now it turns out that it was not Cook's will power at all, but his lack of will power.

The secret came out through the instrumentality of young Mr. Griffin, who is popularly supposed to do the thinking that makes Mr. Stubbs a power in the counsels of the O. and O. Steamship Company. This is how young Mr. Griffin told the remarkable story.

"I was supping with a charming coterie of ladies and gentlemen at a house on Washington street, famous for its hospitality," said he, "when an incident occurred that attracted our attention and called forth an explanation that, 'pon my word, filled me with amazement, and you all know I'm not the sort of man to give way in that direction without good cause. Opposite to me sat one the loveliest young ladies in society, a sweet, charming girl with such deep blue eyes and the most delicate shade of blonde hair I ever saw, and you know that I have had no small acquaintance."

"Oh, go on with your remarkable incident."

It was Mr. Hinkel that interrupted. He has got rather tired of hearing young Mr. Griffin brag about his knowledge of the world:

"I noticed her particularly, and it was that which made me jump to my feet and say 'Sir' when I saw Carroll Cook, who had eaten a piece of mince pie, after apparently choking for a few seconds, splutter a goodly portion of it over her lovely shoulder. In an instant I saw that Mr. Cook had no control over his acts, and with the rest of the guests waited for an explanation. It came.

"The only excuse I have to offer," said Mr. Cook, blushing from a deep consciousness of the horrible ill-breeding he had shown, "is that there must be some alcoholic liquor in that pie."

"Why, of course," said our hostess, who was listening intently, "did you ever know of mince pie being made without brandy? But I do not quite understand you."

"Oh, my palate is hypnotized, you know," said Mr. Cook in the sort of tone one would use to speak

of a matter that he supposed was well known to every one.

"Hypnotized?" exclaimed half a dozen at once.

"Please explain."

"Cook saw there was no way out of the affair, except by a complete explanation, and he made a complete breast of it.

"It was about two years ago that Kennedy, the mesmerist, was here. I was slightly acquainted with him and was at first inclined to doubt his skill. There were some who said he was a fraud and that his subjects were accomplices, and I think he was told that I was among the scoffers. One night I was in a saloon on Kearny street taking a drink when Kennedy and some friends came into the place and I spoke to him in a laughing manner. He looked at me for a few seconds as though he did not quite like the manner of my address, and was about to resent it, but he seemed to change his mind, and, gazing at me fixedly, said: 'Cook, that whisky won't do you any good,' then, changing his tone to one of command, he exclaimed: 'I command you to never drink alcoholic liquor again.'

"I laughed, as any man would at such an order, and proceeded to take my drink, but much to my surprise, I found that I could not control the muscles of my mouth to swallow. I poured the liquor between my lips, and it fell out, though I held my head back. I tried to swallow that liquor as though my life depended upon it, but it was no use, and from that day to this it has been impossible for me to drink liquor of any kind. One day I was given a glass of lemonade in a glass that had a trace of whisky in it, and the drink sputtered all over my clothes."

"You can imagine the sensation that created," continued young Griffin. "All kinds of questions were asked of Mr. Cook about the way it felt, but all he could say was that his palate refused to pass any alcoholic liquor and that it had been hypnotized by Kennedy. I made inquiries about Cook everywhere, and found that he had not been known to drink for fully two years."

That was the story told by young Mr. Griffin, and there is reason to believe that it is true in every detail.

THE PILGRIMS TEMPERED AND MELLOWED IN HOLLAND.

The part that Holland had in developing the Scrooby farmers and Nottingham weavers, and fitting them for the work of founding a free commonwealth in the new world, is beginning now to receive the consideration that it deserves. Heretofore all the virtues of the Pilgrims, and all their achievements, have been attributed to their theological creed and church polity. The following, from the *New York Tribune*, indicates the tendency and disposition to take a broader view of the subject:

The old theory that New-England and the United States grew directly out of Congregationalism will not now work well. Certain it is that men living under the English semi-feudal manor system, and yearning also for liberty of conscience, found it in the Netherlands during the great truce of 1609-1621; but they found more than asylum. Growing up or living during twelve influential years amid the representatives and federal institutions of the United States of Holland, they must have been dull pupils indeed not to have imbibed much during their republican education. While Robinson was absorbed in writing theses to controvert prelatism, and to uphold Dordacene Calvinism, the young men of his congregation were more given to Dutch politics and municipal methods. Hence, the Mayflower band was not a herd of deer led by lions, nor a company of forty mechanics led by an intellectual giant or two. The Pilgrims had been educated in statecraft, and knew how to begin a nation. Once on a soil that knew not the ecclesiarch or the emperor, they showed what the self-ruled democratic idea in Church and State could do. By a noble reversion they began anew to improve and develop the ancient Teutonic ideas of order and freedom. It is very evident that in their enthusiasm for the men and their principles, Americans "have failed to notice certain important and fundamental things in the origin of Plymouth. Underneath all the phenomena of Pilgrim zeal and suffering, more enduring than the Pilgrims' noble compact, unnoticed like the upholding power of earth, lies the primordial fact of the local settlement of the Pilgrims in a form of civic community older than Saxon England, older than the primitive Church, and older than the classic States of antiquity. That form of community was based on land." So speaks Dr. Herbert Adams, a New-Englander of New-Englanders, in his "Germanic Origin of New-England Towns."

That the Pilgrims were at least stimulated in Holland to some of their noblest purposes in education, toleration, and what may now be called the main features of the American Commonwealth, is hardly to be doubted. Indeed, this is now generally recognized

by New-Englanders—especially those living beyond the border of the ancestral home of American Congregationalism, whether of the "liberal" or the "orthodox" sort. It is these New-Englanders abroad who will probably be found the most generous contributors to a memorial that is intended to do equal honor to both host and guest. Holland was the little republic which, however defective in principle and detail, gave our fathers and Revolutionary sires, as Franklin says, their "great example." What sort of a memorial shall be erected at Delftshaven, and what will be the cost?

It is proposed to erect on the Riuge Plaat—an island that has formed in the Maas River, opposite Delftshaven, since 1619, and which is now faced with a heavy granite seawall and covered with greensward—either a statue of heroic size on a lofty pedestal, or a tower of suitable architecture. The sum necessary is \$25,000, which ex-Minister Roosevelt, of New York, asserts is equal to \$60,000 when expended on the other side of the Atlantic for labor and materials. Either the point round which the Speedwell moved off on her voyage, or the more commanding site opposite on the island, is open to the selection of the committee. Such a proof of the willingness of Americans to acknowledge that their Republic had roots, and that their kinship with the Teutonic nations is gratefully felt, would be a strong influence for peace. It would also be a mighty object-lesson to Europe of the power of the democratic idea of Church and State, of which the United States is so signal an example. Most truly Teutonic, more English than the Englishmen left behind, best exemplar of "distinctive America," was the English Pilgrim after being tempered and mellowed in Holland. To his honor and that of his host, the American people will surely rear this memorial. According as are the offerings, so will the character of the memorial be.

WISE WORDS.

Hon. St. Clair McKelway, an able lawyer and a brilliant and versatile writer, best known as editor of the Brooklyn *Eagle*, delivered an address before the Law School of the University of the City of New York, of which the following are the closing words:

Your profession, young gentlemen, will continue substantially to control and to perform the action of government. To mine is committed the education or reflection of public opinion. As these two callings comport themselves so will the future of these United States be. I want you to take high ground and to hold it. I want you to realize that there is something better than success in this world, and that is righteousness. I want you to realize that there is something grander than demagogery, and that is principle. I want you to feel that there is something stronger than the politicians, and that is the people. I want you to know that there is something more enduring than organizations, and that is ideas. I want you to see that there is something finer than politics, and that is the reform of abuses. I want you to be sure that the best way in the long run to reach the hearts and minds of the nation is to obey the still small voice of conscience within your own souls.

Your days of academic tutelage are over. Hereafter you will go to school to real courts; not to moot ones. To real cases; not to make-believe ones. To juries and to contending advocates; not non-combatant professors. The school of preparation you will exchange for the school of practice. The school of study you will exchange for the school of life. The hooded destiny which we call inclination, the hidden providence which we call accident, will doubtless cast your lots in varying parts of this and perhaps of other lands. Remember that the heavens are as near to the poor as to the rich, to the weak as to the strong, to the humble as to the powerful, and that the distance between the skies and any man is great or small according to the direction in which he trains his character. Strive to reach the moral heights of your calling and you will reach its real heights of honor. On every such height their lies repose. I congratulate you upon the completion of your studies and upon your hopeful entrance into affairs. May yours be the delight of battle with your peers, as well as the still pleasure of tranquil studies. May it be yours to compose rather than to aggravate the contentions of men. Accept as your high privilege the trusteeship of public and personal rights. Select as your ideals the mental and moral giants of your transcendently great field of work in the world. Infuse with a passion of earnestness, sincerity and justice the smallest case or the largest that may come to your charge. Despise devices. They are the pettiness weapons of petty minds. Make yourselves the disciples or the leaders of political and moral reforms, as differing opportunities on differing abilities may prescribe. Keep company with advanced thought and with progressive thinkers. Honor the church. Magnify the state. But keep them forever separate. Be as true to the little, the vexing, and the concrete duties of daily life as you are in this hour of unlimbered hope-

fulness and passionate enthusiasm to the ideals that brood like angels above you.

In the name of your preceptors, in the name of this audience, whose warrant I have, and in the name of the state, whose educational commission I bear, I wish you all happiness and all prosperity, urging you to wear as in letters of gold upon your foreheads the immortal aphorism of the pre-eminent philosopher of your profession, that: "The greatest trust between man and man," the world around and all time through, "is the trust of giving counsel."

The last result of mere cunning in our history is written under the name of Aaron Burr, and men have to search deep in the tomb of failure to find him. The climax of patriotism and of principle in our history is the halo around the sainted head of the martyred Lincoln, and men have to look up into the skies to see any place large enough to hold his fame. Both were members of your own profession. Both might have taken parallel paths. Before the one opened opportunity, education and influence at the cradle. Before the other great obstacles and great problems uprose, all the way from the log-hut to the tomb. How the one vilified and the other glorified his life you are all aware. According to the motives by which you act, the objects to which you address yourselves, and the associations which you select, will your careers approximate the eclipse of the one or the immortality of the other.

MENTAL IMPRESSION.

Some few years since I was resident at Norwood, and my husband being temporarily absent, I had a young French lady staying with me.

One day I took her to the Crystal Palace to see the fire-works, but when it began to get dusk she said in a very decided, almost rude way, "I shall not stay to see the fire-works, I must go back, and you must go back with me." I remonstrated with her on what appeared a foolish whim, as she could assign no reason whatever for her determination. Friends whom we had met also tried to persuade her to alter her mind, but to no purpose; so, with much disappointment on her account, I returned home with her.

The housemaid opened the door to us, and her manner appearing constrained, I said, somewhat sharply, "Where's cook?" "Gone out, ma'am."

"Gone out! How dared she go out when the house was in her charge?" I exclaimed. Mdlle H. then said, "I smell tobacco smoke; what is the meaning of it?"

While we were thus angrily questioning the servant, a loud rat-tat-tat came at the front door. The housemaid (now deadly pale) rushed forward to open it, but Mdlle H. intercepted her, saying peremptorily, "I will open it myself," which she did with caution. On the door-step stood a swell-mob's man. She slammed the door hastily against him, then seizing the alarm-bell rang it loudly. Our neighbors soon came to our help, and the police quickly followed. The house was searched throughout. Some expensive velvet dresses had already been taken out of the house, and in the back kitchen were found my dressing-case, the plate, and other valuables all ready packed for removal.

There is no doubt that had we remained at the Palace, as we had originally intended, a serious robbery would have been committed.—S. L., in *Light*.

EMOTIONAL EXPRESSIONS.

Dr. S. V. Clevenger, the well known writer on nervous diseases, in a recent publication says:

"The matter of blushing or paling is wholly beyond the control of the individual and differs with the individual. The condition of the heart has much to do with these manifestations, as has the irritability of the brain. Rage, fright, pleasure or pain, or excessive emotion of any kind, often produces pallor in persons healthy or unhealthy. Again, these same emotions, or any one of them, may be habitually displayed by great redness or flushing of the face. Or, as if to make matters more complex, a person may pale at one time and blush at another from incidentally the same cause. So extreme in some persons are these exhibitions of their emotions as to be positive sources of misery. But neither the blushing nor the paling, as a rule, has anything to do with the bravery or cowardice of the individual. During the war I remember the remarkable effect of a cannon ball passing within an inch of my Colonel's head while he was on horseback in the field. His whole head and neck became as red as a boiled lobster. As a broad rule it might be said that pallor is more apt to accompany intense emotion, and blushing the milder emotion, but there can be no cast-iron rule in the matter. As a rule I have observed that men going into action for the first time usually exhibit great pallor. On the other hand, though, I have seen cowards shrink away from the fields in mortal terror with faces red as beets or without exhibiting any signs of emotion whatever. As the soldier sees more service and becomes more used to the danger, the blood-shed and carnage of the

battle-field, these scenes arouse in him less intense emotions."

Herbert Spencer, in his "Principles of Psychology," sums up these emotional expressions as the "undirected overflow of nerve force." While it is thus seen that psychologists and physiognomists and men of scientific research are agreed that the expressions of emotions do not manifest themselves the same way in the same individuals, the question as to the origin of these forms of expressions and their various causes has not been so definitely settled or so clearly defined. In the discussion of this subject Charles Darwin, the great evolutionist, gives some very interesting data. In his "Expressions of Emotions in Man and Animals," he says:

"The most striking case, though a rare and abnormal one, which can be adduced of the direct influence of the nervous system when strongly affected, on the body, is the loss of color in the hair, which has occasionally been observed after extreme terror or grief. One authentic case has been recorded in the case of a man brought out for execution, in which the change of color of the hair was so rapid as to be perceptible to the eye. Another good case is that of the trembling of the muscles. . . . Of all emotions fear notoriously is the most apt to produce trembling, but so do often great joy and anger. I remember once seeing a boy who had shot his first snipe on the wing, and his hands trembled to such a degree from delight that he could not for some time reload his gun."

MEASURING THE UNSEEN.

When Comte's "Positive Philosophy" was published some forty years ago, Kirchhoff had not made the discovery which lies at the foundation of all spectroscopic analysis. It seemed then that there could be no question of the correctness of his assertion that the chemistry of the stars would be forever beyond the reach of human investigation. What could be more certainly impossible than that men of science, separated from the stars by millions of millions of miles of space, void with the exception of a possible ether, so ethereal as not to perceptibly interfere with the motion of the rarest comets, could ascertain what substances exist, and their chemical nature, in those inconceivably distant orbs? His reasoning was good, but his argument contained a flaw in assuming as a self-evident fact that which was not a fact, writes Henry M. Parkhurst in the *Sidereal Messenger*.

The sense of sight alone can give us information with regard to the stars. No sound can cross the depths of space; still less can our other senses aid us; for they require close proximity if not actual contact as the basis of their indications. Comte argued that all that we could learn of the stars must be learned through the instrumentality of the sense of sight; and he assumed that it was absolutely impossible for us, by the sense of sight, to distinguish between the different chemical elements in the stars. Yet the discovery of the principle of the spectroscope has made this seeming impossibility possible. Comte's system of "Positive Philosophy" was founded upon the assumption that there were some things that men positively could not know; that it was useless to look for it or to hope for it; and this was one of them. Let me read to you his exact language:

"Of all objects, the planets are those which appear to us under the least varied aspect. We see how we may determine their forms, their distances, their bulk, and their motions, but we can never know anything of their chemical or mineralogical structure; and, much less, that of organized beings living on their surface."

Although the word "planets" is used in the translation of this sentence, it is of the stars that he is speaking, and the argument applies equally to the planets and fixed stars. The fact that to-day, what he pronounced forever impossible, and there was no one to tell him nay, has already been attained, should be a lesson to us never to be positive of the impossibility of obtaining any sort of knowledge.

Professor Oliver Lodge, F. R. S., who had sittings with Mrs. Piper in England, in the Proceedings of the Society of Psychical Research (December number), says:

Undoubtedly Mrs. Piper in the trance state has access to some abnormal sources of information, and is for the time cognizant of facts which happened long ago or at a distance; but the question is how she became cognizant of them. Is it by going up the stream of time and witnessing those actions as they occurred; or is it through information received from the still existent actors, themselves dimly remembering and relating them; or, again, is it through the influence of contemporary and otherwise occupied minds holding stores of forgotten information in their brains and offering them unconsciously to the perception of the entranced person; or, lastly, is it by falling back for the time into a one universal mind of which all ordinary consciousness, past and present, are but portions? I do not know which is the less extravagant supposition.



A SONG WITHOUT WORDS.

"Play us a tune," cried the children,
"Something merry and sweet,
Like birds that sing in the summer,
Or nodding o' the wheat,
Dancing across the meadows
While the warm sun burns and glows,
Till we fancy we smell in winter
The breath of a sweet June rose."

"Play us a tune," said the mother.
"Something tender and low,
Like a thought that comes in the autumn.
When the leaves are ready to go.
When the fire on the hearth is lighted,
And we know not which is best,
The long, bright evenings coming,
Or the long, bright days at rest."

And the dear little artist bending
Over the swaying bow,
Drew tones so merry and gladsome,
And tones so soft and low,
That we scarce could tell who listened
Which song had the sweetest words,
The one that sang of the fireside,
Or the one that sang of the birds.

MARY ELIZABETH BLAKE.

Let us look the virtues of the American woman fairly in the face, and be not too proud to own that, in some respects at least, she is our superior says the *London Queen*. These respects may be more or less superficial, but they are not, therefore, to be despised. There is necessarily great deal of surface about life, so it is important to have it pleasant; we may never have occasion to go beyond it, and when satisfactory, it is always so much to the good. Now, the external attributes of the American lady are excellent. She talks well, she dresses well and she plays her part well socially. It may be worth our while to discuss these merits a little in detail. Mr. Bryce, in the third volume of his "American Republic," leads the way. He enlarges on the brightness and quickness of American women, their perceptivity and receptivity, their keen and intelligent interest in the drama of human life, as well as their readiness to act a lively part in it. They are both capable and eager, and all alive to their finger tips. Further, they are thoroughly self-reliant; they take their lives into their own hands, and manage their own affairs, for the most part, without men's intervention. They expect men to be gallant enough to give assistance when it is asked for, especially in the shape of money. But they do not tolerate interference or constraint. Now, setting aside the occasional charm of a "clinging" attitude in women, it must be a great relief to most men to get rid of all care and responsibility in regard to them. Besides, there is more to interest the man as a spectator; the play of life among his womenkind is more entertaining, more fresh and varied to him, when he is not the sole motor and guide of it all. In this way he gains in amusement what he loses in glory. But the American woman does not confine herself entirely to what we call in England the "feminine sphere"; she has something to say of general affairs; she takes an interest in all that goes on in the world of business and of politics, and has decided opinions upon it, which she expresses freely and with the incisiveness which distinguishes conversation in her country. She not only talks well, she talks a great deal. It is conventional with us to regard this as a drawback; but I venture to think that on the whole it is "an excellent thing in woman." English women do not talk nearly enough, and in general society they seldom talk with effect. Timidity, innate reserve, and the habit of following conversationally in the man's wake, check spontaneity and liveliness in talk which is woman's natural dower. Women ought to lead in conversation, and in America they do.

No sooner are the Swiss girls large enough to possess the requisite physical strength than they are set to the most servile work they afford, says a traveler. The child has a panier basket fitted to her shoulders at the earliest possible moment and she drops it only when old age, premature, but merciful, robs her of power to carry it longer. I have seen sweet little girls of twelve or fourteen staggering down a mountain side or along a rough pathway under the weight of bundles of fagots as large as their bodies, which they no sooner dropped than they hurried back for others. I have seen girls of fifteen years, barefooted and bareheaded and, in the blistering rays

of an August sun, breaking up the ground by swinging mattocks heavy enough to tax the strength of an able-bodied man. I have known a young miss no older than these to be employed as a porter for carrying the baggage of travelers up and down the steepest mountain path in all the region round about. She admitted that it was sometimes very hard to take another step, but she must do it. And she carried such an amount of baggage! A stout-climbed guide is protected by law, so that he can not be compelled to carry above twenty-five pounds; but the limit to the burden put upon girls is their inability to stand up under anything more. But the burden increases with the age and strength of the burden-bearers till by the time the girls come to womanhood there is no sort of menial toil in which they do not bear a hand, and quite commonly the chief hand.

The conclusion to be drawn from the facts and figures contained in the report of the chief examiner of the Civil Service Commission is that women as a rule are in many respects smarter than men. The examiners figures show that out of 43,957 persons examined in Washington for all branches of the civil service, not including the railway mail service, there were 4,745 women or 10 4-5 per cent. Out of the total number examined only 26,790, or a little over half passed. Of this number 13 4-5 per cent. were women. The percentage of women passed was three times larger than the percentage of women examined, thus showing that the women did much better as a class than the men. Or, to put it another way, nearly four-fifths of the women examined were successful, while nearly half of the men failed. The records for shorter periods were all in the same way. Notwithstanding the fact that the women were so much brighter than the men, the latter are always preferred by officials when calling for clerks. About 90 per cent. of all the calls made are for men, the officials claiming that they are more faithful and careful. According to the chief examiner, the average age of those taking the examination is about 30 years, and the applicants belong to all classes. Some are believed to undergo the examinations out of curiosity, but nearly all are in earnest, and take frequent occasion during the examinations to remind the examiners that they want office and want it badly.

The army of society business women in England increases constantly. Lady Brooke has lately opened a shop where needlework and fine underwear is sold. She employs, it is said, a large number of girls, skilled workwomen, to whom she pay 5 shillings per week. Probably the first lady laundress is Lady Wimborne, who has established a very successful laundry on her husband's estate in Dorsetshire. She has secured several large contracts for hotel washing, and her business energy and methods are said to command the respect and admiration of all cognizant of them. Although started to furnish occupation for poor girls in a neighboring town, the enterprise has been conducted with such skill as to have been self-supporting from the first, and is now yielding its founders a profitable income.

Hannah More records in her diary a story which she calls ridiculous, but which afforded her a deal of pleasure. Once when she was visiting the Garricks, the great actor, after dinner, read her last poem with all his pathos and all his grace. "I think," says the good old maid, "I never was so ashamed in my life; but he read it so superlatively that I cried like a child. Only to think what a scandalous thing, to cry at the reading of one's own poetry." But it seems Mrs. Garrick cried too, and made many apologies for crying at her husband's reading. "And," Hannah continues, "she got out of the scrape by pretending she was touched at the story, and I by saying the same thing of the reading."

In the course of a brief address at the Burlington (Eng.) school for girls lately when Mr. Gladstone distributed the prizes, he said: "Well, ladies, you who belong to the favored half of the human race, enormous changes have taken place, not only in your actual, but also in your prospective, position, as members of society. It is almost terrible to look back upon the state of women 60 years ago, upon the manner in which they were viewed by the law, and the scanty provision made for their welfare, and the gross injustice, the flagrant injustice, the shameful injustice to which in certain particulars they were

subjected. Great changes have taken place, and still greater, I will not say are impending, but are much discussed."

Dr. Helen L. Betts of Boston, is the first woman physician chosen to visit the laboratory of Prof. Koch of Berlin for the purpose of investigating his discovery. She has been delegated by the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania, of which she is a graduate.

ANTIQUITIES OF OUR CONTINENT.

In various parts of this country sundry ancient remains have recently been brought to light, and the reports about them are of interest to the students of American archaeology.

In Texas, near the town of Carnesville, three explorers have discovered an ancient place of sepulture in which there are many catacombs containing the petrified remains of an unknown race. Among the articles unearthed were ancient pieces of sculpture and weapons of war.

In New Mexico, near Albuquerque, an ancient smelting furnace, filled with ore, was discovered a few days ago. Not far off a bar of smelted silver was found. The furnace was five feet high and three feet square, and was so built that heat could be evenly distributed to every part by a system of pipes.

In Colorado, near Red Cliff, about a fortnight ago, sundry prehistoric relics were discovered by miners in a cave that had been the place of sepulture of a primitive American race, and had been closed for ages. The petrified bones of human beings and beasts were found 400 feet beneath the surface, and, though the latest report tells only of the beginning of operations, the miners had dug up a hardened copper knife twelve inches long, with an oval handle.

We have a report from Paris, Tex., of the discovery of some interesting remains of the old Spanish explorers and miners. A fox that was pursued by a party of hunters took refuge in a rock pile, and when the hunters moved some of the loose rock they saw that it covered the mouth of a cave, on the sides of which were traces of tool work. The cave widened into a large chamber, from which there were branching passages, evidently constructed by human skill. Among the things found were some valuable minerals, fragments of iron tools, bits of pottery, and pieces of heavy wicker baskets. In a large chamber a human skeleton was found. There seems to be no doubt that these remains are Spanish.

Within the last few years the discoveries of ancient prehistoric relics and Spanish remains in the vast region lying between the Yellowstone river and the Gulf of Mexico have been extensive and important. Those near Albuquerque are being examined by a commission from the Interior Department and geologists from the Smithsonian Institution. The same parties will doubtless examine the Colorado and Texas remains here spoken of. Their official reports will be looked for with interest.

WAITING FOR GABRIEL.

By M. SCOTT CAMERON.

Readers of *THE JOURNAL* are interested in whatever pertains to the philosophy of Spiritualism. A spirit's condition after passing from mortal life is a topic for frequent discussion and inquiry; hence the following which is claimed to have been given inspirationally may be of interest:

To those who believe in immortality, and yet are hedged about with the old and superstitious idea that a spirit is changed by death in the twinkling of an eye into an angel of light, or consigned to realms of darkness and woe, I will endeavor to give what light and knowledge I possess on the subject.

A disembodied spirit at the time of its passing, is in no respect different from an embodied spirit in its moral character. Indeed it is often the case that a long time elapses before the spirit is aware of the change. Hovering round familiar places, seeing, yet unseen, speaking to the friends and companions in the old familiar way, unheeded and unanswered, it painfully and slowly dawns upon the spirit that there has been some change, and that the occupation and place on earth, have somehow slipped aside. Then gradually he recognizes that he is among the so-called dead. All the thoughts and ideas entertained of a future life are unchanged.

Looking around, and seeing no shining hosts bearing conquering palms, and harps

of gold, the spirit goes to his own grave, and sits thereon, patiently waiting for the archangel Gabriel to descend and with his mighty trumpet-blast, awake the slumbering hosts, and rehabilitate the spirits, in their immortal bodies; the corruptible flesh sown, to be reaped incorruptible.

There are visions of the son of man, coming in a cloud, and of the hosts gathering for final judgment, and of the separation of the sheep and goats to their many mansions heaven, or tortuous hell. Time passes unreckoned as mortals reckon it. The spirit sits and waits, not alone, for there are many such. Down sweeps a band of planetary spirits, on their errand of mercy and love. "Friend! why do you sit here? come with us and learn the laws that govern the universe. Why sit you brooding in darkness, while the beams of light are streaming from the source divine? Fear not we will help you, and every stumbling-block shall be removed from your feet. Come up higher friend!" But he answers. "I know not what you speak of, I am waiting for the judgment-day, and for Gabriel to blow his trumpet, and resuscitate these bodies buried here." Then follows explanations, which probably have no effect, and arguments without result. Again and again the higher spirits come with a word of loving advice, and finally the spirit begins to realize the fallacy of his belief. When he reaches that point, there is no difficulty afterwards if he is inclined to advance, in knowledge and truth.

Others there are who have learned something of the truth on earth-life, and therefore have not to outlive those earthly conditions. The conditions of spirits are as diverse as are those of mortals. Unshackled by the body and its physical wants, the requirements of the disembodied spirits are spiritual. By the beautiful law of natural economy, each individual gains in proportion to his needs, desires and capabilities; that which is best calculated to aid in his development. Wonderful, and inconceivable to mortals, is the depth of knowledge the planetary spirits have attained.

Past all mortal conception, the harmonies of music compared with which the earthly music is as but a feeble thrill of the awakening birdling, to the full chorus of the wildwood songsters in their glory. Above and over all is the spirit of love, the redeemer of the world, the one thing in mortal or immortal life which satisfies the vague longing of every soul. Here shall all inspirations find a language, every loving word and deed bloom eternally, and every spirit grows towards the fulness of knowledge, amid "The wreck of matter and the crash of worlds."



HOW LOVE SAVED A LIFE.

To THE EDITOR: First permit me to thank you for the kindness which prompted you to send me *THE JOURNAL*. To me it is now not only the one single true friend visiting me in my lonely isolated situation, and enfeebled health, but it furnishes me food for thought and is an aid to soul growth.

The excellent and startling article of Julian Hawthorne, "How Love Saved a Life," page, 502 (6), Jan. 3d, 1891, had a parallel case in my own family some sixteen years ago. The deceased was our daughter Mary. Love for her was the impelling cause to action, and the means employed, human magnetism. Our daughter was at the time keeping house for two of her brothers, running a farm in Catawissa, Mo., and the rest of my family lived on another farm four miles distant. Mary was suddenly taken ill, and the physician, Dr. C. Wilson, of Lexington, Ky., then on a visit to his nephew, a friend of our family, diagnosed her case which was one of malarial fever. In two days she got much worse, and we were apprised of her illness and hastened to her side. After a careful examination of her condition, I told Dr. Wilson that there was much congestion of the brain and sent for Dr. D. W. D. of Catawissa to consult with us. He agreed with me, and the treatment was changed. But in spite of all we could do she sank rapidly, and the morning following both the doctors despaired of being able to save her. About 10 A. M. Dr. Wilson sitting by the side of the bed with his fingers on her pulse remarked to me, who was standing at the foot of the bed, that she would soon leave

us. I stepped to the door and called my wife, returning immediately to my former position, closely watching every lineament of her dear countenance. With what poignant sorrow I noticed the dew of death spreading over her brow, the eyes glaze, and finally her chin drop, none but those who have watched a loved one pass from them can realize. Just as Dr. Wilson said to me, "she is gone," her mother and two brothers entered the room. I told the doctor she was not, and requested my wife to be calm and come to my side. I could not believe her dead, but thought her soul in the state of transition and fully believed I could retain it in its tabernacle. I placed my hands on the soles of her feet, then icy cold, and riveted my gaze on her glazed eyes. Oh! how fervently I then prayed for strength and success. For about five minutes, which to me seemed an age, I remained in that position, endeavoring to charge her body with my magnetism, and all the power of my will centered on the desire that the departing spirit might remain *en rapport* with her body. Slowly I felt a very gentle warmth near my fingers, I removed my right hand from the feet, spreading the fingers of my left over her soles, bent my body forward and extended my right one toward her head, never for one moment relaxing my will force. After some time the rigidity of the facial muscles became natural, slowly the eyes lost their glassy stare and the mouth gradually closed. Dr. Wilson, who had intently watched me, no doubt considering me demented, said, "I feel a fluttering of the pulse." Shortly after, Mary, looking at me said: "Oh father! why did you not let me go?" and dropped into a calm sleep. Dr. Wilson rose from his chair and addressed me, saying: "Doctor you have done what no medicine could do, I now leave your daughter in your care." She rapidly gained her health and lived to be the mother of two children.

S. M. ROTHHAMMER.

ST. CLAIR, Mo.

PARADISE.

The following extract from an editorial on "Paradise," found in an old copy of the *Investigator* is worth reproducing for its fine thought and expression:

The conception of an eternal hell is a terrible conception. It is not more repugnant to our reason than it is revolting to our feelings. Except to the mind of a monster, its contemplation can afford no pleasure or satisfaction of any kind, even for a moment. As a fable, it is unredeemed either by poetical fancy or moral beauty. It is a conception of unmixed horror and perfect deformity. Not so the conception of Paradise. There is much of poetical, even of moral beauty, in the idea of some bright and tranquil and happy land, far from the selfish bustle and gnawing cares of earth; some sunny heaven where the weary voyager rests in peace and pleasure, the clouds and storms that darkened his worldly pilgrimage all blown over; some quiet and glorious home where the severed ties of kindred and of friendship and of love shall be reunited at last and forever; where there is neither sense of sorrow, nor fear of disappointment; where the wounded spirit shall have repose, and the broken heart find comfort; where all our brightest dreams shall be realized, all our best affections gratified, and all our earthly griefs and separations forgotten, or remembered only as a gloomy night dream, when we awaken in the morning to hope and happiness. All religions have profited by this enticing conception. The church, in every age, has preached of paradise. Even the rudest Indian has been told of heaven:

"Some safer world in depths of woods embraced,
Some happier island in the wat'ry waste,
Where slaves once more their native land behold;
No floods torment, no Christians thirst for gold."

A MODERN PROPHECY.

To THE EDITOR: As my "Isolated Fact" seems to have excited more or less interest among your readers, I send another still more striking which demands the attention of the psychologist. Among the most curious prophecies given by Mrs. Hamilton was one in relation to my mother. While describing our home in a distant village she came suddenly upon three steps that led into a garden from the kitchen. Here she stopped exclaiming "tell grandma to beware of these steps; I see two falls for grandma, in one she will sprain her ankle, in the other she will slip from these steps and injure her leg."

About three months afterwards my mother did turn her foot, giving it a sudden twist which left her with a lame ankle, and in the December following she did slip from those identical steps and

splinter the "shin-bone," the double injury proving a serious accident. At the moment of my mother's fall, I was arranging a chapter for a forth-coming book on prophecy, collecting notes from eminent authors upon the subject, and was slowly drifting with the tide of opinion away from the theory of literal prediction as a possible modern fact, when "those steps" proved a "stumbling stone" and "rock of offense" in the way of my firmest conviction. I slipped from much homely faith and well grounded theory into a perfect quagmire of doubt and disgust. Here was an instance of literal prediction, neither ambiguous nor fallible. It could be accounted for upon no theory of mind reading, mental reflection or cunning coincidence; a modern prophecy pure and simple, given by a person in a perfectly normal state of mind and body six months before it occurred to a poor woman who used her innate psychic powers to get her living, ignored by the wise, and alternately patronized and ridiculed by the ignorant until her death, which, by the way, she also foresaw. Peace to her ashes! May she rise to haunt the intelligence and philanthropy of our cultured age until sensitives are treated with the consideration and care their delicate organizations demand, until the true medium meets with the protection and patronage necessary to the highest development, and ignorance can no longer be imposed upon by the charlatan and the fraud.

JULIA SADLER HOLMES.

THE UNIVERSE A UNIT.

To THE EDITOR: That clearheaded B. F. Livingston, usually very lucid in the treatment of any subject that engages his pen, seems a little awry when he says that volcanoes, wind storms, etc., are not like organized matter under the control and supervision of mind. If the universe be an organism in the same sense that the human body is, it is hard to see that any of its forces are at loose ends, or beyond the control of mind. He admits storms have beneficent results; and so we might say of moral evil. Thus far then, mind is admissible in the whole economy of nature. It is but a confirmation of the persistence of force, and that continuity of energy that makes the universe one, notwithstanding its infinite complexity.

Were cyclones absolute evils, as if dominated by the "prince of the power of the air," then an alien and disturbing force breaks the chain of continuity, and the correlated forces that make a beneficent unit are refractory, and that for harmony is impossible. Movements of matter I take to be automatic, under the supervision of mind; yet both mind and matter are restricted by a law of necessity, as are the waves of the sea. Freedom is given to all the elements; but it is the freedom of a fly in a bottle. All good is in the envelope of evil; and evil itself is but an incident in the grand drama of evolution. We cannot grasp the infinite plan of life, for the reason that humanity is yet in its cradle; but we can have faith that some eternal good awaits us beyond our little horizon.

The terrific storm, with its thunder and lightning, cleanses the air of all its impurities and restores the equilibrium of its constituent elements; and so the riotous passions of men drive the wheels of moral progress. The French revolution was not an unmitigated curse, nor were the cruelties of the Spanish inquisition. As the blood of martyrs was the seed of the church, so redhanded persecution was followed by freedom of thought. All progress comes by reason of a rebound, and thus, as in our cosmogony, there is an occasional eddy and backwater in "the stream of tendency that makes for righteousness." Happen what will, there is a "divinity that shapes our ends rough hew them as we may."

PINELLAS, FLA. R. E. NEED.

ROMAN CATHOLIC WAYS.

To THE EDITOR: In 1861, when Victor Emanuel was proclaimed king of Italy, Pius IX. declared that he could not, without gravely wounding his conscience, make any alliance with modern civilization. Shortly after that he, in one of his allocutions, condemned that same modern civilization which does not prevent even heretics from taking public office and which opens Catholic schools to their children. In 1864 he published a syllabus in which he fulminated against the whole democratic theory and opposed categorically, and with the most tremendous energy, almost every achievement of science which led to liberalism in thought and action.

In 1867 he published an encyclical letter against the Italian government, and con-

demned all the laws voted by the national parliament for secularizing the estates of the church. He declared against the increased facilities for the higher instruction of women in France, against the liberal laws which Austria was beginning to make in harmony with modern ideas—laws recognizing the liberty of conscience and of the press, mixed marriages, primary instruction, etc. These laws, he said, were abominable, contrary to doctrine and to the rights and constitution of the church.

Leo XIII. is willing to pose as a republican to help overthrow the Italian government. He is now engaged on a letter of advice to labor and socialist parties. No nation escapes his meddling impertinence. The whole Roman Catholic system is a "galvanized hypocrisy."

Its politics and religion are a system of expedients. Its end and aim is dominion. For the people it has degradation and slavery. King and priest and slave are names we have fought against for hundreds of years; still we have no peace from their evil machinations. We are in the midst of a campaign of craft and intrigue. We remember the past.

"Loyola rising from his deep perdition,
With fierce Saint Dominic by freedom stood
And the cowed murderers of the Inquisition,
Sated themselves with freedom's flesh and blood."

The attrition of intelligent forces and the divine integrity of human nature, when left free from priestly guile, are our best defenses. Let us work to diffuse light in school and lecture room, in press and pulpit.

K. E. A.

SHALL WE WEAR BLACK IN MOURNING FOR THE DEPARTED?

To THE EDITOR: While we see the silent, sorrowful mourners robed in deepest hue, and enveloped in a garb darker than the darkness of night, there seems to be the universal answer "yes" to the question. Why do we wear black when death has taken our dear ones? To signify sorrow at the fulfilling of natural law? As an emblem of grief at the parting from our dearest ones? As an explanation that we retire from the gay scenes of life till time has alleviated the trouble and numbed the memory of their absence? Or, because it is the custom of the country and we dare not rebel against what our friends might say? More than all these, it is according to the forms of religion we embrace.

But surely we ought not to mourn when a weary spirit is set free, when it goes to a spiritual environment surpassing that of earthly life. We should not regret that God's laws are fulfilled, and drape the body in mourning for one who has attained the possibilities of spirit life. Would we, for our own satisfaction, wish to keep our loved ones from the higher life? We must needs have a religion that teaches us the importance of right living, that helps the soul to assert itself over things material; and to see with eyes not mortal our friends in form not material, to hear as an inspiration the higher truths of the spiritual world, by being impressed with their presence. Shall we wear black when death has taken our loved ones? No, let us open our homes to the sunshine and our hearts to the loving, arraying our bodies in pleasing colors, as old earth does after the death of winter, when spring brings back the life we thought was dead.

MARY FIELD-HAMMOND.

"UPWARD STEPS."—JACKSON ON STEBBINS'S BOOK.

To THE EDITOR: I observe you have advertised in to-day's issue of THE JOURNAL our old friend G. B. Stebbins's "Upward Steps of Seventy Years."

We are delighted with the book, and I would like to specially recommend it to your readers and to everybody else. I do this without fee or reward of any kind, solely through regard for our mutual friend and earnest appreciation of the volume. It is rich in entertaining and instructive reminiscences of many worthy and historical characters, grandly illustrative of the growth of our age toward light and freedom, and is all written in the well-known, clear and happy style of his other writings.

Its chapters upon Spiritualism and natural religion and upon psychical science are very valuable. Taken all together, I know of no book in modern literature so well calculated to do good, to entertain, to instruct, to interest every mature and sympathetic mind, or, as I jocularly tell the folks, "to make one wise into salvation through faith" in the everlasting reign of

the righteous laws of growth and development, as shown by the facts of history and science. Amen!

HOCKESSIN, DEL. J. G. JACKSON.

A WORD FROM MRS. DUNIWAY.

Mrs. Abigail Scott Duniway, of Portland, Oregon, is a woman of ability, reputation and influence, and although the following from a personal letter by her to the editor of THE JOURNAL was not written for publication, it is of a character to interest our readers generally, and we know that our good friend, the writer, will pardon the freedom taken in publishing it:

Your efforts to lift the psychic phenomena of the period above the plane of speculative humbuggery and stamp it with the seal of indisputable science, are worthy of all praise. I have for many years been aware that there was vastly more truth in psychic phenomena than is dreamed of by the average Christian. But it is an encouraging omen when standard-bearers like Professor Swing, Dr. Thomas and Frances Willard can openly endorse you in your own columns, even though they do not yet deem it safe to speak the whole truth in *Unity*. The *Union Signal* and other conservative papers where their advanced opinions would, if expressed, create either a revolution or a panic. The world is progressing and you, my good friend, are a valiant leader of its hosts. That your hands may be upheld and your steps directed, in the future as in the past, by the ever-living power of an excommunicated host; and that you and your good wife may reap to the full the well-earned result of your labors, is the sincere desire of your admirer and friend.

AMERICAN BRANCH OF THE S. P. R.

The next meeting of the Branch will be held at the Association Hall, corner of Berkeley and Boylston streets, on Tuesday, January 27th, at 8 p. m., with the following programme:

1. Report of some recent experiments in automatic writing, by T. Barkworth, to be read by the secretary.

2. Report of some sittings with Mrs. Piper in America, by R. Hodgson.

No admittance except by ticket. Special tickets are sent to members and associates. Other tickets, each of which will admit three persons, will enable members and associates to introduce their friends. Extra tickets may be obtained by members or associates on application to Richard Hodgson, secretary, 5 Boylston place, Boston, Mass.

Of Mr. G. B. Stebbins's "Upward Steps of Seventy Years" *Unity* says:

Mr. Stebbins is well known as a lecturer and writer on modern Spiritualism and other liberal topics. Mr. Stebbins was an active worker in the anti-slavery movement, is a pronounced advocate of woman's rights and a believer in the spirit of human advancement all along the line. His autobiography of seventy years covers the most exciting and progressive period of America's history and contains many interesting and valuable reminiscences.

Detroit *Free Press* on "Upward Steps": "Mr. Stebbins is a well-known Detroit.... He has met many notable people and has had many unusual experiences. These he tells, and having something to tell, tells them well."

K. E. A. writes: Edward King in his book, "Europe in Storm and Calm" pp. 356, says: "I shall not soon forget an anecdote which a friend told me of his first walk over a field of battle during the French and Russian war. He said that the frozen corpses scattered hither and yon impressed him even more than did the groans and shrieks of those who were still living, and to whom no help could be given for hours. While passing a heap of Mobile Guards who had evidently been killed all at once, and nearly every one of whom was grasping vigorously his gun, he saw one handsome fellow lying so quietly pallid in the cold moonlight that he was tempted to approach and note his rank. It was a young soldier holding in his stiffened hand

a gun labeled 'N. Y. U. S. A'. He said that he removed the cap from the corpse's head and unclenching the cold fingers took the gun, and carried away these souvenirs to Versailles. He affirms seriously that for five nights afterwards he was awakened regularly, at the same hour, by the grasp of a relentless hand upon his arm, and felt that he was struggling with an invisible force. 'It was' he said, 'the dead Guard Mobile trying to get his gun back again.'

A young man in this city who was hypnotized a short time ago by a doctor was told that the next morning at 8 o'clock he must paint the house he lived in a brilliant red, says a Chicago paper. On coming out of the hypnotic state, he remembered nothing at all what had occurred, and went about his work as usual. Next morning precisely at 8 o'clock the idea came to him. He looked at the house, and said that it struck him very forcibly that the walls would look very nice if painted red. Of course those who were interested in the experiment were on hand, and said that it was of no use to paint the house red. They, however, had no effect on him; he was determined to give the house a coat of red paint. He actually went to work on the job, and only when told that his freak was a result of the hypnotic experiment did he cease work.

Mr. S. L. Tyrrell, Fox Lake, Wis., writes: Yours of January 7th is received. I am glad my reply to your important sixth question was thought worthy the award. It is doubtless one of nature's kindest compensations to the old that she so often substitutes a happy egotism for declining intellect, and hence I was doubly gratified at the favorable comment on my article, as it seemed encouraging evidence that although I had reached the very suspicious age of 77, I might still venture occasionally a brief contribution to THE JOURNAL. I hope to be able to send something before long. By your wise and independent discrimination, THE JOURNAL in its scientific and literary contents has become the peer of any religious periodical of the time, and no intelligent person need hesitate to circulate it among any class of people.

To tell the truth of electricity, about which we are wont to speak glibly enough, and which we introduce into our equations quite as a matter of course, we know, directly, absolutely nothing whatever says the *Electrical World*. Concerning electrical energy we know much; but the factor of it which we call electricity eludes alike our senses and intelligence. From a practical point of view, electricity is hardly more than a mathematical coefficient, of which we may in due season learn the physical significance.

Minot J. Savage is coming back to Chicago. This will be joyful news for thousands of liberal religious people in this city. He is to be the minister of the Church of the Messiah on Michigan boulevard. It is most opportune that this strong man is to represent advanced thought in this city during the years when vast numbers from all parts of the world will flock here. Rev. Mr. Utter, the retiring minister, is to take charge of a mission church at Salt Lake City, where the Unitarian Association sees a hopeful field.

The calendars that come in the fall are as numerous as the flowers that bloom in the spring. Many further resemble the flowers in that they come without being sent for, and fade after a very brief existence. One of the most sensible and business-like calendars that we have seen comes to us from N. W. Ayer & Son, Newspaper Advertising Agents, Philadelphia—bears their "keeping everlastingly at it" imprint. It is so

large and clear that its dates can be easily distinguished across an office, and is printed in a manner to reconcile the most fastidious to its company for a year. It is sent to any address, postpaid, on receipt of 25 cents.

Josiah P. Mendum, for more than half a century proprietor and publisher of the Boston *Investigator*, died last week at his home in Melrose, Mass., in his eightieth year. Years ago it required courage to publish a paper like the *Investigator*, which did good work in battling against the absurdities of orthodoxy and advocating the principles of secular government. Mr. Mendum was respected for his personal qualities by his neighbors and all who knew him personally.

Rev. Solon Lauer writes from Boston: I am back from the Rocky Mountains, and so much improved in health that I have accepted a call to the Unitarian Society at Chicopee, Mass., where I hope to be able to hold the fort in the interests of a broad and reverent religion.

W. Harral, of Houston, Texas, writes that a Mrs. Smith of that city is a medium who holds séances at which manifestations of a wonderful character occur, under conditions precluding the possibility of deception. There are, he says, fifteen to twenty-five materializations every night.

Anthony Higgins, a man of brilliant intellect, but erratic and given to dissipation, well known years ago as a radical lecturer, passed to spirit life from Washington, D. C., on the 11th. His remains were cremated at Baltimore.

Mr. A. A. Thomas writes from Florida: I like THE JOURNAL better and better and look for it weekly. Although it is worth much more than I pay for it, I wish it was twice as large.

What is Scrofula

It is that impurity in the blood, which, accumulating in the glands of the neck, produces unsightly lumps or swellings; which causes painful running sores on the arms, legs, or feet; which developed ulcers in the eyes, ears, or nose, often causing blindness or deafness; which is the origin of pimples, cancerous growths, or many other manifestations usually ascribed to "humors." It is a more formidable enemy than consumption or cancer alone, for scrofula combines the worst possible features of both. Being the most ancient, it is the most general of all diseases or afflictions, for very few persons are entirely free from it.

How can it be cured? By taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, by the cures it has accomplished, often when other medicines have failed, has proven itself to be a potent and peculiar medicine for this disease. For all afflictions of the blood Hood's Sarsaparilla is unequalled, and some of the cures it has effected are really wonderful. If you suffer from scrofula in any of its various forms, be sure to give Hood's Sarsaparilla a trial.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. L. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

Intelligent Readers will notice that

Tutt's Pills

are not "warranted to cure" all classes of diseases, but only such as result from a disordered liver, viz:

Vertigo, Headache, Dyspepsia, Fevers, Costiveness, Bilious Colic, Flatulence, etc.

For these they are not warranted *infallible*, but are as nearly so as it is possible to make a remedy. Price, 25cts.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send two BOTTLES FREE, with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer who will send me their Express and P. O. address. T. A. Slocum, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

CATARRH CURED.

If you suffer from Catarrh, in any of its forms, it is your duty to yourself and family to obtain the means of a certain cure before it is too late. This you can easily do by sending a self addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, New York, who will send you FREE, by return mail, a copy of the original receipt for preparing the best and surest remedy ever discovered for the cure of Catarrh in all its various stages. Over one million cases of this dreadful, disgusting, and often-times fatal disease have been cured permanently during the past five years by the use of this medicine. Write to-day for this FREE recipe. Its timely use may save you from the death tolls of Consumption. DO NOT DELAY longer, if you desire a speedy and permanent cure. Address Prof. J. A. LAWRENCE, 88 Warren, Street, New York.

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Use the SMALL SIZE (40 little beans to the bottle). They are the most convenient; suit all ages; size, 25 cents per bottle.

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POSITIVE AND NEGATIVE POWDERS.

D. D. HOME.

His Life and Mission.

BY MADAME DUNGLAS HOME.

Within the compass of an advertisement no adequate description of the interesting contents of the book concerning a most remarkable medium can be given; it must be read before its importance can be realized.

The work is a large 8vo of 428 pages, printed from large type on fine, heavy, super-calendered paper, and strongly bound in cloth. The price put on it is less than value, but Mrs. Home is desirous that this work should have an extended reading in America; hence the book will be sold at a low

Price, \$2.00; Gilt top, \$2.25, postage free to Journals, to all others, 17 cents.

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ETHICAL RELIGION.

BY WILLIAM M. SALTER, RESIDENT LECTURER OF THE CHICAGO SOCIETY FOR ETHICAL CULTURE.

CONTENTS.

Ethical Religion: The Ideal Element in Morality; What is a Moral Action? Is there a Higher Law? Is there anything Absolute about Morality? Darwinism in Ethics; The Social Ideal; The Rights of Labor; Personal Morality; On some Features of the Ethics of Jesus; Does the Ethics of Jesus satisfy the Needs of our Time? Good Friday from a Modern Standpoint; The Success and Failure of Protestantism; Why Unitarianism Fails to Satisfy; The Basis of the Ethical Movement; The Supremacy of Ethics; The True Basis of Religious Union.

OPINIONS.

W. D. HOWELL'S, in *Harper's Monthly*: "Where it deals with civic, social, personal duty, Mr. Salter's book is consoling and inspiring."

Nation: "Mr. Salter appears as a distinctly impressive and attractive personality, modest, courageous, simple-minded, generous and earnest."

Congregationalist: "Mr. Salter is so radical that probably only a few, even among advanced Unitarians, agree with him. Yet he is so plainly desirous of finding the truth, and so free from any intentional irreverence that conservative Evangelical believers hardly will object to his spirit."

THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL: "A few of the lectures give to the theoretical side of important problems careful consideration and deep thought, while they all present the author's views, though sometimes fragmentarily, in a scholarly and attractive manner. Mr. Salter's philosophic and religious position is evidently and strongly leaning toward theism and immortality of the soul, at least for a morally select portion of humanity. In his conception of Spiritualism is prominent one aspect of it which offend his refined taste, and it is not strange therefore that he fails to appreciate this system of thought as understood and expounded by its representative thinkers. When Mr. Salter comes to understand Spiritualism through study and investigation instead of, as now, chiefly through the interpretation of its opposing critics, he will find to his astonishment, may be, that its ethics and his are nearly identical."

Cloth, 332 pages. Price, \$1.50.

For sale, wholesale and retail, by JOHN C. BUNDY, Chicago.

THE WAR IN HEAVEN.

BY DANIEL LOTT

This is founded upon Revelations 12-13 and will be found interesting. Price, 10 cents.

For sale, wholesale and retail, by JOHN C. BUNDY, Chicago

BOOK REVIEWS.

[All books noticed under this head are for sale at, or can be ordered through the office of THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.]

The Philosophy of Fiction in Literature.
By Daniel Greenleaf Thompson, author of "A System of Psychology," "The Problem of Evil," etc. New York and London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1890. pp. 226.

It is surprising that Mr. Thompson can find time amidst the duties of a busy professional life to write so many and such valuable works as have come from his pen since 1884, when he first introduced himself to the reading public by a systematic work on psychology, in two large octavo volumes. The reviewer is not aware that this author has ever written a work of fiction—although his father was a novelist and wrote "The Green Mountain Boy's"—but Mr. Thompson shows large acquaintance with fiction, and in regard to its office in literature, its construction and its scientific, moral and esthetic value he has clear conceptions, and decided views. Fiction he defines as a representation of human experience, or that of beings with like faculties to those of men. Experience involves a selective process, combining details into one whole in which the general impression prevails, and to which the particulars are subordinated; hence bringing together details without regard to the general effect and plan is fatal to art, though it may have a scientific interest. There must always be a selection of objects of interest from a large number of uninteresting things in experience. Things of current interest chiefly occupy the mind of readers moulding their thoughts and feelings. The story that embodies and reproduces some phase of present life or brings out some underlying thought in the general mind, which is struggling for expression, will have the most readers. Mr. Thompson discusses realism and idealism in an admirable manner, showing that realism could not, if it would, dispense with creativeness except by abolishing art and reducing it to science, and that the value of creative art is determined by the artist's appreciation and fulness of beauty and the faithfulness with which he records what he has received. In fiction the realistic in life should be reproduced under the guidance of ideals formed by the synthetic and selective activities of the mind.

The work is characterized by discrimination and taste as well as profound thought, and the style is scholarly and lucid. There is not a little original thought in the book.

Is This Your Son, My Lord? A Novel. By Helen H. Gardner. Boston: Arena Publishing House, 1890. pp. 238. Price, paper, 50 cts.; cloth, \$1.00.

The author of this work is already known to the public by her previous books "Men, Women and Gods" and "A Thoughtless Yes," by her contributions to magazine literature and her public lectures. This story purports to exhibit a true picture of immorality in high places, of cultured criminality, of veneered sensualism, of low standards of purity, lack of conscientiousness in regard to marriage held by so-called respectable people. Though the writer seems deeply convinced of the truthfulness of her vivid picture, it is somewhat sensational and probably overdrawn. While such loathsome characters as she portrays do exist it is not true that they are types of a large class, recognized as respectable or decent. The freedom with which she deals with certain repulsive aspects of the sex question will shock those who still retain old fashioned notions as to the delicacy with which such vital questions should be treated. Incidentally nearly every social and religious question is discussed in these pages from the most radical points of view. Among the bright and beautiful young people who flit across the scenes here depicted of life in city and country, occur a number of thrilling love affairs in which the author seems to be an adept. Her style is dashing, breezy and a trifle slangy. The book is handsomely gotten up and is a credit to the publishers.

Selections from the Poets; with responses including Pope's "Essay on Man," with responding essay, *Man Seen in the Deepening Dawn.* New York: Samuel C. W. Byington & Co., 234 Fourth ave. 1890.

Dr. Weeks wrote these responses on the margin of the pages while reading the authors, imitating their style, then copied and enlarged his verses and placed them in connection with the poems or passages to which he has replied, making the answer to each selection complete in itself. He

has done this work in a very creditable manner. The thought in the responses is elevated and the spirit broad and liberal, while the verse, from a purely literary point of view, possesses considerable merit.

The Elixir of Life, or Robert's Pilgrimage an Allegory. By Eleve, author of "Life is Worth Living." Published by Christian Science Publishing Co., 87 Washington st., Chicago. pp. 124.

A well-written, interesting story, the object of which is to show that truth is more precious than gold, and an elixir of perennial life, and that man has an inner understanding which, if cultivated, will give the key to unlock the gates of heaven, that as Drummond says, "Eternal life is not a thing that we are to get when we die. It is a thing that we are living now, and that we will have a poor chance of getting when we die, unless we are living it now."

MAGAZINES FOR JANUARY, NOT BEFORE MENTIONED.

Wide Awake. (Boston.) The contents of this popular magazine for January is especially instructive and pleasing to the young. The best story writers contribute and with poems and appropriate illustrations complete a charming number.

English Illustrated Magazine. (New York.) A varied table of contents appears this month. F. Marion Crawford continues his serial "The Witch of Prague." Students in hypnotism will follow it to the conclusion with unceasing interest.

The Chautauquan. (Meadville, Pa.) A good table of contents fills the pages of this popular monthly.

The United States Book Company, New York, announce for immediate publication the superb volume of 500 large octavo pages, bound in green cloth, gold and colored inks, containing Mr. Jameson's daily record of the movements of the Rear Column of the Emin Pasha relief expedition, with over one hundred illustrations from original drawings by the author and an appendix on the natural history researches of Mr. Jameson, carefully edited by experts. Remarks upon the officers of the rear column by Mr. Stanley have caused the publication of Mr. Troup's "With Stanley's Rear Column," Mr. Ward's "Five Years with the Congo Cannibals," and now Mr. Jameson's notes and memoranda have been edited by Mrs. Jameson, and are given to the public to effectually show how impossible it was for the officers of the Rear Column to do better than they did, in their attempts to fulfil Mr. Stanley's orders to the letter.

A. C. McClurg & Co.'s, of Chicago, Illustrated Holiday Catalogue for the current year comprises illustrated gift, standard juvenile books, teacher's, family and pulpits, prayer books, calendars, birthday books and standard books in fine bindings, with descriptions of some of the best new books published in 1890, and of a few beautiful new editions of works long famous and classic. Price, 50c.

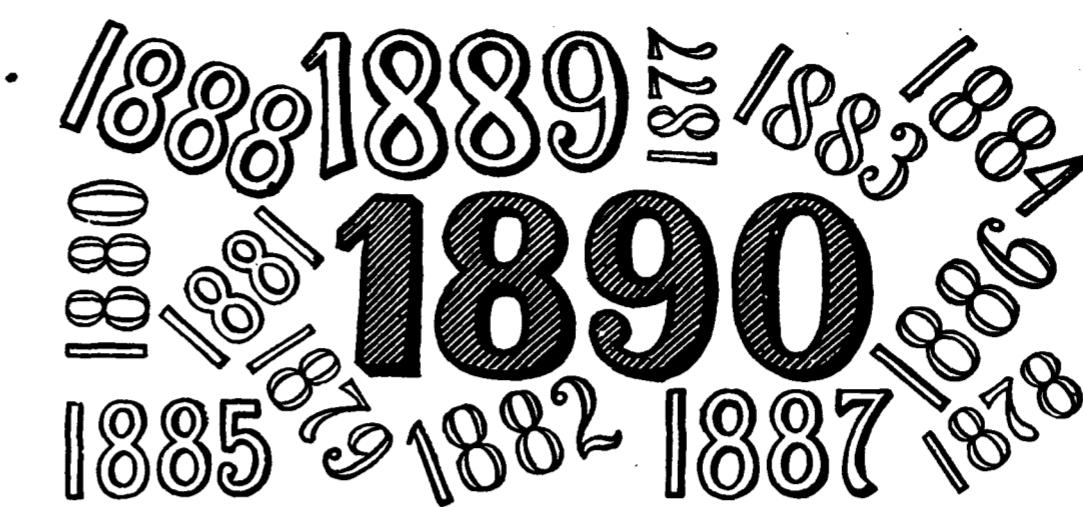
The *Sidereal Messenger* for January has, among other articles, one on "The Proper Motion of the Components of 61 Cygni," by S. W. Burnham, and "The Cause of Refraction," by Henry M. Parkhurst. The *Sidereal Messenger* always contains the latest information on astronomical subjects and it is edited by Mr. Wm. W. Pain, Northfield, Minn., in a creditable manner.

Current Comment and Legal Miscellany for December contains articles on "Salmon P. Chase," "Justice Miller," "The Farmers' Alliance," "The Need of a Bankrupt Law," and other subjects of interest.

John Wesley and Modern Spiritualism. An appeal to the Ministers and Members of the Methodist Church based upon reason. By Daniel Lott. We are constantly called upon for something from the pen of John Wesley, and this may be of interest to many. He was a man of superior mind, in many respects and far in advance of his time, as will be found by examining his sayings and ideas. Price, 25 cents. For sale at this office.

Heaven and Hell, as described by Judge Edmonds in his great work on Spiritualism. As Judge Edmonds' writings are mostly out of print, this pamphlet may be welcome to many, as it describes two scenes in heaven and two in hell in his most graphic and careful style. Price, 10 cents. For sale at this office.

The Constitution of Man considered in relation to external objects, by George Combs. More than three hundred thousand copies of this Constitution of Man have been sold and the demand is still increasing. It has been translated into many languages and extensively circulated. A celebrated phrenologist said of this work, "The importance and magnitude of the principles herein contained are beyond those to be found in any other work. For sale at this office, price, \$1.50.



See it grow! You won't have to look back far. 1877 was the year when *Pearline* started in to take charge of washing and cleaning. It was a new idea; people didn't know about it; when they did find out, they were afraid of it.

But look at it now. Every year has been a big advance on the year before—and 1890 a bigger advance than ever. It's the biggest year, against the biggest opposition—smooth-tongued peddlers to fight against, cheap prices and poor quality, prize packages, imitations of all sorts. But *Pearline* started ahead and has kept there—and now it's farther ahead than ever.

A poor thing can't grow like this. A dangerous thing can't. Find out for yourself why *Pearline* grows. Ask about it of some one who is using it.

Beware of peddlers and imitations.

33 JAMES PYLE, New York.

HOW DO YOU FEEL AFTER YOU EAT

Millions of American people feel badly after they eat! In fact it has been said that we are a race of Dyspeptics. What caused it? Overeating! Overdrinking! Overworking! If you are losing flesh, have no appetite, or voraciously eat without satisfaction, feel gloomy, morose, sleep poorly, it is all because your stomach is lacking some of the active properties needed for good digestion.

STERLING DIGESTER. Furnishes all the gastric ferment in the same proportion as they are found in the human stomach, and by the use of Sterling Digestor the food is digested in a natural manner, allowing the worn out stomach to rest, without impairing the work of nutrition.

A WEAK STOMACH IS MADE STRONG. Indigestion cured and eating made the most enjoyable thing in life.

Sterling Digestor is sold under an absolute guarantee that it will do all that it promises.

Cost \$1.00. Three Cents a Day; One Cent a Meal. Sold by druggists generally, or sent by mail prepaid upon receipt of price. It is the only guaranteed cure for Dyspepsia in the world. Don't take a substitute. THERE IS NONE. Sample bottle of Sterling Digestor and our little book titled "How Do You Feel After You Eat" mailed upon receipt of 5 one cent stamps to pay postage, etc. Circulars FREE. Write to-day.

The Sterling Remedy Co., 78 Auditorium Bldg., Chicago.

INDIAN WAR BOOK. WE HAVE IN PRESS, FOR EARLY ISSUE, A NEW BOOK, ENTITLED SITTING BULL AND THE INDIAN WAR!

By W. FLETCHER JOHNSON, author of "Johnstown Flood,"

Giving an intensely graphic life of the great medicine man and his tragic death, which has infuriated the remaining braves of the Indian race for a terrific life or death struggle. Also, sketches of leading chiefs, descriptions of the hostile forces, and complete history of the bloody war now in progress.

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Note.—This book will be richly illustrated, and issued as soon as the great decisive battle is over.

THE PATHWAY OF THE SPIRIT.

A GUIDE TO INSPIRATION, ILLUMINATION AND DIVINE REALIZATION ON EARTH.

BY JOHN HAMLIN DEWEY, M. D.

This work is Number 2 of the Christian Theosophy Series and is having a large and rapid sale.

Price, cloth bound, \$1.25; paper, 75 cents.

For sale, wholesale and retail, by JNO. C. BUNDY, Chicago.

TO SPIRITUALISTS.

BY JOHN HOOKER, OF THE CONNECTICUT BAR.

This admirable Address has permanent value, and is well worthy the attention of all sober-minded people, and especially of Spiritualists. Price, 10 cents.

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ANGEL WHISPERINGS FOR

The Searchers After Truth.

BY HATTIE J. RAY

This volume is presented to the public in hopes that many may draw inspiration from its pages. The poems are well called "Angel Whisperings." Price, ornamental cover, \$1.50; gilt edges, \$2.00; postage 17 cents.

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STARTLING FACTS IN

MODERN SPIRITUALISM,

BEING A GRAPHIC ACCOUNT OF

Witches, Wizards, and Witchcraft; Table Tipping, Spirit Rapping, Spirit Speaking, Spirit Telegraphing; and MATERIALIZATIONS of Spirit Hands, Spirit Heads, Spirit Faces, Spirit Forms, Spirit Flowers, and every other

Spirit Phenomenon that has occurred in Europe and America since the Advent of Modern Spiritualism, March 31, 1848, to the Present Time.

BY

N. B. WOLFE, M. D.

The book makes a large 12 mo. of over 600 pages; it is printed on fine calendered paper and bound in extra heavy English cloth, with back and front beautifully illuminated in gold.

After comprehensively epitomizing the "Startling Facts" contained in his book, comprising original investigations made under most favorable auspices, Dr. Wolfe says:

"With these avowals of its teachings the book stands before the world, asking no favor but a reading—no consideration but the fair judgment of enlightened men and women. As Death is a heritage common alike to King, Pope, Priest, and People, all should be interested in knowing what it portends—of what becomes of us after we die. Those who have tasted death, our spirit friends, answer this great problem in this book of 600 pages."

Price, \$2.25.

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THE IMMORTAL HOPE.

BY A. M. MUNGER,

Beneath the snow the roses sleep to-day,
The summer's brightness could not always stay.
Grieve not, the bleak days cannot long remain,
Bright hope assures us, spring will come again.

Naught that lives is lost; sleep, decay and death,
Are only for a time. The balmy breath
From southern skies, awakes the violet,
And loosens from its chains the rivulet.

Dost think that in the grave thy loved one lies?
Not so. The soul blooms in immortal skies.
What we call death is but the chrysalis,
From which thy treasure flew to realms of bliss.

Hope ever pointeth to a shining star
Beyond death's gloom. In that bright world afar,
Immortal dwells the soul that sank in sleep—
Bursting its charnal house while yet we weep.

Immortal hope! that bids us look above,
While stronger grow the cords of kindred love.
Somewhere their souls in beauty liveth on:
Their night all passed—the morning just begun.

A BACHELOR'S LOVE SONG.

My bachelor's den is a queer old pen,
In the midst of a city's din,
Overlooking the tide that goes ebbing out
And the flow that comes rushing in.

'Tis cheerful and bright, 'tis a home to me—
A quiet and peaceful place—
Tho' it ne'er knew the warmth of a woman's
heart,
Nor the light of a woman's face.

I sit in the dusk as the sun goes down,
And smoke in a dreamful way,
And gaze at the paintings that hang on the wall—
The faces and friends far away.

One is the face of a fair young girl,
As bright as the morning skies,
Who smiles at me ever with angel's love,
From the depths of her dark blue eyes.

She was my first, my only love;
Forgot her, I never can,
Her love has followed me all thro' life,
And made me a better man.

Hers are the lips I first tenderly kissed,
With love as deep as the sea;
And the last lips I kissed, as I bade home fare-
well,
Were the lips that are smiling at me.

Ah, mother, my love for you never grew dim
Thro' the long years of toil and unrest,
And I love you to-day as I did long ago,
When you lulled me to sleep at your breast.
—[J. H. RYAN, in New York Herald.

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Wears the blossom of the past.

III.
For Nature—"dear old mother"
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For each lost joy some other
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IV.
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grows:
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To its eternal essence doth prescribe
Eternal mutability; and thus
To say I live, says, I partake of that
Which never dies.

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MORALITY.

We cannot kindle when we will
The fire that in the heart resides;
The spirit bloweth and is still,
In mystery our soul abides;
But tasks in hours of insight willed
Can be through hours of gloom fulfilled.

With aching heart and bleeding feet
We dig and heap, lay stone on stone;
We bear our burden and the heat
Of the long day, and wish 'twere done;
Not till the hours of light return
All we have built do we discern.

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FLOOD TIDE.

The tide came up and the sun went down,
And the river was full to its very brim,
And a little boat crept up to the town
On the muddy wave in the morning dim.

But the little boat, with its reed-like oar,
Brought news to town that made it weep,
And the people were never so gay as before,
And they never slept so sound a sleep.

News of a wreck that the boatman had seen
Off in the bay, in a fierce, wild gale;
Crimson enough such things, I ween,
Yet the women cried and the men were pale.

Strange that a little boat could bring
Tidings to plunge a town in tears;
Strange how often some small thing
May shatter and shiver the hope of years.

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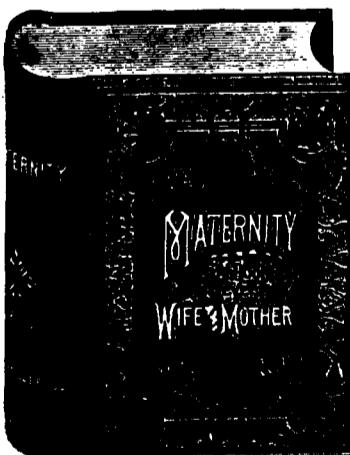
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"TRUE GRIT."

Than Robert Collyer, no man can better define true grit, and no man's life better exemplifies his definition. He may finish his days in New York, or elsewhere, but he will always belong to Chicago. Though in the full fruition of his genius he now belongs to the whole world, there is a section of his soul which fits in nowhere else so naturally and happily as in this wind-swept, lake-laved, garden city—this city of ever-recurring marvels of man's energy and true grit. In days of yore it took more grit to cast one's fortunes here than it does now. Thirty years ago liberal religion in this ambitious town was weak in organic life; it needed a genius with a soul warmed by holy fire, a tongue inspired with sweetness and love from the fountain source, physique of an athlete, the grit of a soldier, the tenderness and devotion of a woman. When Chicago needs a fresh accessory to accelerate her growth in greatness she always finds it. She needed a preacher in 1859, or thereabout. She needed him bad; and one that cared more for humanity than for theology, one who could teach the love

and not the wrath of God, one who by birth and hard experience was equipped to meet the peculiar needs of a thriving western city where, with unexampled rapidity, all sorts of people, from all quarters of the globe, were gathering, and struggling to make what is to be the biggest city on earth. When she realized this need, Chicago lost no time in discovering the man. She hunted up an obscure blacksmith down in Pennsylvania, who was working for a dollar and a half a day, six days in the week, and preaching for nothing on the seventh. It didn't matter to the seekers that this sooty, hard-fisted Yorkshire smithy was not college bred; nor did they mind that he thought himself a Methodist. They knew genuine metal when they saw it; they knew this man and his religion better than did the man himself. Thus it was that Robert Collyer came to Chicago. Here it was that he grew into the full flower and fruitage of his power, until the whole civilized world came to know and love the man and admire his work. Yet, like all great men, this man had his weaknesses; without the right kind of a wife, one of good sense, homely virtues, unfaltering courage and supreme devotion to her home, her husband and his work, Collyer would have never made the record which is now public property. I say this all the more confidently because he says so himself, and because, like many other old Chicagoans, I know he tells the truth about it. Nature and grace had never molded this rough stone into a diamond of first water, but for the skill, patience, endurance, courage and faith of the woman he fell in love with at first sight as she sat all unconscious of her destiny on an English moor one bright day more than forty years ago. Yet the latent powers were in the man; for, without true grit, all the forces of heaven and all the power of God manifest in this woman, had not made the Collyer of to-day. Her work done, this noble woman has left her companion of forty years and gone ahead, like the good house wife and mother and manager she is, to have things in order when the preacher-husband shall have finished his mission on earth and is ready to take up his assignment on "the other side."

It is only a few months since Mrs. Collyer's transition. The people of his New York charge wanted him to preach her memorial discourse there; but he felt he couldn't do it. He felt that only the old-time friends in Chicago knew this woman, and of their joint struggles, and were close enough to warrant his pouring out his heart to them about the matter. So he came out here to do it; and last Sunday old Unity church was crowded with fourteen hundred friends to listen to the heart story. It was a family affair, and everybody present was a member. The only dry eyes in the house were those that shone from the preacher's desk, as in his quaint and unique way, this man of grit stood up in his old place and told the story of the woman who had been his comrade, his comforter, his inspirer, his strength-giver from the time when he first saw her a rosy-cheeked maid on the moor until, on another continent, she bade adieu to mortal life forty years later.

It takes true grit to make a woman the main-stay and helper of any man. It takes true grit to make a Robert Collyer. The lesson of these two lives has been helpful to me, as I am sure it has to thousands. May its inspiration continue and, may the great work done for the world by these two people, united by ties of affection welded by a noble oneness of purpose, be an incentive to other thousands. When the way looks dark, when the billows of adversity threaten to overwhelm, when the task assigned seems too severe for our strength, let us remember the Collyers and pray for true grit. For true grit is a term whose expanded meaning covers resources sufficient to move one from the lowest depths to the highest peak of attainment, to wrest victory out of seeming defeat, and to carry the faithful wrestler

in a halo of glory to receive the commendation, well done!

What I have written this busy Monday morning may seem curious filling for a publisher's column; but if unconventional and unbusinesslike it seems at first blush, I am sure it has a place here; and that it were an insult to the perspicacity of my readers to attempt to point the moral, or make the application. It is enough if it shall help a single soul as it has helped me to write it. Grit is the happy title of a lecture which Robert Collyer has delivered many times. It takes God-like and manly attributes to complete the component parts of true grit. May every Spiritualist and every seeker after spiritual truths cultivate it, to the end that the higher Spiritualism shall dominate the world.

Surely you must have friends whom you would like to interest in THE JOURNAL. All you have to do is to send their addresses in order to secure for them the reading of the paper for four weeks free.

Have you done it? Have you sent THE JOURNAL a new yearly subscriber since 1891 came in? If you have not, please

make the effort as soon after reading this as possible.

Have you conscientiously made your best effort to pay up arrearages and renew for another year, you who have been reading a paper on credit? If you have, I have no rebuke to offer; if you have not, I leave you to settle the matter with your conscience.

Owing to a serious break in the shafting which carries power to our press-room, THE JOURNAL was delayed in getting into the mail last week, and may be again this issue. We anticipate no trouble after this issue, however.

Lyman C. Howe is lecturing this month at Meadville, Pa. He will be followed in February by the pleasing improvisatrice Miss Jennie B. Hagan.

At Peru, Ill., last Sunday, Mrs. Sara A. Underwood, of Chicago, read a paper, before an audience of 600, largely ladies, on "The Unsectarian Education of Youth." The address was listened to with the closest attention and with cordial manifestations of approval and satisfaction.

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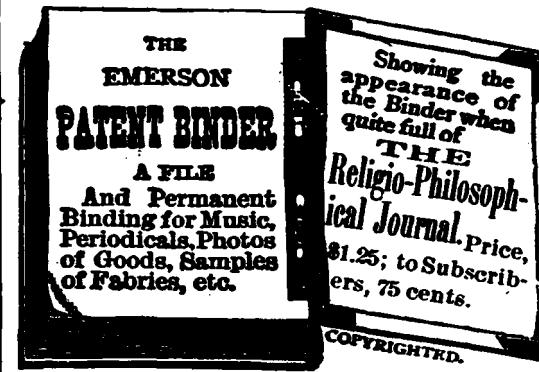
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TRUTH WEARS NO MASK, BOWS AT NO HUMAN SHRINE, SEEKS NEITHER PLACE NOR APPLAUSE: SHE ONLY ASKS A HEARING.

ESTABLISHED 1865.

CHICAGO, JAN. 31, 1891.

NEW SERIES—VOL. 1, NO. 36.

For Publisher's Announcements, Terms, Etc, See Page 16

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

A druggist named Lutz was recently fined in Baden five hundred marks for disorderly conduct in placing a wreath on the grave of the patriots executed at Basstadt in August, 1848.

Mrs. Maria Kullberg, of East Boston, Mass., transferred her daughter from the parochial school to a public school, whereupon Rev. Hugh O'Donnell, the priest of the Roman Catholic parish there advised his parishioners to avoid the Kullberg bakery. The woman has brought the first suit of the kind ever tried in Massachusetts and seeks \$5,000 damages from the priest for putting a boycott on her business.

Blind Tom is reported dying of consumption, a pauper inmate of a lunatic asylum. Otherwise always deficient mentally he had a musical genius by means of which he earned \$500,000, which, it is alleged, was squandered by a man who "managed" him. An attempt was made in the courts by his reputed mother to secure control of his person and property, but it failed, courts conflicting in authority. Now friendless and helpless in his old age, if the report of his condition be true, he lies dying a victim of conscienceless greed.

Mr. R. M. King, the Seventh-day adventist, who has been in jail several months at Troy, Tenn., for ploughing on Sunday, in a letter to an elder of his denomination says: "It seems strange to me that I have to lie in jail for working on Sunday, when I can look out from here on Sunday and see people at work close enough by to halloo at, and nothing said about it. Last Sunday they hauled wood here to a brick kiln, four or five men working all day. But, of course, they were not Adventists." The Adventists are unpopular in Tennessee and discrimination against them by the authorities is to be expected when religious bigotry is stronger than the sentiment of justice.

Mr. Gardiner Tufts, superintendent of the Massachusetts reformatory, in a recent address, said in substance: Prisoners are young men, the average age of the inmates of the state prisons of the country is less than thirty years, while those of reformatories is below twenty-two years. This means that most of them will live many years after their term of imprisonment expires. Prisoners can be reformed. Many of them have a great deal of good in them—almost enough to have continued to the end. Christian communities should see to it that men are kept from becoming prisoners as far as possible, but they should also see that a man after release from prison has all the encouragement and assistance that he needs to keep him upon the plane of manhood and virtue upon which he is striving to maintain a position.

Engineer Kavenagh, of the Union Pacific, is by no means a superstitious man, and yet he believes that coming events often cast their shadows before them in the form of presentiments. He tells a curious but truthful story of his own experience. He was accord-

ing to his statement, as given in the *Denver Republican*, running on a road in Central Illinois, and daily piloted his engine over a high bridge that spanned a stream flowing near Chatsworth, Ills., the scene of the horrible railroad disaster. The bridge was a mammoth structure eighty feet high, stone and capable of withstanding the most savage attacks of nature's artillery. Nevertheless, one night, as his steam steed was approaching the bridge, Engineer Kavenagh had a premonition that all was not right. Why he should have thought so he could not and can not tell. The day had been a bright one; the night was dark, to be sure, but not with tempestuous clouds. However, he could not shake off the strange warning that had seized him and stopped his engine. Going before he peered over the edge of a deep cavern, and the thunder of a thousand battling waves was borne to his ears. The bridge had been washed entirely away. There were 300 passenger on the train.

Now that the formula for producing Dr. Koch's lymph has been revealed by him anybody can make it who has the requisite chemical and medical skill. There will doubtless be a great deal of experimenting with it, and other bacteriologists may be able to improve upon it, since there is evidently involved in it a valuable principle. Meanwhile there are sure to be many operations by inexpert and reckless practitioners. It should be remembered that Dr. Koch has not attained to any results which he regards as final, and there is considerable doubt among scientific men as to the validity of his most important claims. However, the medical profession is conservative and very slow to acknowledge new discoveries pertaining to the cure of disease. The evidence seems to prove that the lymph checks and even cures consumption in its incipient stage.

One of America's most distinguished sons, a man of world-wide reputation and one destined to live in the annals of history was George Bancroft, the eminent historian, who passed over into the beyond on Saturday, January 17th. He was born in the first year of the present century and, though ninety years of age, kept his intellectual faculties unimpaired to the last. He graduated from Harvard at sixteen, and took a four years' course later at the renowned German university at Gottingen, graduating from that also before he had reached his majority. For seventy years thereafter he led a life of constant intellectual activity. His famous history was first planned at the age of twenty-five and the first volume published in 1834; the tenth and last volume was ready for the press in 1874. In addition to his literary work he did the nation service as a member of the Cabinet, holding the positions of Secretary of the Navy and minister to London and Berlin. During his life he had been the friend and correspondent of most of the notable people of this country. Of his literary contemporaries in this country only Holmes, Lowell, Curtis and Whittier survive, and these are his juniors in age. The Emperor of Germany, with other foreign dignitaries, sent telegrams of regret at news of his death; the President issued an executive order that all public buildings at Washington and other cities through which the funeral train would pass should display flags at half-mast "as an expression of the public loss and sorrow." The

pall-bearers of the illustrious dead were Chief Justices Fuller, Field and Blatchford, Senator Evarts, Mr. Bayard, Admiral Rogers, Mr. Spofford, George William Curtis, and Mr. John A. King. The President and his cabinet, the diplomatic corps and other distinguished people attended the funeral services, which by special request of the deceased, were unaccompanied by military ceremonies.

Says the *Detroit Evening News*: "Union City, Sherwood and Athens are fast backsliding from orthodoxy. They commenced their departure by engaging a Chicago Universalist to talk to them. Now they announce a course of liberal lectures by B. F. Underwood, the noted free-thinker, of Chicago." Mr. Underwood has just finished a course of lectures to crowded houses in Union City, Michigan, the third course he has given there the last eight months, and another course is soon to follow. Union City and Athens are places at which this gentleman has, during the last twenty years given many lectures, and these have largely contributed to that liberal public sentiment which makes it possible for liberal religious teachers to obtain a hearing there now. There is a desire for liberal religious societies in the communities named, and the Unitarians are sending speakers there without charge, hoping to reap a rich harvest from the seed sown. Their aim is to organize the various elements that are in sympathy with broader views than the orthodox pulpits present. Organizations under Unitarian direction are probably best adapted to meet the wants of those places, though the larger number and most influential and active persons who will have to be looked to for co-operation are not accustomed to church attendance and have no sympathy with theology, even in its "varioloid" form.

A Bible agent representing a Nashville publishing house one day last week visited the house of Rev. C. O. Branch, Portsmouth, Ohio, and taking advantage of the absence of all the other members of the family attempted an outrage upon a young daughter of the minister. The father's indignation was so great that when he met the collector he knocked him down, striking him with such violence that he broke his jaw. Those who witnessed the assault say that the minister displayed pugilistic powers worthy of admiration. Mr. Branch, who is a man of quiet, peaceable disposition, surprised his friends and acquaintances by his exhibition of physical strength and dexterity. Speaking of the affair afterwards, he said: "I suppose I have not set a good example as a law-abiding citizen, but the provocation was too great for me to bear. The idea of a man of that character traveling around and representing himself as the agent of a bible society and then being guilty of such an offense as he perpetrated at my house made me so indignant that when I saw him I gave way to my temper and struck him. I am sorry that any sensation has been created. When my daughter told me the way he had acted I sat down and wrote to the publishing house at Nashville which he represents and I have no doubt he will be promptly dismissed from their service. I did not care to have the scoundrel arrested and thereby compel my daughter to come into court and testify." Public sympathy is of course entirely with the minister.

IN GENERAL AND PARTICULAR.

The correspondent whose letter is published below should have had earlier attention, but he is only one among scores who pour their queries and requests for advice upon us every week in the year. We have always hoped to reach a point where we could afford to employ an earnest and competent query editor, one able to deal with the thousand and one questions coming in from anxious inquirers. Such an assistant should be attached to THE JOURNAL, with no other duties than to answer correspondents; replying through the columns of the paper when the nature of the subject will permit, and by private letters dictated to a stenographer in other cases. For the want of such an assistant our labors have been greatly augmented; hundreds, aye thousands of inquiries from deeply interested questioners have had to go unnoticed through sheer inability on our part to find time and strength amid multifarious and complex duties to attend to them; and yet the sum of our replies would fill many large volumes. There is seldom a day passes that several hours of our time is not taken up by callers who are earnestly seeking for light. Discriminating as sharply as we may between those whose purpose is wholly laudable or whose several states appeal to our sympathy, and those actuated only by selfish motives, or inspired by mere curiosity; giving attention only to those really deserving it, yet is the tax very heavy,—with no return for it that is legal tender or that will help us in carrying forward the publishing business. True, our innermost being is often refreshed and made joyful in seeing burdens drop away from one who sought us staggering under a heavy load of doubt and perplexity, or in being able to give a little light and good cheer to the sorrowing and oppressed. Personally, this is ample compensation. It will not, however, pay printers, paper makers and clerks, nor supply our

"natural necessities, nor keep an only daughter in e where she is equipping herself to fill her destiny, and doing it with a zeal and singleness of purpose than which nothing more can be asked. It seems to us that could the tens of thousands of wealthy and well-to-do people who claim to love the cause of Spiritualism and humanity, only realize the imminent and ever increasing need of well appointed accessories for diffusing a knowledge of spirit communion and of the higher Spiritualism that they would rise up in their strength and meet the demand. It would seem they must realize this need and know their duty already. Yet year after year goes by and no sign is given of public spirit, generous effort for humanity, or any large display of those features which characterize people of other beliefs. So sure as this globe travels its orbit, so sure as there is a Spirit-world, so sure as goodness and justice reign, just so sure will there come a period of reckoning to each individual; and the greater his knowledge and opportunity, the greater his obligation and responsibility. Is it not infinitely better, safer, wiser to begin in earnest the redemption of these obligations and responsibilities in this world, and thus liquidate gradually, rather than to be declared bankrupt on presenting one's credentials on the other side of the grave? There will come to every individual a crisis, when the plea for "a more convenient time" will not be allowed; he will disallow it himself; and, impelled by omnipotent but long-waiting and patient justice, will sit in judgment on his own acts and omissions. Then will he rigidly adhere to strict justice. All the sophistries with which he was wont in mortal life to trick his conscience will be swept away by his own rulings; moral hypnosis will not avail as a plea in mitigation of penalty. For the self-condemned soul groping in black despair there were little hope but for the angels of light, the missionaries from higher spheres who, burning with that love for humanity which he should himself have cultivated on earth, seek him out and by slow, painful and tortuous paths lead him to the sphere of hope and unselfish endeavor. This writing is not to frighten, but to portray vividly as may be the actual; that which is in full harmony with the facts and philosophy of Spiritualism which might here be further expanded did space permit. Man's duty and destiny are not the frivolous things which the flippant words and careless,

selfish lives of so many calling themselves Spiritualists would make of them:

To THE EDITOR: As with all who begin to investigate a new subject, I am beset with doubts and find many difficulties in the way, so that I wish to turn to some one who I am sure can set me aright. I had always been led to consider Spiritualism as the tool with which frauds deceived the ignorant, but some time ago a prominent man of this city died, and in his will he made provision for a certain sum of money to be used in publishing books to advance the cause of Spiritualism, and this set me to thinking. I reasoned that if such a man as J. H. Wade found things in Spiritualism worthy of belief then there must be something in it worthy of any man's attention. Accordingly I have conversed with different people on the subject, read various books, papers, etc., and attended meetings, but as yet I do not see anything clearly; on the contrary I find all more or less confused and contradictory.

For example, one of my first experiences was while seated at a table with a gentleman who possessed the power to cause the table to move, to tip, to answer questions upon repetition of the alphabet, and other phenomena. Now I find by reading THE JOURNAL that this is claimed by some to be caused by spirits, while an author, whose book I am at present reading, makes the following statement: "That which importantly concerns the interested searcher after means of relation with the higher world is the finding out that table-moving, floating hands, writing upon slates, and mediumistic performances have nothing to do with Spiritualism." (—John Darby, in *Nineteenth Century Sense*.)

Might I ask you which is right? Again, what are the conditions of mediumship? Do all seekers in Spiritualism gain at last what is termed a spirit control, and in what way should one begin to learn if they will ever possess this power?

H. W. B.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

This correspondent is fairly representative of a host of novices who, suddenly aroused to a conviction of their life-long mistake, find themselves weighted down by ignorance, with no preliminary preparation to properly receive, digest and assimilate the facts and philosophy of Spiritualism. "Doubts and difficulties" of necessity attend these seekers, and the great danger is that in their ignorance they are prone to believe some one whom they select must be an infallible guide. Our correspondent "feels sure" that we can "set him aright." To some extent we may be able to help him, but we do not claim to be more than an initiate ourselves; and he who claims more but shows his own shallowness. It is not strange our inquirer should have been prejudiced by the barefaced fraud which stalks boldly before the public, stealing the garb of Spiritualism wherewith to cloak its own wickedness. To the careless and superficial observer engrossed in worldly affairs, or prejudiced by *a priori* opinions, the commercial brand of Spiritualism is naturally thought to be all there is of it.

If the provision in that professing Spiritualist's will has aroused one mind to the probability of truth in Spiritualism, it is a greater result than we ever anticipated, and we are glad of it for the reason that it is more than probable that it is the only profit to Spiritualism likely to follow that will. The terms of that legacy are such that not a penny of the inconsequential sum of five hundred dollars a year need be of necessity spent for spiritualistic literature, and it is doubtful if much or any of it will thus be used. If the language of that will has been correctly reported, the comparatively insignificant fund can be utilized in disseminating Unitarian or Universalist literature, or for almost anything else the executors or trustees may wish. Mr. Wade's belief in a future life was thoroughly grounded in his own experimental knowledge of spirit phenomena. On this he rested secure, knowing that life does not end at the grave. It was an unspeakable source of comfort to him; yet how did he pay for it? What did he ever do to advance psychological research or assist the interests of Spiritualism? Comparatively little. A few dollars a year to help local efforts, now and then a small donation to some medium who quite as often as otherwise squandered it, and patronizing mediums for the purpose of his own gratification in that he thereby fortified his own belief and secured passing pleasure—this covers all that he ever did for Spiritualism. Of his many millions, he left nothing to Spiritualism; though a few years before his transi-

tion he personally told the editor of THE JOURNAL that he had made a generous provision in his will for the cause. He was a spiritist, but a man whose spiritual nature was never permanently aroused in this life. We say all this with great respect to the memory of Mr. Wade, who was an honorable and public spirited citizen and whose friendship and commendation we had, but with equal respect for truth and the best interests of Spiritualism. Unless our present correspondent passes the point where Mr. Wade stopped, goes beyond spiritism into Spiritualism, it were as well for himself and the world that he had never become interested.

No subject can be either profitably or intelligently discussed without first agreeing upon a common definition of terms. Dr. James E. Garretson, the eminent surgeon who has written so much and so well on non-medical themes under the pen-name of "John Darby," has a large share of "nineteenth century sense," vastly more than he included in his book with that title which our correspondent quotes. He is himself a medium and a frequently inspired man. The paragraph quoted from him, taken by itself, is too sweeping. Before it can be interpreted one must master his definition of Spiritualism and understand the drift of his mind. But we cannot enlarge on this point here. The table movements witnessed by our investigator may have been produced by discarnate spirits, or by those still incarnate for aught that we can say. No opinion of value can be expressed without much more information of this particular case than is given. We affirm, however, that table movements have been often produced by discarnate spirits.

"Do all seekers in Spiritualism gain at last what is termed a 'spirit control,' and in what way shall one begin to learn if they possess this power?" No, all seekers do not, only a proportion of them; and this is fortunate. "Control," whether by spirit or mortal, is a dangerous power unless wisely and lovingly used. One should seek for spiritual influx rather than for direct spirit control by an individual spirit. Continual domination of one mind or human organism by another works harm to both in time, but the evidences of deterioration are most marked in the person dominated or "controlled." By sitting an hour alone daily for some time, with mind passive and receptive, mediumship is often developed, also by sitting regularly at stated intervals with a small number of congenial friends equally interested. Rules for these experiments are in print; but each circle must be governed by good sense and purpose or little will come of the effort. Above all, avoid those who advertise as "developing mediums," and keep away from promiscuous circles. To be used as a machine, without consciousness or self control, is not the highest form of spirit manifestation. Inspiration, conscious assistance, or stimulation of one's own spiritual faculties are much superior and far more likely to be productive of permanent good. Our correspondent should be cautious in affirming as of spirit origin the manifestations which he may witness; and he should remember that demonstrations capable of being readily and easily explained by mundane methods are of no value in supporting the spirit hypothesis. However, he must guard against the growing tendency among investigators to relegate all phenomena to psychism rather than to spiritism. It requires a well poised mind to hold the balance evenly in these subtle and complex studies.

RUSSIAN HATRED OF JEWS.

A Hebrew of New York, a native born citizen of the United States, traveling simply as a tourist with his family in Russia, was waited on at a hotel by an agent of the police and ordered to leave the city that night. In 1887 Mr. Lathrop notified Mr. Bayard that one Mr. Waldenberg, a naturalized American citizen, but of foreign birth and a Jew, long settled in a Russian town and doing business there, had been notified to leave the country by the end of the year. The United States government took prompt and vigorous measures in defense of this man and the Russian authorities revoked their order and Waldenberg remained without further molestation. In 1888, a reputable Jewish

citizen of California, who was born in Russia, but had left Poland thirty-five years ago, desired to know through our State Department whether he could visit his Russian relatives without fear of imprisonment. The Secretary of State corresponded with Baron Rosen on the subject and the baron's reply was "*non possumus*." Last year the attention of the Secretary of State was called to a remarkable case of Russian outrage. Herman Kempinski, though born in Russia, came to this country when seventeen years old. He first settled in Illinois, but afterwards went to Bridgeport, Conn., and had long been a naturalized citizen. He was enterprising and had accumulated considerable property. In 1888 he went to Russia, accompanied by his wife and children, for the purpose of seeing perhaps for the last time, his aged parents residing in Konin. Immediately upon his arrival he was arrested and condemned to exile. His Bridgeport friends hearing of his trouble became deeply interested in the case, and letters were at once sent to the State Department giving all available information. The Secretary of State instituted a thorough and vigorous investigation, and official correspondence was followed by the release of Kempinski, who has since returned to this country. In view of these accredited facts it is time for all freedom loving people, irrespective of religious beliefs, to demand of the Russian government that it lift the iron heel of its cruel oppression from the neck of its prostrate Jewish subjects.

A LETTER FROM F. W. H. MYERS.

Within the past few years the name of F. W. H. Myers has become well and favorably known throughout the world, wherever interest in psychical research and spirit phenomena exists. As one of the charter members of the Society for Psychical Research, an arduous and candid researcher and the most prolific contributor to the Reports, he has done an amount of work that appears incredible on this side of the Atlantic, where every man of ability is overwhelmed with such a variety of duties as to preclude continuous and exhaustive study of themes that do not in some way advance his secular interests. Connected with an organization whose object is of stupendous import to the whole world, and with such associates as W. Crookes, Prof. W. F. Barrett, Prof. and Mrs. Sidgwick, Alfred Russell Wallace, Alexander Aksakov and a large number of other distinguished people in Europe; and Prof. W. James, Prof. E. D. Cope, Prof. Elliott Coues, Prof. S. P. Langley, Miss Frances E. Willard, Richard Hodgson, Minot J. Savage, Giles B. Stebbins, Lyman J. Gage, etc., etc., including an extended list of representative people in America,—thus connected, with such associates and with the record he has made in his work, what he says must be admitted by all as entitled to weight. It is therefore with gratification that we publish the following unsolicited and voluntary letter from Mr. Myers:

TO THE EDITOR: As a reader deeply interested in the subjects of which THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL treats, I venture to offer you a few words of cordial appreciation of the courage and straightforwardness which mark your dealings with the good and evil sides of this difficult investigation. It is, one would have thought, obviously reasonable that the same men who most desire to learn all that can be known of the new facts opening on our view should also be the most zealous in exposing the fraud, and correcting the folly, which have so greatly hindered the acceptance or even the discussion of those facts by the scientific world. What is first of all needed in our inquiry is that the persons who recount at first-hand, or who publish accounts of, supernormal phenomena shall be unmistakably anxious to tell the exact truth, without slurring over weak points, or condoning any fragment of trickery for the sake of "the cause," or from a belief that the defaulting "medium" has obtained genuine phenomena on other occasions. After all that has passed, the standard of accuracy and scrupulousness should be higher and not lower in this than in those other forms of research, which, like ours, inevitably depend in a great degree on unskilled evidence to sporadic phenomena. The drawbacks to such evidence can be overcome; but only by a constant exercise both of care and of candor, more trying, probably, both to the editor's mind and to the paper's immediate circulation than anything which the ordinary journalist has to face.

I think, sir, that every reader of your JOURNAL must

recognize the manly fashion in which you meet these responsibilities; and I think also that every reasonable reader must feel that no other temper can in the long run attract any public which is worth attracting.

Of course it is often impossible for a newspaper to follow up some important case into all its ramifications. But by handing over such cases for completion to some inquirer who, like Mr. Richard Hodgson, is able to devote a well-trained energy to the task, you have, sir, as it seems to me, fulfilled the function of a true "fisher of men"—sweeping the informants into your widely-flung net, and then passing them on to one who will bring out in full detail the precious facts which they can be persuaded to yield.

The case of the so-called "Watseka wonder," first, I believe, investigated by your care, and lately referred again to Mr. Hodgson, with your aid, for further inquiry, is an illustration of the valuable assistance which such a paper as yours can bring to psychical research in one of its most difficult and interesting branches. Believe me, sir, with sincere respect, yours faithfully,

FREDERIC W. H. MYERS.

LECKHAMPTON HOUSE,
CAMBRIDGE, ENGLAND, Jan. 3, 1891.

A PREDICTION.

A contributor to *Le Spiritualisme*, of Paris, furnishes a remarkable extract from the "Memoirs of the Count of Rochefort," published at the Hague in 1696. It relates to two very well known men, the Marquis of Rambouillet and the Marquis of Preci. Before going to the seat of war, in Flanders, their conversation happened to turn upon the probabilities and possibilities of an after life; and they mutually agreed that whichever of them might die first, should return with some message to the survivor from the other world—if there were such a place. A month or five weeks later, about the hour of six in the morning, Preci was awakened by some one drawing back the curtains of his bed. Turning to ascertain who had done so, he saw Rambouillet, in buff and boots, standing by his bedside. Preci sprang up to embrace him, but his friend drew back and said that he had come to redeem his promise; that he had been killed at such and such a place on the previous evening; that the spiritual world was the greatest of realities; that his friend was predestined to fall in battle at an early date, and that therefore there was no time to lose in bringing him this assurance of an after-life. Preci was so convinced that it was the physical form of Rambouillet which stood before him that he embraced him and found that he clasped nothing but the air; and his friend observing his incredulity, showed him the fatal wound in his loins, from which blood appeared to flow. In due time there arrived from Flanders news of the death of Rambouillet at the time and in the manner described; and Preci soon afterwards set out for the seat of war to join his regiment, and was killed in battle as was predicted.

Dr. Sarah Hackett Stevenson, a well known Chicago physician, tells of an afternoon spent some time ago with the poets Tennyson and Robert Browning. The conversation turned upon presentiments and clairvoyance, and Lord Tennyson, while unwilling to acknowledge any belief in either, related a remarkable instance of the former which occurred to himself. One evening while sitting in his study writing he seemed to feel the presence of a very dear friend near him. He was unable to shake off the impression. He tried to read and to smoke, but it was no use, for it seemed that the friend was there appealing for aid. This distressed the poet, and he went out and walked several miles, trying to dispossess himself of the thought, but it was of no avail. He could not rid himself of it, and finally retired only to dream of his friend as being in great agony, and crying out to him for relief. Some two months afterward the poet heard that the friend, who had been an explorer, had been killed and eaten by cannibals, and that this had occurred at or very near the time he had been so troubled about him. Robert Browning, who laughingly said that his wife was the only superstitious one in his family, then told of an experience he once had with a man who claimed supernatural powers. Browning discredited his assertions and the man, wishing to prove that he could do as he said, asked if he had an heirloom of any sort

about his person. It chanced that Mrs. B. had provided her husband with some new shirts, which were made to be worn with cuff-buttons, much to Mr. Browning's disgust, and that morning he had ransacked the house for the necessary articles, finally fastening his cuffs with a pair of quaint old buttons which had been given him years before. He showed them to the man, who, after looking at them carefully and examining them closely, took them in his hands and told of a dark room in a house somewhere on the Island of Jamaica, in which a powerful man was struck down by three robbers, who took from him everything of value save these three buttons and left him there to bleed to death. According to Doctor Stevenson this was literally true, though at the time not even Mrs. Browning knew of it, for the buttons had belonged to an uncle, a planter in Jamaica, who had been murdered and robbed as the man described. The cuff-buttons had been found and sent to the planter's mother, who had given them to Mr. Browning on condition that he should never speak of the sad affair.

Governor Fifer in his recent message: Two young men of about equal inherited tendencies and equal moral education, start together in the race of life. We will suppose that they do not belong to a high type of moral excellence, but they are such as society affords, and must be dealt with by our laws as they are. These young men in thoughtlessness, or passion, or, possibly, from motives of a degree lower than these, may each commit a state's prison offense; but one is detected, while the other is so fortunate as to conceal his guilt. The one who is apprehended is convicted of felony and goes to the penitentiary; and when he enters there he leaves all hope behind. Practically nothing remains to him but a life-long war against society. The brand of Cain is henceforth upon him. His one fatal step has brought upon him the calamitous necessity of going on in sin, and henceforth from the fastnesses of crime he makes periodical inroads upon a social order of which he forms no part. For him the word "home" is an empty sound. The church bells summoning to the altar of devotion, find no echo in his heart. He is, in short, morally dead. The other young man who started morally upon a plane with him may, through better luck, find honorable employment, and, with gathering moral support of association which the other lacked, may ultimately achieve success, finally passing on to the position of secure and respected citizenship.

I had the pleasure of meeting William Lloyd Garrison of Boston, son of the famous abolitionist, a writer in the *New York Star*. He is a man about five feet ten inches in height, of slender build. His head is quite bald, and the fringe of hair is rapidly whitening. He wears a close-trimmed beard, which is very gray. He is as passionately in sympathy with the single-tax movement as his father was devoted to the freeing of the slave. "In fact," he told me, "I believe the emancipation of mankind, white and black, from industrial slavery is but the culmination of the work commenced by my father." He believes the work in hand is a greater reform than the one his father aided. He seldom refers to his father either in conversation with casual acquaintances or in his public addresses, which are few. He seems to cherish the recollection as a sacred memory. In speech he is low and musical, with a strong Boston accent. He never speaks from the platform without his full speech in manuscript. He is an uncompromising advocate of woman suffrage. Mr. Garrison has amassed a competence in the cotton business, and lives a quiet, intellectual life.

Chicago ministers are bent on closing the Columbian Exposition on Sunday, and are doing their utmost to effect this professedly "in the general interest of labor and morality."

In China all the land belongs to the state, and a trifling sum per acre, never altered through long centuries, is paid as rent; this is the only tax in the country, and it amounts to about sixty cents per head.

A REMARKABLE EXPERIENCE.

By L. B. HEWES.

Some sixty-one years ago there lived in the village of Baldwinsville, N. Y., a man by the name of Saul Cisco. He was the sole survivor of a large family. Brothers and sisters had died of hereditary consumption. This family was of mingled African and Indian blood. None of its members had lived to be more than twenty-six years of age. When Saul Cisco himself had passed his twenty-sixth birthday his health began to fail. He was a millwright by trade, and the only one in the little town where he resided. It was a matter of sorrow and regret, but scarcely of surprise, to friend and neighbor alike, when he began to think the doom of the dear ones gone was about to come to him. A long illness came upon the man. He wasted and faded just as his kindred had. The consumptive cough, the night sweat, the hectic flush that betokened a fatal fire within him, every well-known symptom of physical disorder was manifest. It became necessary that close attention should be paid to the invalid. So thought his neighbors and old friends who took turns in watching at his bedside. At length it appeared to all that the end was near. About this time it was desired to place or "set" a great wheel in position among the other machinery of a mill upon the river, not far from the sick man's home. There was no millwright in town now whose skill and experience were available to do the work. The watcher by the bedside of one who in former days could have done the work so well was looking at the sufferer one hot August night, and noting the apparent state of exhaustion indicated in the patient, observing how, to all intents and purposes, the lamp of life in that patient's frame was flickering very low. The night passed on and the hour of dawn approached. Suddenly plaintive moans and half-subdued exclamations came from the lips of the afflicted one. "Have I got to lie here on this bed and die by inches like the rest of my folks? Must I waste away little by little as they did?"

After awhile there came to the ears of the solitary and anxious watcher and listener the emphatic denial on the part of the invalid that such fate would or should be his. This denial was furthermore strengthened and made forcible by an oath, a declaration to the effect that Saul Cisco would be "sonethinged," as Charles Dickens occasionally put it, if he ever submitted to anything of the sort. The friend and nurse of the unfortunate gently remonstrated with him, thinking the patient was suffering from a form of night mare. Saul Cisco presently demanded his usual clothing—his working suit—and demanded it so vociferously for a sick person, and so positively, that the startled attendant got it for him, scarcely knowing how. Seeing then that the object of his charge was determined to get up and dress, the watch, dazed and confused as he was, both from his own lack of sleep and former exhaustive duties and the present strange state of things, very naturally offered his help.

The sick man, however, repulsed all the nurse's efforts in this direction, no matter how slight, and this with horrible imprecations, declaring amid a perfect hail of objurgations, epithets and expletives, that "guessed he could help himself; he'd be 'blanked' if he couldn't!" Having, after some time, succeeded in getting dressed, Saul Cisco coolly walked out of the house and down to the river side, when day was fairly breaking, and arrived there just as a gang of workmen usually employed in mending broken machinery in the mill came in sight. At a distance the former nurse of the hitherto sick man followed slowly and in great perplexity. Into the cold water plunged the erstwhile dying man; up to his neck he went, and swearing furiously all the time and calling to his aid the astonished and bewildered workman, Saul Cisco deliberately set the mill-wheel in position. His breakfast was brought to him at the water-side while he was

still "busy as the old Nick in a gale of wind." He ate a little, remaining at the mill for the rest of the day. From this period on his actual recovery was slow enough, but eventually his health became perfect. The friend who witnessed this strong and successful effort at a "faith" cure, or, perhaps, it might as well be termed a "swear" cure, has his own theory as to the cause of that cure. From the lips of that friend I give this tale, stranger indeed than most fiction, and itself absolutely true! "He had," says Saul Cisco's former nurse, "an eye which could look through a stone wall! He was a magnificent specimen of manhood when he finally became himself again." And so far as his old-time neighbors and friends can tell Saul Cisco never afterward had any form of severe bodily illness.

So much for the simple story of his case. A few comments may now be in order. It seems to some who have pondered long over other stories of so-called miraculous (?) faith cures like the above that back of any genuine cure or other apparently miraculous aid or comfort coming to an individual as the result of "prayer" or "swear," or simple earnest wish, determination, or ardent hope, there lies the great force of human will power or aspiration acting as a lever, and the greater force of universal spiritual will power and benevolence acting as a fulcrum. "Thou hast but to resolve, and lo! God's whole great universe shall fortify thy soul."

Even the devil, in old myths of the middle ages, is permitted to help the saints upon the right occasion. Fright has been known to kill. Whatever has vast possibilities for evil has corresponding powers for good, if properly understood, and *vice versa*. This is the great secret of the universe and the key to all knowledge. What physician is there in existence who does not know that a scare can be made in some instances the very means necessary through which a healing force can operate. The means or instrument by which force is transmitted ought to be of less value than that force itself, just as the music is of more value than the piano. In fact the latter is precious or otherwise just in proportion as it is able or not to transmit good music. So whether the agency of spiritual healing be fervent prayer or something very different the result may be the same in both cases.

There is one thing to be borne in mind: Saul Cisco was not habitually a profane man. His friend had never before the occasion mentioned heard him use language which could possibly be characterized or construed as bad. A certain mental condition on the part of Saul Cisco was necessary to his restoration to health. He arrived at this through oaths. Some one else could have arrived at it by means of prayer. Others would have been galvanized or electrified into this or some analogous condition by the state of fright. Anything that comes to you or to me may be a blessing or a curse, just as we see fit to receive it or dismiss it; life and life's gifts being mainly just what we make of life and life's gifts. All force, too, must move in the line of the least impediment. These things are true now as much as of old.

"E'en now from misty Gerizim or Ebal's lofty crown, Call we the dews of blessing or the bolt of cursing down."

"By their fruits ye shall know them." "Can a good tree bring forth corrupt fruit?" Is not healing sickness by the exorcism of evil forces potent and worthy as the accomplishment of the same end by the invocation addressed to the "pure and blest"? Help me, oh mystic spirit! Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from hell, it matters little if thy errand be for good.

ORMUZD AND AHRIMAN;

Or, the Powers of Good and Evil.

Here is the altar standing, and the priest the censer swings;
And the mystical host is uplifted, when the bell its signal rings.
Pray for the dying, good fathers, and nuns in the chapel pray
That God may send back the spirit His angels have called away!
Here is no altar standing, and the night is very dark,
And the ashes of death have gathered above the vital spark!

Devils from hell now vanish! Get back to your haunts in haste,

For not at your bidding my members are destined to wither and waste.

Avaunt from this place, ye spectres and subtle agents of ill.

Cali not for my life, ye devils. I bid you depart, be still. Ye shall not have me to ruin, and claim as your lawful prey,

I bid you depart and leave me; I bid you make haste away."

And the mystical exorcism was heard by the powers of sin,

And the terrible ban was spoken that forbade them to enter in.

And the hosts of disease retreating, left never a trace behind,

And not for this resolute being were the wreaths of the dying twined!

Ho! resolute heroes, we pledge you in consecrated wine! We drink to your health in draughts of ethereal peace divine.

And whether you call upon angels to hasten and with you abide,

Or whether you speak as to demons, and put them with strength aside,

We admire your courage, your daring, your efforts we emulate,

We offer you wreaths for the living, and seat you in splendid state,

And whenever your voices utter your blessings, or bans, why then,

Our voices second each motion, with a hearty and deep Amen!

"THE SON OF MAN IS LORD ALSO OF THE SABBATH."

By M. E. LAZARUS.

Such was the protest of Jesus against a theocratic monopoly which, with frivolous tyranny, ignored the humane purpose of Sabbath rest. Jesus, in answering his puritan censors, does not care to deny their false interpretation of his trivial act, in plucking an ear of corn, as work; he takes the occasion to vindicate personal spontaneity against priestly authority, and common sense against theocratic puritanism. It nowhere appears that he excepted the Sabbath from his general acquiescence in the Mosaic law, whose economic value he appreciated, and from its charity towards beasts, inferred the like toward men. (Luke, ch. xiii, v. 15, and ch. xiv, v. 5; Matthew, ch. xii, v. 11.) Here we see that the biped as well as the quadruped sheep were to be helped out of their pits, and without delay, since the Sabbath was made for man as well as beast, and without as well as with benefit of clergy. Our reverend pompositives and their financial conspirators against the son of man and fellow proletary of Jesus, ride to church in their carriages, they do not, like the Jews, give their beasts rest on the Sabbath.

The *Christian Standard*, quoted by THE JOURNAL, would have been no less correct had it classed the standard-bearers of the Hebrew race on its own liberal side. Its Christ was the liberal of Judaism in his day, preferring publicans to puritans, speeding the wine-cup, like his solar brother Bacchus, and making it the token of fraternal communion. If some puritanic vices have infected the ghetto of oppressed Jews, they are not characteristic of this race in freedom and prosperity, and their Sabbath too is a social institution, emancipative, not afflictive, like the puritan. I know no harder work than giving attention to the verbiage of an ordinary sermon, not to mention the work of the preacher, more profitable to himself. For the church Sabbath to be possibly a day of rest, the pews should be fitted up like Pullman sleeping cars, but the rivalry between preacher and snorers would be rather formidable. The principle of personal liberty in accommodating one to institutions, and institutions to social utility, is not limited to trifles. The true inwardness of the Sabbath being periodic rest and recreation, if these aims can be better reached by relays of work with several holidays in the week left at discretion for the individual, all will be the gainers. The work of railroad hands and sailors, more especially is needful to the Sabbath recreations of other working folk. The Hebrews had not waited for Jesus

to subject the Mosaic institutes to their economic judgment; though they showed a less liberal spirit in discontinuing the jubilee year of restoration for family homesteads and limitation of debts. This custom was most salutary to debtors, to the less provident or less fortunate; whereas the Sabbath, however salutary to the masses, was more profitable to the Levites.

Moses had been a good brother to Aaron and his family, and he made good butchers of them. The sacrificial knife pointed the moral of their prayers and directed it towards dinner. This also cut the hamstrings of puritanic asceticism, and the Jews have ever been convivial. Of the institutions mentioned, the Sabbath alone is distinctly connected with the theocratic portion of the decalogue. Versed in the policy of Egypt, which appropriated science to its aristocracy and relegated superstition to the masses; "M'Osés" psychologized these with the astounding historical fact that God made the world, with its fine candelabra of sun, moon and stars, in six days, and rested on the seventh day and hallowed it. Therefore, on the seventh day, thou shalt do no manner of work, etc.

This is faith, fodder and logical deduction for the masses. It is far more impressive than 2 and 2 are 4. Who ever killed his neighbor to prove the arithmetic, or any other science? But the impiety of disobeying Yahvah. This called for stones, and after such pounding of divinity into a refractory subject, the holiness of the Sabbath would dispense with all pleas for its expediency. This expediency would be far more apparent, as well as real, if unsaddled of church interests and left to its own economic merits. The Sabbath is so rooted in custom, that legislation is superfluous and complicates it disastrously.

Previous to our great modern industrial development, the inconvenience of a single Sabbath day, the same for all, and the consequent motives for breaking it, did not exist. The Jews wore it lightly as a social and festival day, instead of making it, like puritans, just fifty-two times as afflictive in prayer, as the anniversary of atonement, and without the rich supper with which the Jews close their fast day. Stoning by one's good neighbors was appropriate to an offense against the majesty of Yahvah, but its injunction on the Jews was like saying to children, "Here, you eat this 'lasses candy, or I'll wallop you." The Mosaic Sabbath is no longer in question, unless for such as would push back the hands of the clock of evolution. Stoning has gone out of fashion; unless for the papal choir of Soprani, and to hang all our modern Sabbath breakers, the sheriff would require a *posse comitatus* as long as the tail of a comet. Yet in the teeth alike of true Christian, and of common sense, we find ignorant fanatics making Sabbath laws an instrument of persecution even against zealous Christian Sabbath-keepers; viz.: R. M. King, an Adventist, condemned by the county court of Obion and supreme court of Tennessee for plowing on Sunday, saw from his jail window other Christians working on Sunday unmolested. King observed the same seventh day Sabbath with Jesus and the Jews, and with it the command to labor on the other six days.

No less flagrant is the malice of parties in Washington, who, in the teeth of the liberal constitution of the state, single out free-thinkers to persecute them for Sabbath breaking, while professing Christians may keep open shop. Still more flagrant is the hypocrisy of puritans who punish Sabbath works of charity, as well as urgent need. Some such Sabbatarians found a farmer, in time of great drought, deepening his well on a Sunday. "Come with us to church," they said; "pray for rain." "I pray with my spade," quoth he. His faith, not without works, was rewarded by water, and many beasts were saved from perishing with thirst. But this faith in nature was accounted infidel towards God, and punished with fine and imprisonment, just as under the blue laws of New England, in good old witch times. Such is moral evolution since Moses. More disastrous than these local fanaticisms, is the general interdict on Sundays transport, threatened by our puritanic rulers. Their stoppage of the mails and Sunday papers would be only inconvenient; but in the actual conditions of city life, suppression of transport by cars and boats would

increase very sensibly the annual mortality of the poor, while proportionally diminishing the capacity of the survivors for work. Invalidism is more disastrous than death, and how few can resist the mephitis of their tenement blocks in our modern ghettos of labor? How consoling it would have been to Jesus on his cross, to foresee John Wanamaker and his clique, jealous of a breath of fresh country air on the Sabbath for his proletary brothers!

This peculiar afflictiveness of the puritan Sabbath is working for the pope.

The Catholic Sabbath is more liberal than the Mosaic, both towards labor and pleasure. Mass is associated with cock fighting in Mexico, and its music leads the amusements of Catholic Europe. Intolerant of science and philosophy, the papacy has never swerved from its policy of adopting pagan festivals and respecting popular amusements. It adds to them miraculous shows, and some charities at home, though no flannel shirts for heathen converts at Boriboola Gha, and employs no Sunday police whippers into church, like pious South Sea Island missionaries. Thus if the Catholics and Methodists pool votes for theocracy, papal autocracy bringing the Irish, and Methodist democracy the Negro; neither of these races inclining to puritanism; the Catholics may readily convert the Negroes by their more congenial Sabbath and their thaumaturgic charlatany. Mr. Taylor Innes is justly jealous of the monopoly of magnetism and hypnotism by the doctors. The priests are still more likely to lay claim to it.

Spiritualism without benefit of clergy, can be but "back door influence," as Rev. Bush, the Swedenborgian, used to call it. Constant, since its founder Constantine, in its policy of encroachment, the Catholic church is recovering by the promiscuous ballot in republics, the power it lost by the rivalry of kings and nobles in the time of Luther. The ignorance of the French Canadian and the Irish Celts, combines with their rapid propagation, to favor the Catholic invasion; and against it, considering prevalent prejudices, I see no better check than an oligarchic limitation of the ballot by a high property and educational qualification. In the contrary and pro-Catholic direction, however unintentionally, is the Woman Suffrage movement. In all Catholic countries, the priest finds in woman his strongest and most constant support. In all countries women are most prone to religion; hence the actual affiliation between the churches and the female suffragists, in which the idolatry of statute law is a chief link, and prohibitionism a strong factor. The papacy, now under an Italian cloud, but rich in the spoils of superstition, can well afford to bide its time while its professed enemies as well as friends are working for it in America, and our theocrats especially, with God on their constitutional banner. Of these theocrats the puritans as most intense take the lead, and their leading institution the Sabbath, —anti-social, anti-economic and un-Christian—is at once the entering wedge of theocratic principles and the despotism whose slavishness gives the Catholic an air of emancipation. It is a despotism that cannot be evaded by verbal professions but enslaves every act during every seventh day. Were Sabbath keeping in itself, the real issue, instead of being but the entering wedge of a general theocratic despotism, a solution might be found in the same way as for prohibition of liquor selling, *i. e.*, by leaving every autonomic precinct to settle the question in its own way, but that would not satisfy *e pluribus unum* or *una filis una domus*. The question is simply a test of obedience to an arbitrary authority claiming divinity. The Sabbath has no constant physiological or hygienic value, since either within puritan tether, or outside of it, it is subject to such various conditions of places and circumstances. Neither has it a constant economic value; since six days more than suffice for a good livelihood by labor when not swindled of its earnings, and seven days earnings would as easily as six, pass into the hands of the tax collector, usurer or landlord, or under the iron law of wages into the employer's. Yet, as in case of the farmer cited, it may be of great importance for an individual to use his discretion, and general legislation does not provide for such cases. The greater the sacrifice to law, the more sacred and

imposing the taboo. To have put that farmer in jail, was a triumph for church pride. Let theocracy be formally established in the United States by enforcement of the puritan Sabbath, and the Catholic Church will ask no better than trial of strength with the puritans, divided as they are by *sect jealousy*. If less numerous than they are, it may count on a large reinforcement from the Episcopal and other semi-liberal churches, as well as from the mass who care for none; not because they like it, but hate puritanism worse. The churches will calculate on compromises in behalf of tolerance, and the others on tolerance of their pleasures. Science alone will remain in the field, the Prometheus defiant of Joye.

HUMAN IMPONDERABLES—A PSYCHICAL STUDY.

By J. D. FEATHERSTONHAUGH.

XIII.

IN THE DARK.

Long ago when I was very young, one of Sharpless's portraits of General Washington had been stolen from my father's residence. Years afterwards I recognized the picture and succeeded in purchasing it. On taking it home and cleaning the accumulated dust from it, satisfied myself beyond a shadow of doubt of the identity of the picture.

In one of the séances I had attended several hundred miles distant from my residence, and where I was quite sure I was entirely unknown, a voice purporting to come from the gentleman at whose death my father had inherited the picture, stated that he was present, and on my asking for some information, gave me a correct description of the subject of the painting, the name of the relative through whom it had come to me, and the name of the first owner, then dead for nearly a century.

A miniature had been in my possession nearly all my life, and I had mostly kept it sealed up, from an apprehension that it might fade. Having buttoned it up under my coat I attended a séance, and after the light was extinguished handed it to another person to give to the medium. She immediately exclaimed that a square box (the frame of the picture was nearly square) had been placed in her hands, but soon added that it was the picture of a beautiful young lady—not a photograph—with dark hair wound around her head in heavy masses; that she was about twenty years old at the time of painting (here a voice interrupted, giving the age as twenty-three); that the picture had been sent across the ocean (it had in fact crossed several times, and the last time had been sent by express) and from the many quakers she saw around, must have been painted in Philadelphia. She then gave the relationship to me and the name. These particulars were exact and within my own knowledge, except the age, presumably correct as since ascertained from old family letters.

A gentleman present having stated that he had wished a ring should be carried from him to two other persons consecutively, and that it was so carried in the order he had desired, I made the wish that a small gold bracelet I had in my pocket, should be given to a lady sitting on the other side of the circle with whom I had a slight personal acquaintance. The article was at once taken from my closed hand, evidently by fingers, and almost at the same moment the lady exclaimed, "I have got something; it feels like a bracelet." She kept possession of it until the evening was over and returned it to me herself. This experiment has been repeated a score of times.

The probability of the genuine character of the physical acts spoken of in this chapter, depends principally upon the certainty we may easily arrive at, that similar things take place when alone in a room with a medium and firmly holding her hands, as also upon the act done being the direct consequence of a mental request. The wish and the relevant act are not to be separated, and we may not attribute the one to phenomenal perception and the other to fraudulent action, compliance with a wish, by this force, or a physical act of such a nature as to recall in the most unmistakable manner old associations, are things not

within our experience of the capacities of a stranger. Herein is strong presumptive evidence, however much exact proof may be wanting. It was to obtain the indirect proof, that in most of the séances this coördination of thought and act was procured.

EXPERIMENTS AS TO IDENTITY.

By careful and repeated experiment the most exact scientific certainty is to be acquired of the reality of these phenomena, and in many cases of an intelligence directing them, not referable to the mental action of the persons present. When, however, we come to the question of the identity of the intelligence communicating with us, the exact proof that we ought to obtain is not always to be procured. Still no one can become personally familiar with the subject, without a conviction that the claim of the physical acts being done by a given intelligence is worthy of the most impartial investigation. We soon learn that we must dismiss our preconceptions as valueless and take up the subject as it actually exists in nature.

It is impossible to accept many of the communications as coming from the source they claim, therefore the chief interest in the matter culminates in identity, for without the proof of that, it cannot be determined that these intelligences are those they profess to be, and by this much the hypothesis of converse with our own dead fails in an important particular. Besides, such proof embraces the whole subject and makes the reality of the physical acts of inferior importance. The idea of spiritual power has sprung up from the occult nature of the phenomena, their self assertion and the fact that many of the acts are physical impossibilities to living beings. The identity of the intelligence with the one it assumes to be is supported by the averment of the intelligence itself—by its expressions and acts of affection—by its knowledge of matters in your history and in its own—by the correct revelation of a matter formerly known to the intelligence claiming to be present—by the communications in sealed slates with names appended—by exact descriptions of an alleged vision, with the act it is about to do, immediately followed by the act itself oftentimes of much significance—or by the occurrence of some physical act as a token of recognition familiar in the long past. These remarkable things frequently occurring, however strong their logical force, are not all of them conclusive, but they point out a road that reason may properly follow in search of proof or disproof.

The correct communications we receive through these occult phenomena claiming to be from our dead friends, relate for the most part to matters within our own personal knowledge, in fact touching reminiscences of our early days and the friends who have left us. But we must not too hastily accept as evidence of spiritual intercourse revealments which may be, as they undoubtedly sometimes are, only the reflection of our own knowledge. Even when the matter is unknown to us, but afterwards proves to be correct, we are to exercise much caution in receiving it as sure proof of the action of a discarnate spirit, for we can easily assure ourselves by the most exact experiment that embodied intelligence takes perception of thought and act at great distances. We know so little of the extent of our own spiritual faculties that we easily confound the sources, and reason from a dangerous fallacy.

Experiments, however, are to be devised more or less perfect, free from these objections in which the revealment can only be within the knowledge of the communicating intelligence, if it is what it assumes to be, and cannot be within the capacity of a living being. The following instances are attempts to ascertain if the intelligence can inform as correctly of matters it alone can know, and also to discover if a subjective vision presents the same appearance to the psychic, so as to be the object of recognition at a subsequent time through her cerebral memory.

On every occasion when I had visited Mrs. Lord's circles, at intervals sometimes of five years, an intelligence purported to be present, giving the same name, and preserving not only the same tone of voice, but the same manner of speech and action. I procured the photograph of the person whose name was

so constantly spoken, and placed it with several others of the same sex and apparent age. Attending another circle, as soon as the light was extinguished I secretly took from my pocket the package of photographs, laid it on my knees, and when the intelligence announced itself, mentally requested it to pick out its own likeness. The pictures were moved about, as if being examined, and one of them was held up touching my face, which I marked No. 1. Later in the evening I made the same request twice, and marked the cards held up 2 and 3. After the gas was lighted, I found the same card had been marked 1—2—3. It was the right one, and each time had been held up with the back towards me, thus escaping any injury from my pencil, to my very great satisfaction. This experiment was subsequently repeated with like success.

The most cherished negation must give way to just methods of reasoning on the facts which come under our observation, and the proof of whose reality is easy and certain. In the experiment just recorded, I could not know which card was picked up, and did not touch it except with the point of my pencil, or when I mingled it with the others, after it was laid down on my knees. The medium had never seen the original or the photograph and did not know that I was trying an experiment, as the requests were made mentally. The room was entirely dark. Here all possibility of human knowledge seems to be eliminated, and the result is narrowed down to an intelligence that naturally might be able to recognize its own likeness, and the only one we can conceive of, that could have the knowledge or power to do so, under these circumstances.

The medium having stated that she perfectly remembered the appearance of a vision, and could select its photograph from any number, I placed several pictures in her hands, and stood in such a position, that whilst viewing her proceedings, my face was concealed. She discarded the first three or four, and without looking further and indeed refusing to do so when urged, gave me the right photograph of the vision she had seen and described. Here, a picture the medium had never seen of a person entirely unknown to her, was identified by the natural eye-sight, through its resemblance to a vision.

At the suggestion of the late Dr. Elliotson, who was then a most uncompromising opponent of all these phenomena in their psychical character, I obtained from a lady he did not know, an automatically written question with the answer annexed, in relation to a matter that, as afterwards ascertained, had transpired many years before and thousands of miles away. The lady was the only person living that had any knowledge of the act. This paper, in a sealed envelope, was placed in my pocket-book, not to be opened until I succeeded or failed in obtaining an answer to the question written within. The object was, as will be readily perceived, to make it impossible that my own knowledge should direct the form or matter of the answer. This was in London. Two years afterwards, being in New York, I was advised to visit the well-known Mrs. Underhill, of the Fox family. I had never seen this medium and knew nothing of her except from common report. There was a large party, all of whom were strangers to me. Mrs. Underhill took charge of the alphabet and went over it with such practised rapidity that the attempt to follow her on my part was in vain. A communication was being given to a gentleman, when a name was interpolated that did not belong to the matter in hand. The paper was passed around, and the name unrecognized by all, until it came to me, when it proved to be the maiden name of the mother of the lady who some years before had written the sealed note in the vicinity of London. I had never seen or known the mother, and had never thought or spoken of her by that name. My mind at once reverted to the envelope in my pocket, and I asked if an answer was to be given on the present occasion to the matter written within. An eager and emphatic affirmative was given. Mrs. Underhill proceeded to take down the letters that were rapped to, and in a few minutes handed me across the table a line or two seemingly unmeaning, "She gathered wild grasses from my grave." On opening the note which had been written in England I found the following

question and answer. "Mother, what was the last thing I did on leaving Abington? I gathered wild flowers from your grave." I afterwards inspected the "flowers" that had been dried and preserved and found them to be flowering grasses that grow in a country grave-yard, and not flowers in the usual acceptation of the word. The lady's error in calling them flowers was corrected by some intelligence, that knew of what it spoke. The question was addressed to the mother, and it purported to be the mother who answered, and changed the pronouns as the circumstances required.

A voice assuming to be that of a lady who had been an intimate friend and correspondent of mine, and one whom the medium had never seen or heard of, so often talked with me at different séances that the medium came to know and recognize the vision whenever it presented itself. I engaged the son of this lady to attend a meeting under an assumed name. He had never been to a séance, and had no knowledge of the subject or the persons connected with it; and, residing in a distant place, was a stranger to all present. Whilst the medium was sitting in front of him, touching his feet with hers, and her back towards me, she told me that my friend Mrs. S— was placing her arms around this gentleman's neck. On my observing that it was strange she did not come to me as she had always done, a man's hand pressed mine (the medium was ten feet away talking at the same time) and another voice replied, "She has found somebody she loves more." The gentleman's name and his mother's were then both spoken by a voice that was not the medium's, in the same tone this intelligence habitually used. This was an instance of a vision familiar to the medium and recognized by her, addressing as her son, a stranger to all the persons present, except myself.

Not knowing what influence my presence and knowledge of the facts might have had in accomplishing the result above narrated, I engaged a gentleman who had no belief, but much scorn for the subject, to attend a séance. He was a stranger to all. At once the medium said that the vision addressing him was the same that had so often come to me, and a voice gave its name, his own, and the relationship to him, a very near one. Again there was recognition of a vision that had previously been experienced when a different person was present, and one entirely unknown.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WARNED IN A DREAM.

Several years ago I resided in a wild, mountainous, and rather lonely region of Virginia, writes a contributor to the *Baltimore World*. There was a railroad but a few rods in front of my door, and a station and considerable village about a mile to the west. The nearest station to the east was about ten miles distant. I moved to the place with my young wife late in the autumn, and about the first of the following March I was attacked with typhoid fever and was ill for about a month. But, thanks to a strong constitution and the careful nursing of a loving and intelligent wife, I slowly recovered.

As soon as I was strong enough to sit up and walk a little I told my wife she had better take the cars and go and visit her brother, who lived about fifty miles east of us. She had been taking care of me so faithfully through my illness, both by day and night, that I feared her health and strength would fail her if she did not rest awhile. I knew she had been very anxious to go, and I felt sure that her brother and his family would be very glad to see her and would try to make her visit a pleasant one. She hesitated about leaving me, fearing I might need her care; but after waiting a few days and seeing that I continued to regain my health and strength, she decided to follow my advice. Accordingly one pleasant morning about the middle of April, after doing everything she could for my comfort and bidding me to be careful about taking cold or walking too far, she started, intending to be gone a fortnight.

One day I exercised a little beyond my strength and felt quite tired at night and remained awake for a long time. At last I fell into an uneasy slumber and dreamed a very curious and startling dream. I seemed to have gone forward into the future a couple of days, and instead of Wednesday, the 24th, it seemed in my dream to be Friday, the 26th. It appeared in my sleep that a heavy rain had been falling most of the day and all the day before, but the evening was clear and pleasant and not very dark, though the moon was not shining. I seemed to be walking along

the railroad line toward the east. I first passed through a wood about half a mile wide; then for about half a mile through fields containing a couple of farm houses, one inhabited and the other deserted.

I then entered another wood, and after walking about a mile and a half I came to a stream gently swollen by the rain, which had weakened the railroad bridge so much that the passenger train, in attempting to cross, had broken it down, and the bridge and carriages, completely wrecked, were lying on both sides of the stream, except portions that were floating down. Some of the passengers lay dead or dying among the ruins; some were floating in the water, and a few were clinging to trees and bushes on the bank. It was a fearful and heartrending sight, too fearful for description, and such as I trust I may never see in reality.

The next day early in the morning it commenced raining, and continued to rain through the day and the following night. I felt very lonely and uneasy all day, which feeling was increased by receiving a letter from my wife, saying that she intended to come home on Friday night by the express train. I retired late, feeling much worried on account of my fearful dream. And to add to this fear, presentiment, or whatever you may call it, the dream was repeated, and even more distinct and vivid than the first time.

When I arose in the morning the rain was still falling. This was Friday, and therefore was the day on which my wife was to start for home. There were two passenger trains from the east each day, one at 9 o'clock in the forenoon and the other at 9 in the evening. This last was the express, and the one on which my wife was coming.

Toward the middle of the afternoon the rain ceased falling, and the clouds slowly cleared away. The dream had made such an impression on my mind that I resolved to attempt to find the stream I had seen so plainly in my dreams, and if it appeared at all dangerous to attempt to stop the train before reaching it. Accordingly soon after the rain was over I got ready and started. I had never before had occasion to visit the station in this direction, and therefore was entirely unacquainted with this part of the country. But I found everything just as it had appeared in my dream.

Immediately after starting I passed through the wood I had seen in my dream and then entered the open field and found the two farm houses, one inhabited and the other deserted. In fact, everything seemed as natural as if I had really been this way before. I walked slowly and late in the afternoon I came to the stream which flowed rapidly and seemed much swollen. But the bridge, instead of being broken down and mingled with the broken carriages and mangled passengers, was still standing; and though its timbers looked quite old and weather beaten there seemed to be little danger of its breaking down beneath the weight of a passing train. There was a heavy goods train due from the west about 6 o'clock and I resolved to wait at least until it came, and if it passed over safely there could be, I thought, but little danger of accident to the lighter passenger train.

In due time it came thundering along, and passed safely over the bridge. But though it might have been owing to my excited imagination, it seemed to me that bridge bent and shook beneath the weight of the train in a manner highly suggestive of danger. At all events I resolved to wait a little longer and see if the stream, which was still rising, would have any apparent effect upon the bridge. I took with me a lantern, and also a thick blanket to protect me from the damp night air.

Shortly after sunset, as I was sitting a few rods from the stream, I heard a loud splash, and hurrying to the bridge I saw that a portion of the bank on the opposite side had broken away, and also that the action of the water, or some other cause, had weakened the foundation of the bridge in such a manner that a portion of the line was bent and lowered enough to make it impossible for a train to cross. I immediately crossed the bridge, resolved to stop the train if possible before it reached the bridge and certain destruction.

Well, to make a long story short, I went on in the direction from which the train was to come, and soon found a place which commanded a good view of the line for a considerable distance. I lit my lantern, wrapped my blanket closely round me and sat down to my wearisome vigil of two hours. The night was clear, and not very dark, though no moon was shining. I suffered nothing from cold, as it was remarkably warm, even for the climate of Virginia, and I succeeded in keeping awake, though the task was a difficult one.

Slowly the moments passed by, but at last I saw by my watch that the time had nearly expired, and a few minutes would decide the fate of the train and its human freight. Soon I saw a light, far away and very small at first, but rapidly growing larger and brighter. I arose, trembling with excitement, and commenced swinging the lantern above my head, and, as the train drew near, I redoubled my exertions and shouted as loud as I could.

Onward came the train at a rapid speed. It was a

time of terrible suspense to me. Should the engineer fail to see my signal, or not see it in time to stop the train before going a few rods past me, I knew that no human power could save it. On it came, and, oh, joy unspeakable! just as I gave up my exertions and stepped from the line my frantic signals were observed. The engineer whistled for brakes, arousing the sleepy brakemen like an electric shock, who flew quickly to their stations.

The train was quickly stopped, and I then informed the engineer and conductor of the danger ahead, while the frightened passengers left the carriages and gathered around me. Many a brave man grew pale when he learned what a fearful death he had so narrowly escaped.

Among the passengers I found my wife, not mangled and lifeless, but alive and well, though somewhat frightened, and a good deal surprised at seeing me. The conductor gave me a seat next to my wife, and then had the train backed to the station it had just left, from which telegrams were sent to warn all other trains of the danger.

In the morning my wife and I took the train for home. I have but little more to add, except that the company insisted upon making me a handsome present, and also gave me a free pass over the road. I do not pretend to be able to explain the dream, which was certainly a remarkable one, though doubtless not more so than others could relate; but I am satisfied that this dream was the means of saving many human lives from a sudden and most horrible death.

AN APPEAL TO REASON.

Rev. Myron W. Reed, of Denver, Col., recently preached the following pungent and pointed sermon from the text, "To everything there is a season":

A man who expects his son to repeat his father's life expects too much. Life in this city is not, and cannot be, the life of the hamlet of fifty years ago. Fortunes will yet be made in Denver, but they will not be suddenly made. When made they will be made by companies and corporations. The individual with a little money is no better off in Denver than in London. The opportunities of new countries are closing, because there are no more new countries. The pace of living has changed. You cannot devote so much time to one bargain, one wedding or one funeral. It requires management to make life go around. Perhaps some of you remember when you went a visiting, took your knitting, and staid to tea. As I remember the life I saw about me as a boy—there was an abundance of it—nobody was in a hurry, not even the stage-driver. The merchant waited on you when he got ready. Nobody drove fast, except a new doctor. Of necessity the old-fashioned visit has contracted to a call, and the call has shrunk to a couple of inches of pasteboard. Once every winter our fathers and mothers had protracted meetings lasting for weeks. They were no more pious than we are, but they had more time. The child cannot be a copy of his father. He is made by his time and place. He must step with the procession. Times change and we change with them. Of course the old-fashioned life, social, hospitable, easy-going, can still be found in quiet country places, but those who move into cities need not expect to find it.

The art of letter-writing seems to have been lost. One writes to his dear friend as if it cost him ten cents a word, and it often costs him more than that. If ever the cost of the telegraph is even twice what it ought to be, the increase in its use will be enormous. I do not care to know how you were three or four days ago, but how are you now? Suppose something fitted feudal times—for that reason it does not fit our time. Nothing precisely adapted to Europe is worth bringing across the sea. To go back to the time of King James and find a catechism, and bring it over the ocean and bind any American church with it, is to me absurd. We know all King James knew, and what we have found out since; and think what has been found out in the last fifty years!

For every gain there is a loss. The feudal age is touched with a romance and a beauty that our industrial age misses. But we cannot return to the feudal age. It had its beauty and it had its misery. The old chivalry meant for the most part chivalry towards ladies who owned a castle and had an income. Woman as such has more true respect paid to her now than ever before on earth. There is a decay of mirth that marked our days. Mirth calls for ease. A busy man preoccupied, cannot be mirthful. There is not much happiness nowadays. The young child sees what is before him, the fierce competition, and it makes him serious. There is a great deal of thought to-day and a great deal of action. A man is more anxious half way out of Libby prison than before the tunnel of deliverance was dug. A man is never so free from care as when there is only one road and a man over him to tell him to walk. The carelessness of an old soldier or sailor is notable—"His not to reason why." But promote soldier or sailor and anxiety begins. You arrive, a stranger in a town

of one hotel, and you do not hesitate as to which hotel you will suffer in. And once in that hotel you are not annoyed by the recurring thought that perhaps the one over the way is better. To the average native the old world has one road. The 3,000,000 of England, "the submerged tenth" of General Booth— are suddenly treading the path their grandfathers trod. They work, they beg, they steal and they arrive at the workhouse and at the grave. Now an immigrant from the old world arriving in America has been thereby promoted. There is more than one road, more than one hotel. Choice is possible, and with choice comes care. It does not take him long to acquire the characteristic American face. If men did not change, this now would be a pretty comfortable earth. It has been a steady rain of invention for fifty years— inventions for man's use and comfort. But the man has changed. His shelter is better than than that of his father, but he is a more tender plant. People inquire, What is the working man kicking and striking for? Is he not better fed, better clothed, better sheltered than the working man of a hundred years ago? But the working man has grown; it takes more to satisfy him. The child of the hod carrier and the child of the railroad president sit together in the common school, read the same book, grow up together, graduate together, and then comes life. What can you expect but discontent? Here we say, are equal gifts. Then there must be equal opportunities. A nation ought to think twice before it launches a common school upon a country. I may be content with a crab apple until I have tasted a pippin. That is what I like the common school for. It breaks up contentment with miserable conditions. You can make a man a slave; you can keep him a slave; but to do that you must not teach him to read. Once you put a book into his hand, especially the Bible, once you give him a gun and he will be no more a slave. If slavery is the thing, the statue of slaveholding states, prohibiting the teaching of slaves to read, was a most necessary thing. Light is heat, and heat is motion.

From the English point of view the establishment of national schools in Ireland was a blunder. With new inventions come new needs. The spinning-wheel and hand-loom were well in their time. When all were dressed in the product of that old wheel and loom there was not distinction enough for any. But now comes in modern invention, what labor has it blessed? Has it shortened the hours of work or made the hours more delightful? Riding in Missouri the other day, I saw through an open door a maiden spinning. It is a pretty action, and I thought, by and by she will peel off the yarn so many runs, so many knots, so many skeins, change her dress and go to a quilting.

And I contrasted the picture with the inside of an overall factory that I remembered to have visited. The clatter and the dust and the heat and the long hours, and the poor pay and the pale faces, and I do not wonder at the discontent in the heart of cities, and the every-day tragedy. The sewing machine girl works as hard and as long as Hood's sewing girl, and is as likely to be stitching a shroud as well as a shirt. The invention of needs is what makes us all as uncomfortable as ever. Grandfather grumbled behind an ox team. I grumbled behind a locomotive on the Santa Fe. He had the advantage of me as to meals on the road. I, with you, looked at the holiday gifts of the year, especially books—I contrasted them with the primers of my childhood. What an advance in printing and engraving! I have a primer of mine given to me in 1847. It has a frontispiece a wood cut of a snake up a tree conversing with Eve. If I am not hyperorthodox, that primer is accountable. I have no quarrel with the doctrine of the fall of man. I have seen a great many of them. But to give a child such a picture as that on Christmas will mark the difference between 1847 and 1891. The drift and spirit of an industrial age, a practical age bears hardly on some fine, high things. The boy of to-day feels the current of the time. It sets toward business more now than ever. You say that you will be a classical scholar. Early English and the current takes you into a real estate and loan office.

We will have to make a stand here. We must keep life interesting, or there will be suicides more than there are. It is about time to call halt on the practical. There is a time when a man ought to be tired of the office, and when a woman ought to be tired of house-keeping. I have a feeling that we are being mastered by our things, as a Syrian knight sank under his armor. So I rejoice when I hear that a hard-headed, practical man of affairs is a Spiritualist. He at least believes in the soul and in the life of it, and in some sort of continuance, and that the lines are up between heaven and earth. But it is a difficult age for a Christian to live in. I sometimes think we would have done better in the first century. Then the lines were drawn as in battle. The church meant a distinct thing; the world meant a distinct thing. Now the world is in the church and the church is in the world.

As I mentioned a few Sundays ago, at a large public meeting in New York of working men the name of Jesus Christ was cheered, and some few minutes after

the name of the church was hissed. Have we gone so far apart? Jesus Christ seems to last. He is not waning, but the church, as such, is waning. To everything there is a season; fashions change, philosophies go out, customs and manners supersede the one the other. The thing that seems to gain ground is the mind of Jesus Christ. His whole life is a protest against the current we are in, which is a mercantile, material, mercenary current. A boy who can go where he can read the best thoughts of the best men does not wish to go; prefers to go into business or politics. We cannot live along that way. We have fallen. I hold that a nation composed of citizens of whom the majority do not love or fear or believe in God, and who do not love their country, except as they are paid for it in cash or in office—that such a country is sick unto death. The most thoughtful men realize it. General Booth's book has made me thoughtful. The priest and the Levite in the church has for hundreds of years passed by on the other side of the three millions. The submerged tenth said in effect, "It is nothing to us." It is Lazarus outside the gate, pitied only by dogs and God. Now here is the general of the despised Salvation Army who has a plan of salvation. Immediately the Church of England condemns his scheme. Nihilists condemn his scheme. The church has had this thing close to eye and ear for centuries. Why do they not encourage this man? No wonder such books as "The Column of Cæsar" appear. To everything there is a season. But if faith, hope and charity are things of a season—an "iridescent dream"—"Eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die" is wisdom. But in my heart I believe better things. One can make his individual protest, and he can still ask the old question, what shall it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul? You have bought a fine picture and sold your eyesight for it. You have acquired a fine library and cannot read. Every once in a while a certain kind of a man vanishes from Denver, is dead; and I wonder where he is. He has no vested rights, no secret monopoly of opportunity. He is as naked in death as any tramp. How bewildered he must be! Nobody to wait on him! no private office! no money! no acquaintance in the city, no letters of introduction. A man of this kind died in Milwaukee. A friend of mind, a Spiritualist, hailed me as I came from his funeral: "Come up into my room and let us find out what has been done with old —." I went up. My friend had a slate, and communicated our request to a mutual friend who is "somewhere," and the answer came, "Mr. — has arrived and we have laid him on a plank until he comes to." Translated out of the region of real estate, mines and politics into a region of reason and affection, into a land where hope, faith and love abide, how much time will it take us "to come to?"

OUR COMMON SCHOOLS.

Some years ago, a New England man, interested in social and political questions, was talking with an intelligent Roman Catholic, the priest of a Massachusetts village. They presently fell to discussing the school question. The priest said that the time was coming when the common school system would be abolished and a share of the taxes passed over to the Catholics for the education of their children in their own way. "But," said the Protestant, "our people are bound up with the common school system, and how can you expect that it will ever be changed?" "By the defection of its friends," replied the priest.

He trusted in the senseless optimism which leads so many Americans to imagine that all will go well in the end, whatever they may do or fail to do; and that our ship of state cannot be wrecked, whether the crew do their duty or not. Napoleon I. once said, "We get nothing here below without paying for it"; and to keep is sometimes as hard as to get.

But blind over-confidence and the spirit of *laissez-faire* are not the only dangers to the New England school system. It is bad enough to leave its enemies to work their will; but it is worse to exasperate them by shrill-voiced denunciation, without offering any effectual opposition. Fanaticism on the one side calls out fanaticism on the other; abuse is answered by abuse, and so the breach grows wider and the quarrel hotter till the community is split into hostile camps, and a state of things ensues such as may be seen in Canada to-day. New England Protestants will do well to remember that the Catholic population gains on them every year, as well by natural increase as by emigration. New England families have dwindled in numbers generation after generation through all this century, and it will be folly to provoke a collision till the race returns to its pristine vigor, and promises a good supply of recruits for the war.

The truth is that our system of common schools is the best for Catholics as well as Protestants, and that its overthrow would be a disaster to the people of all communions, whatever it might be to their clergy. There are many among the most capable and intelligent of the Catholic population who, in their hearts, wish to maintain it, for they feel that it is for their in-

terest to do so. Many Catholic parents know that their children are better taught in the public schools than in those of the parishes, and that they leave them far better fitted for success in life. The public schools, moreover, are democratic institutions, in the best sense of the words; and, on a broader and more comprehensive scale, they produce the effects which are said to be the peculiar advantages of the great English endowed schools. They bring together children of different walks in life, and weaken mutual prejudices by force of mutual contact, teach the rich to know the poor, and the poor to know the rich, and so sap the foundations of class jealousies and animosities. The common schools are crucibles in which races, nationalities, and creeds are fused together till all alike become American. Here the Protestant and the Catholic boys and girls may learn to esteem and like each other; and the lesson may reach to their later years, teaching them that, whatever fanatics on either side may say, a *modus vivendi*, warmed by mutual good will, can always be found between the opposing communions.

The effect of parochial schools, Catholic or Protestant, is, of course, the reverse. They interrupt healthy circulation and develop discordant elements in the body politic. Separation results in mutual ignorance; and ignorance produces prejudice, increased by special doctrinal teaching. The fruits may be seen in Canada, where Protestants are taxed for maintaining Catholic schools which they regard as pernicious, and where the division between Catholics and Protestants has reached a bitter and threatening animosity. The most effective defense of public schools will be the increase of their teaching efficiency and the maintenance and growth of their superiority over the parochial schools. Already there is a feeling among humbler classes of Catholics that there is a kind of distinction in attending the one as compared with the other, and that to give their children the best chances in life they must send them to the former and not to the latter. This feeling will continue so long as the public schools maintain their present superiority, keep to their proper function of secular instruction, and avoid offending the sensibilities of reasonable Catholics. The ecclesiastics, it is true, will never be content till education is under their own control; but their flocks will be satisfied in spite of them, and they will be forced to resign themselves.

Nothing is more dangerous, in New England, to any established system than to spread abroad the idea that it involves injustice or unfairness. But this is what is done by the zealots who want to refuse Catholics any part in directing the public schools or in teaching the pupils. This is no time or place for crying, "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon!" The case is one where strength cannot be separated from moderation. The common school system with its harmonizing and assimilating influences is the life of our institutions; and if New England is not to lose all that is best in her we must defend it with a firmness at once temperate and unyielding. The nature of the attack must be understood. The Protestants are hopelessly divided, and, however noisy, are often as much wanting in earnestness as in harmony. The Catholics are wonderfully organized under the control of ecclesiastics, who by their institution of celibacy—which, whatever may be thought of it in other respects, is a model of policy—are separated from interests of family and home and live only for their church; who obey a foreign spiritual prince, and who, as between church and state, will always stand for the former whenever the interests of both are in question. The army of their followers is constantly growing; but the interests of the Catholic laity are not always the same as those of the Catholic clergy, and it is folly to excite them to fanaticism by displays of Protestant fanaticism. The apathy or foolish optimism on which the village priest relied to produce "defection" in the friends of the public school system, and the shallow zeal that spends itself in outcry and vituperation, are opposite vices between which there is not much to choose.

FRANCIS PARKMAN.

FATE.

"Are the skies wet because we weep—or fair because of any mirth?" And does fate follow us? Do we not rather make our lives, having destiny's vast pages open to us, and can we not write thereon the good deeds that may die with us or the evil ones that will surely live after us? We have all felt that outside of ourselves there lies a force against which strong arms are needful. But multitudes go further with their belief in the nature of fate, and, yielding to its supposed strength, await their destiny with folded arms and bowed head, not seeing the difference between the power which we have of making and ruling these lives of ours and waiting in unquestioning resignation for the oncoming force.

And yet what may fate be if it does not lie in the present which we are living in and in the future which we may make? We are the factors moulding

the forces of our lives, nor should we in our blindness strike at these forces as being emanations from an unknown and weirdly-fashioned hand. We think that Goethe spoke truly when he said that if we have but power—i.e., force of will—to mould them into form, every man is master of his own happiness. But how few of us find and wield this power. The secret of the failure of so many lives lies in the lack of will and of a determining force in the stream of circumstances rising up against them. Many are lost in the breakers of non-success, not because the waves are invincible, but because the will of the swimmer is weak and he sinks under the breakers' force—only the little ripples of other lives touched by his fall, and ever widening and lessening, telling us of what is not.

Fate is not a blind force urging our overthrow, against which struggling is in vain, but its acceptance represents a lack of latent will, and of a purpose which is strong and brave enough to war against the trammels of outward surroundings. No one can achieve real greatness or renown unless he toils and labors for it, and genius itself is but a synonym for energy and patience. To what extent we may hold the key to what life has in store for us we cannot know, but fate is only tangible when we hold it in our own hands as the living reality of what we may choose to make our own lives. Others will influence these, circumstances will mould them, and actions and passions change them, but in each living consciousness there lies the power of the decision by which the scale will turn for aye or nay. It is the weak will or the hesitating thought, born perchance of too much yielding to pleasure or passion, which turns our lives from fair to foul, from honor to dishonor. Then, when we see another rising on the wings our own hands have clipped as regards ourselves, we look around and say, "I yield to my destiny," or "I bow to my fate." No thought or action worth the thinking or doing is utterly without its influence upon our future life. When we once realize this, and the great strength that these wills of ours may carry within them, we may learn that we become masters of our fate in proportion as we become masters of ourselves. Only he who has first learned to govern himself can rule and govern the forces which surround him. We would do well to grasp clearly how true it is that fate is but a word that cowards use to keep the strong in awe.—*The Tocsin.*

TRAINED SENSES.

It is remarkable how well a perfumer learns to recognize a scent. In testing a sweet-smelling liquid, he wets the base of his left thumb with a little of it. Then he rubs the place rapidly with his right hand. The alcohol in which the essence is dissolved, being the more volatile, is at once evaporated, and the substance which emits the odor remaining behind, he can smell it in its purity. Of course it is an easy thing to recognize the principal odors that are in use, but when several are mixed, as is common, his task becomes more difficult. Yet a skilled man cannot only tell you what three or four perfumes enter into the composition of the one he is testing, but also, roughly, the relative proportions of each. It is easy to tell the relative amount of wool and cotton in a piece of colored underwear, when you know how. Men who have made the subject a specialty can do this by holding the cloth in the light and looking along it. The cotton and wool can be distinguished by the difference in their colors, which exist, although the same dye was used for both. The untrained eye could hardly detect the fact that the cloth had two shades, but the skill that comes from long practice makes the thing simple. A gentleman who has had a great deal to do with books, tells the way in which he knows an English from an American book. The books printed in England, he says, in nearly every case have a pleasanter odor than those made here. The difference is said to be largely due to the effect of the sea air, but the kind of paste, ink, paper, and binding used probably has something to do with it. There is also a marked difference in the smell of books printed in the city of New York. I would stake anything on my ability to recognize any book published by a certain house in that city, merely by putting the volume near my nose.

There are other ways of telling who the publishers of a given book are, besides looking at the title page. Somehow every firm gives a certain characteristic look to every volume which it issues, and a skilled man can, in nine cases out of ten, merely by looking at the binding and at one of the pages, tell from whose presses and bindery a work comes. This, of course, applies only to the larger firms, and to books printed comparatively recently.

The number three has been an important factor in the life of Bismarck. He has three children, he owns three large estates, he has taken part in three wars, he has signed three important treaties, and has held office under three German emperors.



"COMPANY IS COMING."

Bend your knees at worry's shrine
In intense devotion;
Set the house, from cellar to
Attic, in commotion.

Cram the engine, get up steam,
Set the wheels a humming.
Make them whirl, and whir, and whiz,
"Company is coming!"

Raise a dust in every room,
Set the atoms flying;
Scold the children, rout the cat
In the corner lying.

Rap those restless baby hands
On the window drumming;
Every window must be clean;
"Company is coming!"

Leave no object in the house
In condition normal,
Make the very cradle look
Prim, and stiff, and formal.

At the oven scorch your face,
Have the stove just "boooming,"
"Fix up" something "good to eat;"
"Company is coming!"

Cram the engine, keep up steam,
Keep the wheels a-humming;
Scrub and scour, and bake and stew;
"Company is coming."

Labor till a "nervous" pulse
In your head is drumming,
Till you ache from head to foot;
"Company is coming."

When your guests arrive, it will
Make their pleasure double
To perceive you've put yourself
To a world of trouble.

Then, although you feel you've done
More than you were able,
Fail not to apologize
For your house and table.

This is hospitality.—
That the wheels be humming,
Rest and comfort banished, when
"Company is coming."

—GOOD HOUSEKEEPING.

One chapter of Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton's reminiscences in the *Woman's Tribune* contains an interesting account of a journey she once made from California to New York, when she had Bishop Janes and his daughter for traveling companions. It was Bishop Janes who introduced the resolution into the Methodist Episcopal general conference that the word "obey" be omitted from the marriage service of the Methodist church, and it was carried with but little opposition. Mrs. Stanton, according to her habit, was plentifully supplied with woman suffrage leaflets, which she judiciously distributed among her fellow-travelers. She recalls an incident of a "saintly sister" belonging to the Salvation Army timidly handing some of her leaflets to fellow passengers on a train, which were coolly declined. "Having had much experience," says Mrs. Stanton, "in the joys and sorrows of propagandism, I put out my hand and asked her to give them all to me. I thanked her and read them." Mrs. Stanton observes: "Like all other things, it requires great discretion in sowing leaflets, that you do not expose yourself to rebuff. I never offer one to a man with a small head and high heels on his boots, with his chin in the air, because I know in the nature of things he will be jealous of superior women; nor to a woman whose mouth has the 'prunes and prisms' expression, for I know she will say, I have all the rights I want."

Miss Fisher has been instrumental in the establishment of a home in Brooklyn for work-weary authors, writers and newspaper people broken in spirit and health. Substantial aid has been received from Mrs. Chauncey M. Depew, Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, Mrs. Russell Sage and Mrs. Mary E. Bryan. Among the patrons of the Home hotel, as it is to be called, are Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, Mrs. Saadi Johnstone, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Mrs. John M. Sherwood, Mrs. V. Batta, Mrs. Martha J. Lamb, Kate Sanborn, Rev. Morgan Dix, Rev. Drs. Eaton and Rainsford. The Home hotel is intended to be a refuge for brain-workers, who, once admitted, will have the same freedom they would in a hotel. It is expected by Miss Fisher that regular contributions will be made by the

Press Club and the various associations of authors, writers and literary people.—*New York Letter*.

Prof. Lester F. Ward says in the *Forum*: "Man has displayed more genius than woman largely because he has been in possession of a wider range of facts, a greater supply of the only material out of which genius can construct and create, namely, knowledge; and if woman is ever to display equal creative power, she, too, must be supplied with the same kind of raw materials, for which no qualities of mind can ever stand as a substitute; but, thus supplied, there is no reason to doubt that high flights of genius may be made by women, and their greater familiarity with the social microcosm may give to their genius a character of its own."

A striking illustration of the present importance given to women in educational matters was the meeting lately held in Boston of women trustees of American colleges. Wellesley sent its former president, Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer; Boston University sent Miss Marion Talbot, the efficient secretary of the collegiate alumnae association; Smith college sent Mrs. Kate Morris Cone and Mrs. Charlotte Cheever Tucker; and Vassar, Miss F. M. Cushing. These women, themselves college graduates, seek to promote a closer understanding and more wholesome unity among colleges for women, as well as more efficient and intelligent service on the part of trustees and especially of alumnae trustees.

Some ladies in Rhineland have sent a petition to the burgomaster of Mettmann in the following strain: We, your petitioners, pray that your police officers may visit the inns of this place to prevent our husbands and sons from staying there far into the night, while we, your petitioners, are at home anxiously awaiting them from their daily labors. Furthermore, we are of the opinion that the money squandered there could be more judiciously spent at home. In the hope that our appeal will meet with your sympathy, we remain, with highest esteem.

Mrs. Sarah B. Cooper is the inspiration of the Golden Gate Kindergarten Association. In the last report she states that 6,000 little children have been enrolled in San Francisco, since 1880 and \$100,000 spent on the little ones in whom lies the hope of the world. One of the schools is controlled by Miss Marwedel, whose classes are made up entirely of the stray children and waifs, between two and ten years, picked out of the gutters and alleys of San Francisco.

Frau Sophie Salvanius has written a treatise making a forcible appeal to the German women to resist the tendency of woman's education to treat girls exclusively as future housekeepers and mothers. The writer argues that this is an injustice, since no one thinks of educating boys simply to be future householders and fathers. She insists that the modern system of educating women results in cramping women's individuality and in lowering the ideals of life.

Rev. Heber Newton stated in his church lately that there were nearly 100,000 citizens of New York City who failed to register and vote, and that 33,000 who had registered failed to cast their ballot. These figures rather destroy the value of those objections to woman suffrage based upon the declaration that all women would not vote.

A new female device for earning a livelihood is that of going around to the houses of society people and cleaning and repairing fine dresses that have been accidentally soiled or otherwise injured. The scheme was developed in Buffalo. There are some women who have all they can attend to in this line.

An English novelist vents his spite against American girls by this description: "The cold-blooded, cut-throat American girl, calculating her romance by the yard, booking her flirtations by double entry and marrying at compound interest, with the head of a railway president and the heart of an Esquimaux."

The Australian legislature has passed a law taxing all married couples living with their mother-in-law; \$900 if residing with the husband's mother-in-law, and \$120 if with the wife's.

Mme. Anne Marie Mozzoni will stand for election to the Italian parliament, and is

asking for subscriptions to assist in meeting her expenses. Mme. Mozzoni is an accomplished authoress, and her agreeable manners have made her generally liked among her large circle of acquaintances.

Mrs. Richard A. Proctor proposes to perpetuate her husband's name by building an observatory on Mission Heights at San Diego, Cal. It is estimated that the building with the telescope will cost about \$25,000, and the bulk of this sum Mrs. Proctor hopes to raise by lecturing.

Hindoo widows still continue to attempt sutee, notwithstanding it is prohibited by law under severe penalties. Only a short time since a rich widow was forcibly removed from her funeral pyre after she had been badly burned, in her desire to join her master in the next world.

Miss Ray Frank is one of the few Jewish women who in recent times have preached in a synagogue. On the Day of Atonement she spoke at Spokane Falls, Wash., and so interested her hearers that they decided to establish a permanent congregation there.

Mrs. Henry Draper, now in Peru, is her husband's constant assistant in all his astronomical researches. She spends much of her time among the telescopes and photographic apparatus of the observatory.

Postmistresses hitherto prevented from marrying in France have now been granted this privilege.

CALLED BACK TO EARTH.

Since the interest in Spiritualism has assumed such manifest proportions in this city, writes a Little Rock, Ark., correspondent of the *St. Louis Globe Democrat* of January 18, 1891, a number of quite startling cases of experiences have been related. The circumstances of one case of particular note were related to a *Globe Democrat* correspondent by a lady whose husband died a few months ago. He had been in the undertaking business for quite a number of years, and his widow was closing up the affairs of his establishment when the occurrence about to be related took place. The chief interest lies in the partial sundering of the veil that separates this world from the next, and the similar experience of two persons whose spirits actually passed away from their mortal frames, but at the last moment were recalled to continue a little while longer their earthly pilgrimage.

"It was surely an unearthly experience," said the widow as soon as the correspondent had stated his mission. "Neither my husband nor myself was inclined to be very religious, although we often talked about death and wondered what the condition of the soul was after it left the body. But as we were constantly coming in contact with dead persons the feeling of horror and dread, so common to other people, never affected us. The first thing that brought about a close study of the subject was an experience I had during a very severe spell of sickness. My friends had given me up as a hopeless case and were expecting death at any moment. I was perfectly conscious, although very weak. I had heard them say that death was liable to come soon. Still I did not feel afraid. I made no effort to make my feelings known, but laid perfectly still, carefully analyzing my thoughts as if I felt the dissolution approaching. My frame quivered. I gave forth a sound resembling a gasp. I heard the attendants murmur, 'She is dead,' and then it seemed that my spirit floated out into a light of most dazzling brightness.

"There were forms and objects moving about in myriads, but I could not distinguish one from the other. All the while I was enjoying the most intense happiness. I was perfectly at rest. Looking back I could see my mortal remains and the friends bending over them. My husband's head was bowed between his hands, and many of the women were weeping. Then like a flash all the deeds of my life, both good and bad, seemed to spring into view. From early childhood to womanhood they marched along, alternately condemning or approving. It seemed as if upon them depended my future abode in the land of spirits. As memory brought to light things forgotten long ago, I felt an intense desire to go back to earth and live my life over again, the good deeds were so small in proportion to the bad ones. Then I began to sink. The bright light grew dim and soon faded away. I was soon plunged into impenetrable darkness. It seemed as if

I had been sent back to live a little while longer on earth as a punishment for not showing a better life record. When my spirit struggled I felt the mortal prison once more. I trembled, opened my eyes, and then I heard some one scream, 'She's not dead! She has only been in a trance. Little by little strength came back. I afterward learned that the doctors had pronounced me dead. I had lain in a state resembling death for several hours. My husband had even gone so far as to prepare a casket in which to place my remains.

"This awful experience seemed to change my whole nature. Instead of taking merely a casual interest in spiritual things I began to study the matter with the utmost diligence. I told my husband and a few friends of the sights I had seen when my spirit seemed to have left my body. It was too sacred to me and too strange to be told broadcast, so that very few of my friends even knew of the incident, to say nothing of strangers. When I told my husband he showed the most intense interest, and remarked at the close of my narration that he believed every word of it. He even startled me by saying:

"I had an experience of almost the same kind when I was a very young man. Instead of sickness mine was caused by drowning. After struggling in the water until completely exhausted, I resigned myself to my fate and sunk. The first sensation was one of pain, then came a dreamy, delightful feeling in which I was supremely happy. After that came the bright light of dazzling intensity, with the review of life's record and the command to go back on earth once more. I felt so light and free that I dreaded to assume mortal existence again, but the command was imperative. I felt a power bearing me down that I could not resist. There was the same plunge through intense darkness, followed by the cramping of my spirit as it sought to free itself from my body. Meanwhile the mortal remains had been dragged ashore by some persons who had seen me sink. As I struggled I heard one of the men shout: 'Keep at it, boys, he's coming to.' They had been working with me for hours, and once or twice had been almost on the verge of giving me up. This opened years ago, continued my husband, and although the experience work great change in my life I kept the cause a profound secret even from you."

"The similarity of our experience led us into closer sympathy with each other, and often furnished the opening for a long conversation upon the subject of the soul's condition after death. My husband was always a believer in certain spiritual manifestations, but did not go to extremes. He thought the inhabitants of the spiritual world could see us at all times, and upon very rare occasions were permitted to manifest themselves in some way to a loved one who had been left behind. We never talked about death with any feeling of dread. On the contrary, in the light of the foretaste enjoyed by both of us, we were inclined to look forward to it with a feeling of pleasure and satisfaction. But in order that our reception in the land of spirits might be hearty, we sought by good deeds to make amends for the errors of the past. We were constantly on the watch to find persons that we could make happy either by friendly encouragement or by financial aid. This work of atonement was carried on in a quiet way for years. We did not care to make a display of it because it looked inconsistent with the high motives from which our conduct sprang. A few months ago my husband took suddenly sick. He told me to be prepared for the worst, as he thought the end was near. But even then I did not realize that death was so close upon him. In a few moments the doctor came to me and in a whisper told me that my husband was dying. His eyes were wide open and his face was illuminated with an unmistakable spiritual light. I took his hand in mine. It was still warm. I felt at that moment that the dissolution was about to take place. He seemed to be enjoying the most intense happiness. 'Can you see the bright light?' I whispered eagerly. He did not speak, but gave my hand a slight pressure that meant 'yes' to me. In an instant more the chill of death came over his brow, his grasp upon my hand loosened, his body stiffened and I could see that his spirit had gone to return no more.

"I feel that his spirit is watching mine. I do not feel like giving way to any storm of grief, because I am confident it will only be a short time before we will be reunited. But at times, when I am alone in the little parlor, in which we used to sit and talk about death so much, a feeling of intense loneliness comes over me and I long to pass through the mysterious veil that separates

this world from the next. At times like this I can feel a presence that seems to tell me to be calm and patient. One evening it was much stronger than usual. The presence of another person could be felt so distinctly that I almost expected some one to speak. I was thinking of my husband and the death-bed scene, I was wondering if he ever would make an effort to communicate with me from the spirit land. I was sitting near the window at the time. My left elbow was resting on the window sill, while my chin was supported by my left hand. My right hand was swinging at my side.

"Suddenly I felt the pressure of another hand clasping it firmly, yet gently, I turned expecting to face some bold intruder, but I was all alone. Slowly my hand was raised to a horizontal position. Like a flash the thought came to me that my husband's spirit was about to make itself known. I could see nothing, but I could feel the hand upon mine as plainly as if it had been of flesh and blood. I knew it must be my husband. With sudden inspiration I asked, 'Is everything all right?' As an answer I received the same pressure that was given upon the death-bed. The hand suddenly released its hold, and my arm fell by my side. My husband had demonstrated to me that spirits could communicate with mortals at certain times.

"A confirmation of the visitation came to me in a most singular way. Among the friends who knew of the experience through which my husband and myself had passed was a very strong believer in Spiritualism pure and simple. She called upon me soon afterward, and during the visit told me of a little incident connected with one of their séances:

"We called your husband's spirit up one night," she said, "but could get only a few words from him. The appearance was natural, but he seemed to be held under a spell that kept him from talking. Finally the medium asked him if he had any message to send to you. 'Yes; tell her not to forget the last hand pressure,' and vanished."

"Upon further questioning I found that the séance and my visitation took place on the same night within the same hour."

IUS AND PSYCHIC PHENOMENA.

Socrates had his ever attendant daemon. Joan of Arc had communion with spirits. Goethe states that he one day saw the exact counterpart of himself coming toward him. Pope saw an arm apparently come through the wall, and made inquiries after its owner. Dr. Johnson heard his mother call his name in a clear voice, though she was at the time in another city. Baron Emmanuel Swedenborg believed that he had the privilege of interviewing persons in the Spirit-world. Descartes was followed by an invisible person whose voice he heard urging him to continue his researches after truth. Loyola, lying wounded during the seige of Pampeluna, saw the Virgin, who encouraged him to prosecute his mission. Sir Joshua Reynolds, leaving his house, thought the lamps were trees, and the men and women bushes agitated by the breeze. Ravallac while chanting the "Miserere" and "De Profundis," fondly believed that the sounds he emitted were of the nature and had the full effect of a trumpet. Oliver Cromwell, lying sleepless on his couch, saw the curtains open and a gigantic woman appear, who told him he would become the greatest man in England. Ben Jonson spent the watches of the night an interested spectator of a crowd of Tartars, Turks and Roman Catholics, who rose up and fought round his arm-chair till sunrise. Bostok, the physiologist, saw figures and faces and there was one human face constantly before him for twenty-four hours, the features and head-gear as distinct as those of a living person. Benvenuto Cellini, imprisoned at Rome, resolved to free himself by self-destruction, but was deterred by the apparition of a young woman of wondrous beauty, whose reproaches turned him from his purpose. Napoleon once called attention to a bright star he believed he saw shining in his room and said: "It has never deserted me, I see it on every great occurrence urging me onward; it is an unfailing omen of success." Nicolai was alarmed by the appearance of a dead body which vanished and came again at intervals. This was followed by human faces, which came into the room, and after gazing upon him for awhile, departed. Nicolai knew they were but the effects of indigestion. Adam Clark declared that "spirits have intercourse with this world and become visible to mortals". Senor Castellar says: "I believe that I commune with beloved ones lost to my sight during this, my troubled earthly life."

"My position," says Alfred Russell Wallace, "is that the phenomena of Spiritualism in their entirety do not require further confirmation. They are proved quite as well as any facts are proved in other sciences."



MENTAL TELEGRAPHY OR SPIRIT MESSENGER—WHICH?

TO THE EDITOR: In looking over the record of my experience in the earlier stages of Spiritualism, I find the following incidents which may be of interest to THE JOURNAL's readers in these days of mind reading, hypnotism, etc., and also throw some light upon the true explanation of this class of psychical phenomena.

It was my privilege to be on terms of personal and friendly intercourse with the poet, preacher and reform lecturer, John Pierpont. I give the following nearly as his own words came to me in a free and familiar conversation:

He had during the week now referred to been on a lecturing tour in western New York, but was obliged to be back in time to supply his own pulpit at Medford, Mass., on the next Sunday. So finding that an exchange with the minister at Troy would be a great convenience to him, late in the week he sent a request to Rev. Mr. Angier to that effect playfully worded in characteristic rhyme. An answer was due early next morning, and while lying awake in the night there came into his mind what he was strongly impressed was the exact answer to be received. It was: "Ho, ho, sir! I'll go sir!" On opening his dispatch in the morning there it was in the exact words of his impression! The wording of this sentence was so peculiar, as were also some other of the attendant circumstances, that Mr. Pierpont seemed to be decidedly of the opinion that it was a clear case of either mental telegraphy or of direct spirit agency.

Some thirty years ago I was living in Rockford, Ill., and had for a near neighbor a kind hearted friend who was an outspoken Spiritualist. He had recently erected a greenhouse in a somewhat distant location where he was intending soon to build a fine residence for permanent use. To this I was made perfectly welcome at all times. So I used to resort to it quite regularly, especially in the winter season, when my own floral beauties were fast asleep beneath their snowy covering. It was indeed a spiritual oratory in which I was accustomed to meet regularly for communing with my dearest spirit friends. The time chosen was early in the day, when the gardener, having finished his morning work, had gone away to other employments. He was a Scotchman, and though not fully aware of it himself was of a decidedly impressionistic or mediumistic make. When the weather was unusually cold this man was accustomed to leave all the doors carefully closed, and I myself was particularly careful to respect all his arrangements, even to the replacing of a log of wood left leaning against the outside door of a temporary entry, which in usual weather was left open. On this special occasion, without thinking what would be the result, I contrived to let the protecting stick of wood fall back into its place after I had entered, thus leaving myself in a regular trap! However, I went in among the flowers, and had my usual pleasant time with my invisible friends. But on essaying to return to the outward world, I found this to be impossible without breaking through the glass windows. Remembering now the impressionable character of the gardener, I asked of the invisible ones to go and see if they could not send the gardener to let me out. Very quick and to the purpose was the response, for on looking out through the sloping windows I saw the man coming, almost upon a run, and soon he was at my side, and with a strangely mingled expression of wonder and affright upon his countenance. On questioning him upon the subject, he said that he did not know how or for what purpose he had come. He was busily engaged in some occupation when all at once he felt that he must go to the green house, an impression that he did not feel able to resist.

The most perfect spirit identity test which I find upon my records, is as follows: It occurred in the town of Kingston, Mass., about twenty-five years ago, and was related to me by the Unitarian minister of

the place in whose parish the parties resided. All the facts were well known to him and personally vouched for to me. There lived in that town a young man of marked spirituality, who was also a poet of a high order of inspiration. A volume entitled "Cousin Benja's Poems," written by him, was held in high esteem by many Spiritualists of the earlier times. The home of this young man was with a sister, between whom and himself existed ties of affinity and affection of unusual strength, and permanency. But the brother was a confirmed invalid. Consumption had laid its irresistible hand upon him and was slowly but surely loosening the immortal from the mortal of his being. Knowing this, and having a firm faith in the spirit's power to return, but being at the same time, as an advanced spiritual thinker, aware of the difficulties in the way of a perfect identification, he told his sister that he would try to arrange matters so that she would have satisfactory proof of his return to her when at length he should be fairly over to the other side of life. And this was the way it was done: He took a piece of soft brick and carved it into a slender oblong form, and taking it to his sister broke it in two pieces, giving one to her with the injunction to take good care of it; the other, he said, he would himself take care of. He also especially enjoined upon his sister that after his departure, she should give him an early opportunity of communicating with her to the end that the proposed test might be consummated. When at length the time came, it was communicated to her that if she would go into the carefully arranged room formerly occupied by him, and look upon a certain shelf in the corner now designated, she would find a large sea shell; and in the recess of that shell she would find the mate to the piece of brick he had given her. This was done, and thus was the test made complete. For, on trial, the two pieces were found exactly to fit into each other, thus proving beyond reasonable doubt that this discovery of the piece of brick was made by the brother, the only one who had known of its hiding place.

HERMAN SNOW.

MIND AND MATTER.

TO THE EDITOR: The raw material of thought is in the external world and comes to us by sensation. It is food for the mind, and by a process of digestion and assimilation is worked into mental fibre. The brain is honey-combed with receptacles appropriate to the pabulum thus taken in, and is moulded into such forms as is determined by hereditary endowment. Thus the son is, in some sort, the reproduction of his father in the structure of his organized thought, as well as anatomically and physiologically. Tracing life back to its original source, we find Adam in the image of his maker—God; and thus humanity in all its meanderings retains the gleamings of its divine origin, by the inexorable law of hereditary transmission, as taught by Herbert Spencer.

A thing must exist before it can be transmitted; and no variations, however many, can transmute a monkey into a Newton or a Shakespeare. The law of variation cannot transcend its limit of heredity. One thing integral in the constitution of man is the faculty of worship; and this is the magnet that holds him in his orbit as a religious being. He may have oscillations by reason of disturbing influences; but his curvature around the central sun of his being (God) will be kept by a power which no aberration can transgress. There is no idea coming to us from without but has its appropriate call within us. The objective and subjective are one in the sense of being coupled. One cannot exist without the other, since a half hinge in nature is unknown.

The ego's dimensions are too big to be shut up in the nutshell of self. The "not self" is all that we see in heaven and earth, all of which is embraced in consciousness. Thought does not travel. The moment I look at the midnight stars I see them as I see the infinite beauty in the depths of my spirit. No thing is lawless in the organism of nature, however erratic. The comet itself has a bridle the same as the wildest Pegasus that

"Paws the light clouds
And gallops on the wind."

No idea exists without its archetype in the mental structure. All things outward have the exact shape of the inward universe which mirrors itself as the sea mirrors the stars. The vibration of the violin strings is the materialization of the music within, the rippling of psychic waves, unheard by mortal ears.

Man himself is the great telephone

imitated by Edison. The ego, with all its faculties for knowing, has correlates without—it is Mozart behind the organ, a God-made telephone wafting music from a region totally unseen. The objective world is to the subjective as a shadow; nevertheless this shadow proves the eternal substance as being a persistent, changeless reality. Man's being has two hemispheres; the one is correlated with the material, the other with the spiritual. Yet these two sides belong to the orb of man's being here and hereafter. The stars, like isles in the tropic sea, will be seen forever. Immersed in matter, and seeing man only in his body, he appears to be an animal, simply. But the real man we never see. It is his outward side, like that of the moon, not the subjective, which is turned from us.

As a harp with countless strings, the external universe plays into man's complex being when all his capabilities are attuned to celestial harmonies. Thus the inward man must be in correspondence with his divine origin, in order that he may enjoy the felicities of love and the infinite beauty of everything objective to him, as a seeing and hearing creature basking in the light

"That was never on sea or land."

The splendor of the universe, like the beauty that drapes the blue of sunset windows, was made to be seen. The music of the spheres was meant to be heard. The organs of the body and the functions of the mind, have their correlatives in the external world. 'Tis shadow and substance wedded indissolubly, an organic whole, projected forward interminably.

R. E. NEED.

ST. PETERSBURG, FLA.

FATE,

TO THE EDITOR: Will you please say in THE JOURNAL what Spiritualists in general and yourself in particular think about fate.

Do you believe man's future is mapped out for him when he is born, or is the future a blank for us all, and is it left to us and our surroundings to fill it up?

I live in a country place and rarely see a medium, but friends who have been more fortunate tell me they have had the most important events of their lives foretold by mediums years before they happen. It sometimes seems to me that a medium foretelling an event years before it happens is a mere coincidence, only that, and nothing more. We hear much about the successes in life but very little about the failures; so what transpires that mediums have foretold is noised abroad, while what fails to materialize is not noted.

It must be delightful to people who have ruined their lives by their own conduct to blame fate for it, and the very acme of human happiness to believe that death is never the result of an accident. In many cases of sickness people, while laboring under the unusual excitement of sudden sickness, do many things which they then think the very best that could be done, but when the disease ends fatally they see those things in a very different light.

A woman has a very desirable offer of marriage, she really likes the man; but at the all-important moment something, she knows not what, seizes her and as much to her own surprise as to his she declines with thanks, to ask in anguish in later years: "Why did I do it? Did I voluntarily do it, or did fate compel me to do it?"

Again, a man is on the calm high sea of commercial success; when suddenly and unexpectedly failure comes and he is a wreck. Looking back he can not only see where he blundered but, more agonizing still, where he could have made money instead of sinking it.

Like the other two mentioned above he mentally if not physically wrings his hands and cries out: "Why, oh, why did I do it?" To calm despair he questions farther, "Did I do it? Did I voluntarily make such a fool of myself; or—ah, that's the question not second to even Hamlet's 'To be, or not to be'—did fate compel me to do it? Was it to be?"

Now in such cases what are people to do, live lives that are burning hells of regret, voluntarily sever this mortal coil; or, lay the flattering unction to their souls that fate not they did it, and find consolation in the thought that it was to be?

In matrimony while the many are born to be married, are a few born not to be? In business does success depend upon one's own exertions, or upon fate? In sickness does it matter how one is treated? That is, are people born to die at certain times, or are they not? Is it left wholly to circumstances how and when and where we die? If so, how can any one foretell how

and when and where such an event is to take place?

That the majority of us make or mar our own lives I think quite true, for this making or marring who is responsible we ourselves, or fate? What THE JOURNAL thinks on the subject will be appreciatively read by many others as well as by a COUNTRY READER.

After thousands of profound thinkers have been discussing the problem of Fate for hundreds of years, and after tons upon tons of paper have been used to record their conclusions and speculations, it seems like a rather large question to solve in the brief space here permissible, even were we competent—which we are not. This down-east inquirer has, we surmise, some special case in mind, which he attempts to get answered while concealing it behind general and impersonal questions. Some time we may find room to treat, tentatively, of this theme. For partial answers to some of his queries our correspondent is referred to a short article on Fate from *The Torsin*, on another page, also to the lesson taught by Saul Cisco's case as graphically told by Miss Hewes in the leading contribution of our Open Court department this week. No lawyer will give a client an opinion based upon incomplete data, or on the client's formulation of the evidence as he thinks it should be presented. The lawyer wants the plain unadorned facts of the particular case on which his opinion is sought. So, in this instance, if our correspondent wants light on questions he thinks we may know a little more of than himself, we must have the facts, with no reservations.

A MAGNETIC EXPERIMENT.

TO THE EDITOR:—If the human body is not a storehouse of electricity or magnetism, and if animal magnetism is not identical with, or at least similar to terrestrial, please explain the following chance experiment:

Take an ordinary mariner's compass, or magnetic needle freely suspended and enclosed in glass case to protect from air currents. Place the end of an iron bar about three feet long across the compass case, the bar placed at nearly right angles with the needle. Suspend the bar in this position on glass supports until all vibration of needle has stopped; then without moving either bar or needle, with both hands firmly grasp bar near the center. After retaining this position a short time a vibration of the needle will be noticed, extending in some instances as high as 5 degrees.

The cause is not thermo-electric currents, as to generate these two or more metals are necessary. I have noticed great differences in the strength of vibrations, apparently depending on my health and physical state.

The needle in use by me is a bar of steel eight inches long suspended on a needle point, balanced on a watch jewel, and enclosed in wooden box, covered by glass. The iron bar was a kitchen poker, and rested on glass bottles.

A. H. C.

MRS. BYRNES AT HAVERHILL.

TO THE EDITOR: Mrs. Sarah A. Byrnes, of Boston, spoke for The First Spiritualist Society, Haverhill, Mass., on the Sundays, the 4th and 11th of January, 1891, presenting her audiences with four of the most thoroughly practical lectures of the present season upon that platform. As a speaker, placing implicit confidence in her spirit helpers, during the thirty-eight years of her mediumship as a platform worker in the spiritualistic labors, Mrs. Byrnes has few equals in ease of delivery, oratorical effect and graceful platform appearance and in holding her audiences in perfect quiet to the end of her lectures.

W. W. CURRIER.

FROM GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

TO THE EDITOR: The work of presenting Spiritualism to the inquiring public is being ably handled this month by Helen Stuart-Richings under the auspices of the Progressive Spiritualist Society. Mrs. Richings gave us a lecture on "Jesus of Nazareth," which to the writer's mind seemed to hold much for spiritualistic and orthodox alike. The thought given throughout the entire lecture was that "deeds, not creeds" save, and we should be not

"hearers only but doers of the word." The large audience that heard her must have gone away with a different conception than is usually held by the public at large. We are slowly making headway, although it means hard work persistently to keep up meetings with the best speakers to the front. We see no way but in the face of all opposition steadily to work for honest Spiritualism presented by men and women who themselves are honest, earnest and true like men and women as well as newspapers that know where they stand, and knowing, dare to state their position. That is why I like THE JOURNAL.

EFFIE F. JOSELYN.

On Tuesday evening the 20th Mr. Albert L. Coverdale, and Miss Emma B. Weber were united in marriage. Mr. Coverdale is one of the active young Spiritualists of this city. He and his mother, who is a medium, have done excellent service in the cause of spiritual truth. THE JOURNAL wishes the young couple long life and happiness. Mr. and Mrs. Coverdale were "at home" to their friends on Tuesday evening the 27th, at 4102 Langley avenue, where a large company gathered to congratulate the worthy and happy pair.

Elizabeth A. Bryant, Cor., Secretary of the Sociologic Society of America writes: Your issue of Jan., 17th contains a poem "Outgrown," credited to Louise Imogene Guiney. The writer of that poem is Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorr of Rutland, Vt. It was first published ten or more years since; a copy of which has been in my possession several years. Mrs. Dorr is personally known to me, and I know her to be the author of "Outgrown."

The report of the Treasurer of Harvard College shows the invested funds of the college to amount to \$7,121,854. During the last year gifts for the capital account have amounted to \$277,282 and of gifts for immediate use to \$162,225, while numerous gifts for the library and for other uses for the college are acknowledged.

What is Scrofula

It is that impurity in the blood, which, accumulating in the glands of the neck, produces unsightly lumps or swellings; which causes painful running sores on the arms, legs, or feet; while it develops ulcers in the eyes, ears, or nose, often causing blindness or deafness; which is the origin of pimples, cancerous growths, or many other manifestations usually ascribed to "humors." It is a more formidable enemy than consumption, or cancer alone, for scrofula combines the worst possible features of both. Being the most ancient, it is the most general of all diseases or afflictions, for very few persons are entirely free from it.

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BY WILLIAM M. SALTER, RESIDENT LECTURER OF THE CHICAGO SOCIETY FOR ETHICAL CULTURE.

CONTENTS.

Ethical Religion; The Ideal Element in Morality; What is a Moral Action? Is there a Higher Law? Is there anything Absolute about Morality? Darwinism in Ethics; The Social Ideal; The Rights of Labor; Personal Morality; On some Features of the Ethics of Jesus; Does the Ethics of Jesus satisfy the Needs of our Time? Good Friday from a Modern Standpoint; The Success and Failure of Protestantism; Why Unitarianism Fails to Satisfy; The Basis of the Ethical Movement; The Supremacy of Ethics; The True Basis of Religious Union.

OPINIONS.
W. D. HOWELL'S, in *Harper's Monthly*: "Where it deals with civic, social, personal duty, Mr. Salter's book is consoling and inspiring."

Nation: "Mr. Salter appears as a distinctly impressive and attractive personality, modest, courageous, simple-minded, generous and earnest."

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Cloth, 232 pages. Price, \$1.50.
For sale, wholesale and retail, by JOHN C. BUNDY, Chicago.

THE WAR IN HEAVEN.

BY DANIEL LOTT

This is founded upon Revelations 12: 7-9 and will be found interesting. Price, 10 cents.
For sale, wholesale and retail, by JOHN C. BUNDY, Chicago.

BOOK REVIEWS.

[All books noticed under this head are for sale at, or can be ordered through the office of THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.]

Hindu Literature, or The Ancient Books of India. By Elizabeth A. Reed, member of the Philosophical Society of Great Britain. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. 1891. pp. 410.

To-day, when India no longer seems a far-away land thought of only in connection with tiger hunts, Sunday school hymns or missionary work; when its people are now, through English rule and interests, so fully identified with the aims and purposes of all English-speaking people, and when so many advanced thinkers claim to find much in Hindu philosophy in harmony with their own religious as well as philosophical views, this work by a Chicago lady comes very opportunely, enabling those who have not time to study the more ponderous works which have been consulted by the author to gain a fair idea of Hindu literature so far as the Vedas are concerned. The style in which these ancient poems, sacred legends, and philosophical writings are here presented is very bright and taking, and the work is calculated to arouse interest in the public mind. The writer states her main purpose in the following words, which we take from the preface: "An effort has been made in the present volume to give the chronology of these ancient books, showing where they belong in the world's history, together with a résumé of their teachings, and specimens of their literary style. The work has been done as briefly as was consistent with accuracy, in the belief that an intelligible idea of Hindu literature in a condensed form could be given. . . . The quotations from Hindu works have been carefully chosen from the best available translations, and no historical or chronological statement has been made without the concurrence of the highest authorities. Among those who gave Mrs. Reed the benefit of revision and criticism of the work before publication are such scholars as Prof. Max Müller and Sir M. Monier-Williams, of England. Besides the general view which it gives of the Vedic writings, the volume is of great value by reason of presenting in the best translations many of the choicest gems of Hindu literature, nowhere else to be found in so compact a form, and the writer is to be congratulated on the skill with which she has done her work. She has, however, tinged too deeply, for the taste of many readers, the whole tone of the work with her own peculiar orthodox ideas and religious views, but that perhaps was to be expected of one whose previous literary work has been mainly in the field of religious discussion. The book is a credit to the publishers in its whole make-up; clear in print, and tastefully bound. The design of the outside cover is unique and appropriate.

The Genius of Galilee; an historical novel. By Anson Uriel Hancock. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co., 175 Dearborn st. 1891. pp. 507. Price, \$1.50.

This novel deals with scenes in Palestine and Rome in the days of Jesus, around whom the current of the story is made to run, though the adventures and experiences of his relatives and associates are described in the narrative which is well sustained and quite interesting. Jesus figures in the story as a purely human being. In a conversation with a member of the sect or society of Essenes, to which he had belonged, Jesus is represented as speaking thus:

"Thou art unusually sad," said Elien to his friend, some days after the funeral of Joseph, the carpenter.

"I have visited the tomb of my father and dropped many tears thereon. A good man was he, righteous all the days of his life, fit to enter the kingdom of heaven, which is nigh at hand. But my tears must now cease, for I have work to do. There is daily toil with saw and hammer to earn our bread. I scarcely mind that for these hands are given us to work and not to be idle."

"And there is other work. These are evil days, and while the bridegroom tarries Satan is turning men from righteousness. There is no time for idle repining: the dead need not our voice, but the living do."

"True, Elien, My Father hath work for me to do, and I must soon be about it."

"Thy father?"

"My Father, yonder," said he, pointing toward the zenith. "This father whose tomb I have wept over, gave me of his body, of his mind somewhat. But my Father above giveth me of His spirit. He is in me, bidding me do His will. His spirit quickeneth me. I dwell in Him.

Thou shalt hear of me in days to come, Elien," continued the young man, with a swelling breast, "but the works that I shall do will not be for mine own glory. Understandest thou me, Elien?"

"I scarcely catch thy thought—thou wast ever given to strange utterances. Sometimes I fail to comprehend thee. I think the spirit of Daniel must abide in thee." And the old Essene passed his arm about his younger friend.

"My Father speaketh, so speak I. Of myself I can be nothing; only as my Father worketh in me, so work I. Whatever He giveth me to do that must I do. If He hath a message to deliver through me, that must I tell to men. Whatever is given me in secret, that will I declare from the house-tops."

"Thou wilt more than likely make ox-yokes to get bread; thou hast a mother to help support." Elien declared with a smile.

Jesus could not help smiling in turn, as he replied: "Well, am I not a good workman and worthy of my hire?"

The work, which has many characters and incidents and but few plots and few villains, is on the whole pleasant reading, liberal but religious in tone and spirit, and well adapted to interest and even instruct the general reader.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

From United States Book Co., New York: A Bitter Birthright, Miss Dora Russell; The Wages of Sin, Lucas Malet; Marcia, W. E. Norris; Pauline, Julian Hawthorne; Lady Maude's Mania, George Manville Fenn; Name and Fame, Adeline Sargent and Ewing Lester. Price each, 50 cents; Under the Deodars, Rudyard Kipling. Price, 25 cents.

From John B. Alden, New York. Inegar, A Story of India, Frederick A. Rundle; Woman Among the Illustrious, Frederick A. Rundle; Japan, A Sailor's Visit to the Island Empire, M. B. Cook. Price, 50 cents.

Lyrics, Joseph Hudson Young, New York; Funk & Wagnalls. Price, \$1.00; The Fruit of Culture, a comedy in four acts. Count Leo Tolstoi, translated by George Schumm. Boston: Benj. R. Tucker; War and the Weather, Edward Powers, C. E. Published by the Author, Delevan, Wis. Price, \$1.00: A Voice from the Heavens, or Stellar and Celestial Worlds, Reuben Potter. San Francisco: Carrier Dove Co.; The Origin of the Aryans, Dr. Isaac Taylor, numbers 130, 131, Humboldt Library of Science, New York; Humboldt Publishing Co. Price, 30 cents a number. The Life and Doctrines of Jacob Boehme. The God-taught Philosopher, Franz Hartmann, M. D. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co.

MAGAZINES FOR FEBRUARY, RECEIVED.

The Atlantic Monthly. (New York.) Letters of Charles and Mary Lamb, hitherto unpublished, open this month's variety of reading. In the Philosopher of the Paradoxical, Schopenhauer is most ably treated. Mr. Percival Lowell gives some striking descriptions of scenery in his paper on Noto. The Next Stage in the Development of Public Parks; An Object Lesson in Civil Service Reform, with two serials and several short papers complete a strong number.

The Popular Science Monthly. (New York.) In the opening article for February, Dr. Andrew D. White tells how science has compelled the gradual abandonment of the belief that Hebrew was the first language of the race. The third paper on Iron-Smelting by Modern Methods is given. The Aryan Questions and Prehistoric Man, by Prof. Huxley, is concluded. Precision in Physical Training is a translation by M. Georges Demeny. These are only a small part of the interesting contents.

The Westminster Review. (New York.) Elizabeth Cady Stanton furnishes the opening article for January, and it is entitled Patriotism and Chastity. The Decline of Marriage deals with the relations between marriage and culture. The department of Contemporary Literature furnishes a reliable source, as well as an accessible guide to the best literature of the day.

The popular verdict is that Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is the best in the world. 25 cents.

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A WEAK STOMACH IS MADE STRONG Indigestion cured and eating made the most enjoyable thing in life

Sterling Digestor is sold under an absolute guarantee that it will do all that is claimed.

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William Hamilton Gibson, in Harper's Young People tells how to handle a wasp with impunity. He says: "The safest season for experiment is in September. You are now certain to find your wasps in numbers upon the golden-rods. Creep up slyly, hold your open palm within a foot of the insect, and murmur to your inmost self the following brief sentiment: 'Pollster! Polistes! bifrons! proponito faciem!' and wait until the insect turns towards you, which it is more or less certain to do; then with a quick clutch grasp your prize. It is not necessary to hold your breath or wet your fingers, as is commonly supposed; the above classic charm will work quite as well without. After holding the insect in the hollow of your hand for a moment take him boldly between the fingers, roll him, pull him, squeeze him, and twirl him as you will; no amount of abuse will induce him to sting. Perfect faith in the above will enable any one to handle a wasp with impunity."

"P. S.—I almost forgot to mention that it is always safest to experiment with white-faced wasps, as these are drones and have no sting."

Mr. P. T. Barnum is an earnest Universalist. He showed his Universalism when he kept the old museum in New York by organizing a "Happy Family," in which animals of hereditary enmity were induced to live in peace. Recently, he said: "I have been almost as much of a theologian as a showman all my life, and was put in jail in 1832 for expressing my belief. At that time a Universalist was not allowed to testify in court. Now I thank God that the world is getting better every day."

Teacher (in Chinese Mission)—I wonder how many of you know the meaning of mercy. [All hands up.] Very good. Now you, Chang, may give us an illustration of its meaning. Chang—Melican lady give Chince boy glistens to wash. One plate full on floor; him blake in thlousand fifteen pieces. Melican lady cly loud, "Oh, mercy!"

Justice—You say that the prisoner threw stones at you? Witness—Yes, sir. He threw over a dozen at me. "Did any of them hit you?" "No, sir; I dodged them." "How far was the prisoner from you when he threw?" "About twenty feet." "Do you mean to say the prisoner threw a dozen stones at you at a distance of twenty feet and did not hit you?" "Yes, sir. You see, I used to be a base-ball umpire, and am used to dodging.—Texas Siftings.

"What a fool I am," was the remark of an old smoker in Stoneham the other day. He had been rummaging through his pockets, looking on shelves and searching through closets in frantic haste. "What have you lost?" inquired a bystander. "My pipe!" was the impatient reply. "But what is that in your mouth?" asked the correspondent of the Norway Advertiser, who tells the story; and then it was that the old gentleman made the remark above quoted.—Lewiston Journal.

"Before this disease carries me off," said the ailing millionaire, who was making his will, "I want this bequest of \$600,000 to found a free hospital fixed so tight and fast that none of my heirs-at-law can ever touch it." In a fit of unheard-of and wholly unprofessional absent-mindedness his legal adviser brought him his check-book.—Chicago Tribune.

"A man came in here one day," said the apothecary, "and asked for a 'raw-shell' powder. He meant a Rochelle powder. On another occasion a customer demanded a 'sidelight' powder. He got it. A lady came in once, and, holding up a pint bottle, said: 'What will you charge to fill this with pneumonia?'"—Salt Lake Herald.

Indulgent Aunt—Why, Freddie, how came you to open the Christmas packages before I came home? Young Hopeful—Why, Auntie, the expressman said he guessed some little boy 'round here was goin' to be made happy with these things, and ain't I the only little boy 'round here? He meant me!—Boston Budget.

The Arabs have no "Hello!" in their language. The nearest they come to it is to throw a stone and hit a man in the back, and then ask him as he turns around: "Does it please heaven to give you good health this morning?"—Detroit Free Press.

An enterprising contemporary informs its readers that a ton of gold is worth \$602,799.20, but with exasperating carelessness neglects to inform them where it may be got.—Chicago Times.

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CROSSING THE BAR.

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless
deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark?
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.

—TENNYSON.

AN ECONOMICAL MAN.

He lived on thirteen cents a day—
Ten cents for milk and cracker.
One cent for dissipation gay,
And two cents for tobacco;
And if he wished an extra dish
He'd take his pole and catch a fish.

And if his stomach raised a war
'Gainst his penurious habit
He'd go and kill a woodchuck or
Assassinate a rabbit;
And thus he'd live in sweet content
On food that never cost a cent.

And that he might lay by in bank
The proceeds of his labor
He'd happen round at meals, the crank,
And dine upon his neighbor,
And then he'd eat enough to last
Until another day had passed.

He bought no pantaloons, nor vest,
Nor rich, expensive jacket;
He had one suit—his pa's bequest—
He thought would stand the racket.
He patched it thirty years, 'tis true,
And then declared 'twas good as new.

He owned but one suit to his back,
And minus cuffs and collars;
He died and left his nephew Jack
Nine hundred thousand dollars!
And Jack he ran his fortune through,
And only took a year or two.

A BAD "ISM."

"What keeps our friend from church?" the pastor said.
"I have not seen him there for many weeks.
I hope he's not got Deism in his head.
That he comes not"—("Tis to his clerk he speaks)
"Oh no, your reverence," he answers flat,
It is not Deism, it is worse than that."
"Than Deism worse!" exclaims in sad surprise
The minister. "Tis Atheism then, I fear."
"No, worse than that, much worse," the clerk
replies,
But still he does not make his meaning clear;
The pastor said, "This cannot be denied."
Than Atheism nothing can be worse."
"Oh yes, your reverence," the clerk replied,
"Tis Rheumatism—a far greater curse."

The Lover's Lament.

Your face is like a drooping flower,
Sweetheart!
I see you fading hour, by hour,
Sweetheart!
Your rounded outlines waste away,
In vain I weep, in vain I pray,
What power Death's cruel hand can stay?
Sweetheart, Sweetheart!

Why, nothing but Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It imparts strength to the failing system, cures organic troubles, and for debilitated and feeble women generally, is unequalled. It dispels melancholy and nervousness, and builds up both flesh and strength. Guaranteed to give satisfaction in every case, or money paid for it refunded.

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"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for some time and it has worked wonders for me. I was troubled with dandruff and was rapidly becoming bald; but since using the Vigor my head is perfectly clear of dandruff, the hair has ceased coming out, and I now have a good growth, of the same color as when I was a young woman. I can heartily recommend any one suffering from dandruff or loss of hair to use Ayer's Hair Vigor as a dressing." — Mrs. Lydia O. Moody, East Pittston, Me.

"Some time ago my wife's hair began to come out quite freely.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

not only prevented my wife from becoming bald, but it also caused an entirely new growth of hair. I am ready to certify to this statement before a justice of the peace." — H. Hulsebus, Lewisburgh, Iowa.

"Some years ago, after a severe attack of brain fever, my hair all came out. I used such preparations for restoring it as my physicians ordered, but failed to produce a growth of hair. I then tried, successively, several articles recommended by druggists, and all alike fell short of accomplishing the desired result. The last remedy I applied was Ayer's Hair Vigor, which brought a growth of hair in a few weeks. I think I used eight bottles in two years; more than was necessary as a restorative, but I liked it as a dressing, and have continued to use it for that purpose. I believe Ayer's Hair Vigor possesses virtues far above those of any similar preparation now on the market." — Vincent Jones, Richmond, Ind.

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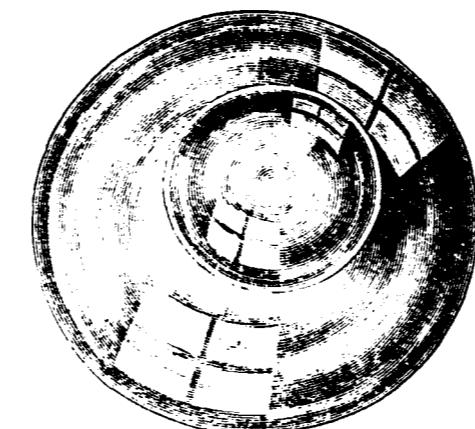
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GIRLS DON'T HAVE NO FUN.—A BOY'S OPINION.

Girls don't have no fun!
They can't rassel, jump an' run
Down to the creek,
Where the fun is thick—
Go in swimmin' an' dive an' wade,
Splash an' fight an' lay in the shade;
See whose clothes they can tie the worst
An' muddy the feller 'at gits out first.
Nen sneak off round the hill,
Walk on stilts at the mill
An' turn han'springs on the dust;
Fall so hard they purt-nigh bu'st
An' get up not hurt a'tall,
Jes' look round for a harder fall—
O, pshaw, girls don't have no fun!

Girls don't know what fun is,
Haint' got no heads for biz;
They doft' know what boys does,
They haint' boys, but wisht' they was.
Boys has fun ever' day,
Hit allus comes 'long their way;
Have oodles of it—by the peck—
Go wadin' in it to the neck.
Girls don't have no fun—pshaw!
All they do's set round an' jaw
'Bout quilt pieces an' doll rags
An' little ornery ribbon tags,
An' sew an' sweep an' cook;
Jes' reed some ol' dry book—
Run tell ma 'bout the boys,
'Cause havin' fun they make a noise—
Oh, pshaw, girls don't have no fun!

Wouldn't be a girl for a dollar,
'Cause I couldn't yoop, yell an' holler,
Go barefoot an' 'thout my coat
An' play with the dog, colt and the goat.
Girls can't have no fun at play,
'Cause they ain't built that way—
Oh, pshaw, girls don't have no fun!

Couldn't hire me to be a girl,
Wouldn't be one for all the worl';
Wear bangs an' frizzelly hair,
Allus ketchin' on a chair.
Girls can't climb trees
Nor fuss an' fight bumble bees.
Girls wear dresses—you bet
They can't turn a summerset,
Nor climb the posts an' get on the shed,
Play leap frog nor stand on their head,
Go to the barn an' climb in the mow.
Girls can't play—don't know how—
Oh, pshaw, girls don't have no fun!

JESUS.

'Twas he opposed the bigot Jews
And preached their superstition down;
His novel teaching they refused,
And falsely cried, "He seeks a crown."

He sought to rid the world of creeds,
Of priestly juggles, craft, and lies—
A martyr to the truth he bleeds,
A victim of the priesthood dies.

The very bondsmen he would save,
A market of his death throes made;
The priesthood juggled o'er his grave,
And made "his love for man" a trade.

And still they joggle, preach and pray,
And mar the great reformer's plan—
Give mental night, where he gave day,
And lord it o'er the soul of man.

We need no priest our souls to shrieve,
Or lay their hands upon our head;
Priests persecuted Christ alive,
And live upon him now he's dead.

—THE TWO WORLDS.

After diphtheria, scarlet fever, or pneumonia, something is needed to give strength to the system, and expel all poisonous matter from the blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla is just the thing.

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not sold by Dealers; prices
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lisher, JOHN B. ALDEN,
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For Those Desiring to
FORM CIRCLES.

Where through developed media, they may com-
mune with spirit friends. Also a Declaration of
Principles, Belief, and Hymns and Songs for
Circle and Social Singing. Compiled by James H.
Young. Price 20 cents.
For sale, wholesale and retail, by JNO. C. BUNDY,
Chicago.



When Charlemagne and his
Knights of the Round Table
were making war on the Saracens,
in Africa, it frequently happened
that Knights on either side would
fight in single combat for the honor
of their respective armies. The
Saracens had been, for many
years, the scourge—the dreaded
invaders—of Europe, and all
waged war against this common
enemy.

But in these days the worst
scourge that threatens us, is that
dread invader, *Consumption*.

Dr. Biggs, demonstrator of anat-
omy in the Bellevue Medical Col-
lege, who has great opportunity for
post-mortem observation, says: "It
is a startling fact that of all deaths
nearly one out of every seven is
caused by consumption."

Consumption fastens its hold up-
on its victims while they are uncon-
scious of its approach. Dr. Pierce's
Golden Medical Discovery has cured
thousands of cases of this most fatal
of maladies. But it must be taken
before the disease is too far ad-
vanced in order to be effective. If

taken in time, and given a fair trial,
it will cure, or money paid for it
will be refunded.

For Weak Lungs, Spitting of
Blood, Shortness of Breath, Bron-
chitis, Asthma, severe Coughs, and
kindred affections, it is an une-
qualed remedy.

For all diseases that arise from
a torpid liver and impure blood,
nothing can take the place of Dr.
Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

Nothing will, after you have seen
what it does. It prevents and
cures by removing the cause. It
invigorates the liver, purifies the
blood, sharpens the appetite, im-
proves digestion, and builds up
both strength and flesh, when re-
duced below the standard of health.

For Dyspepsia, "Liver Com-
plaint," Scrofula, or any blood-
taint, the "Discovery" is a positive
remedy. It acts as no other
medicine does. For that reason,
it's sold as no other blood
medicine is—*on trial*. It's the *cheapest*
blood-purifier sold, because you
only pay for the *good* you get.

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Giving an intensely graphic life of the great medicine man and his tragic death, which has infuriated the remaining braves of the Indian race for a terrific life or death struggle. Also, sketches of leading
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OR

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and occult forces. But it is written in such plain and
simple style as to be within the easy comprehension
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presents a theory of first causes which is well fitted
to challenge the thoughtful reader's attention and to
excite much reflection."—Harford Daily Times.

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philosophy of the Orient from a Western standpoint,
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in all that relates to the divine ego-man in its
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TAPS—REVEILLE.

Of the hundreds of young men and boys in Kane county, Illinois, who responded to their country's call in 1861, none surpassed John M. Eddy in physique, character, or courage. A farmer's boy, eighteen years old, six feet in stature and of splendid form, this youth was the peer of any soldier of the mighty armies that swept the South like an avalanche and saved the Union. The war over, he laid aside his trappings and picked up a surveyor's chain; and from that humble beginning rapidly rose from one position of honor and responsibility to another, until at forty he had become one of the leading railroad managers west of the Mississippi. Here is this Kane county boy's civil record: Born in St. Charles, Kane county, Ill., April 29, 1843. He entered the railway service March, 1860, from that time to July, 1872, as chainman, rodman, cashier and auditor of the engineering department of the Union Pacific railroad. From July, 1872, to November, 1875, he was superintendent of construction of the Texas and Pacific railway. He was president of the Fort Worth and Denver railway from 1880 to 1883. He was superintendent and chief engineer of the Omaha and Republican Valley railroad in 1877 and 1878, and during the following year was general agent of the Kansas Pacific and Santa Fe railways. In 1879 and 1880 he was general superintendent of construction of the Missouri Pacific and Missouri, Kansas and Texas railways.

On December 1, 1883, he was made gen-

eral manager of the Omaha Belt railway, in which capacity he served for several years, and then became general manager of the Central and Great Northern railway, with headquarters at Palestine, Tex.

At 2:30 o'clock on the morning of January 12, 1891, Death sounded "taps" for this well-tried soldier,—and he slept! Under the sunny skies of southern California, in orange-bowered Pasadena, with the scent of roses and orange blossoms laden the air of this invalids' paradise, and attended by his loving wife, our boyhood friend, our soldier comrade obeyed orders and slept. Slept peacefully, trustingly; confident that reveille would awaken him in another land of beauty, and that the general orders of the morning would announce his arrival and assignment to honorable duty with "the great majority"; confident that he would meet his father and mother and other dear friends and comrades who had gone before.

Several years ago *THE JOURNAL* announced the transition of Mr. Eddy's father, Spaulding Eddy, who, with S. S. Jones and our father, was among the early settlers at St. Charles. He was also a pioneer Spiritualist and his son John grew up in the atmosphere of Spiritualism. He knew of his own knowledge that life does not end here, that at the grave there is no hiatus, and he was well grounded in the spiritual philosophy.

To her father's home in Omaha, from whence she had gone forth as a happy wife years ago, Mrs. Eddy conducted the earthly remains of her husband; and from the old home she followed the casket to its final resting place, Forest Lawn, Omaha's beautiful "city of the dead." The obsequies were conducted in accordance with the beautiful and impressive ritual of the Knights Templar. The services were in charge of Mount Calvary commandery No. 1. Knights Templar. Omaha lodge No. 39, Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks attended the funeral in a body, and the Rev. H. M. Kuhns, who was the officiating clergyman at Mr. Eddy's marriage, performed the conventional rites.

To Mrs. Eddy and the mourning relatives we extend our deepest sympathy; with them we shed tears over the memory of our noble friend. Hail and Farewell! Companion Sir Knight Eddy; and may you be among the first to extend greeting when heaven's reveille awakens us "over there."

THE ENGLEWOOD MEETING.

The Sunday afternoon meetings at Newman Hall in the Englewood district of Chicago, lately inaugurated by that indefatigable worker D. F. Treffry, are steadily growing in interest and attendance. On last Sunday Mrs. Adaline Eldred was the leading speaker. She discussed the development of spiritual gifts, taking as a text, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness and these things shall be added unto you." Among the requisites for development of spiritual gifts the speaker dwelt eloquently upon faith, the development of fine character, and the cultivation of the altruistic sentiment. She declared mediumship to be wholly beneficial only when accompanied with knowledge and cultivated moral sense. Mrs. Eldred was attentively listened to by a thoughtful audience. Mrs. Preston followed with remarks and a reading, an appropriate poem was rendered by another lady, and Mr. Weldon furnished vocal music. After the regular services closed, Mrs. Eldred gave psychometric experiments to those who chose to remain. *THE JOURNAL* reporter pronounces the afternoon profitable to all present.

A course of six lectures on "The Ancient Wisdom," will be given by Dr. W. P. Phelon at 203 Halsted st., this city, room 1. The following will be the subjects of the

successive lectures: 1. "The Creator, Preserver and Destroyer." 2. Chemical Affinity from a Spiritual point of View." 3. "The Building of the Soul." 4. "Human Polarity and Vibrations." 5. "Recapitulation." 6. "The One." Admission \$1.00 for single lecture. Course tickets five dollars.

Dr. R. W. Shufeldt of the Smithsonian Institute writes: "....Your JOURNAL improves steadily, month by month, and this is the remark of many others here who see it." It is ever our aim to keep *THE JOURNAL* fully abreast or a little ahead of the times. In this effort we need the cordial and continuous assistance of all in sympathy with the aims and objects of the paper.

S. T. Suddick, M.D., writing from Cuba, Mo., speaks in very high terms of the abilities as a lecturer and educated gentleman of Mr. De Buchanane who spoke twice at that place while on the way to Delphos, Kansas, to fill dates.

Mrs. Maud Lord Drake, after a short stay at her Los Angeles winter residence, has returned to Chicago to be with her husband, who finds himself kept here by large business interests. Mrs. Drake stopped off

at Kansas City to gratify her many friends there, also at Jacksonville, Illinois. From reports we learn she was greeted with old-time enthusiasm in both cities, and did good work.

Correspondents interested in Mrs. Eldred's psychometric work will please address their inquiries directly to her—Mrs. Adaline Eldred, room 4, 2138 Michigan boulevard, Chicago—and not to *THE JOURNAL*.

J. T. Ford, of Oregon writes: "I find much in *THE JOURNAL* to admire and commend, a broad catholic spirit, earnestness and devotion to principle, and a keen analytical search for truth; such a journal is the need of the hour in the special field in which it is operating."

The proposal to turn the Indians over to the War Department for semi-industrial military organization on the lines of their tribal relations meets with approval among men acquainted with Indian character. The War Department could strip them of arms and render them unable to engage in warfare and enforce habits of industry.

For a disordered liver try Beecham's Pills.

Dr. Price's Baking Cream Powder.

Used in Millions of Homes—40 Years the Standard.

DONALD KENNEDY Of Roxbury, Mass., says

My Medical Discovery seldom takes hold of two people alike! Why? Because no two people have the same weak spot. Beginning at the stomach it goes searching through the body for any hidden humor. Nine times out of ten, inward humor makes the weak spot. Perhaps its only a little sediment left on a nerve or in a gland; the Medical Discovery slides it right along, and you find quick happiness from the first bottle. Perhaps its a big sediment or open sore, well settled somewhere, ready to fight. The medical Discovery begins the fight, and you think it pretty hard, but soon you thank me for making something that has reached your weak spot. Write me if you want to know more about it.



Two Bottles Cured Her. 6

CARROLL, Ia., July, 1882.

I was suffering 10 years from shocks in my head, so much so, that at times I didn't expect to recover. I took medicines from many doctors, but didn't get any relief until I took Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic, the second dose relieved me and 2 bottles cured me. S. W. PECK.

Vanished.

Rev H. McDONOUGH of Lowell, Mass., vouches for the following: There is a case of which I have knowledge, and I am very glad to avail myself of the opportunity to make known the good derived from the use of Koenig's Nerve Tonic. The subject is a young lady, who had been suffering from early childhood. On my recommendation she procured your remedy and for three months the fits of epilepsy by which she has been so long subject have ceased entirely.

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EMULSION
OF PURE COD LIVER OIL
AND HYPOPHOSPHITES
OF LIME AND SODA
IS SURE CURE FOR IT.

This preparation contains the stimulating properties of the *Hypophosphites* and fine Norwegian *Cod Liver Oil*. Used by physicians all the world over. It is as palatable as milk. Three times as efficacious as plain *Cod Liver Oil*. A perfect Emulsion, better than all others made. For all forms of *Wasting Diseases*, *Bronchitis*, *CONSUMPTION*, *Serofula*, and as a *Flesh Producer* there is nothing like SCOTT'S EMULSION. It is sold by all Druggists. Let no one by profuse explanation or impudent entreaty induce you to accept a substitute.